Collier's

Y 29, 1943 TEN CENTS

ELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF
HE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

CONTINUING CAPTAIN LAWSON'S GREAT ACCOUNT OF THE TOKYO RAID

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THE BLACK MARKET: Beware Bootleg Meat

May 29, 1943

Tomorrow THE WORLD IS YOURS!

Rio, with guitars throbbing through the blue Brazilian night . . . Bagdad, where high-laden camels sway through narrow, latticed streets . . . Port Said, kaleidoscope of color, Babel of a hundred foreign tongues. Tomorrow, via air, the world is yours!

No flights of fancy are these flights of the future. Even now Martin aircraft are speeding the tools of war to the four corners of the globe. And when, after Victory, these lifelines become airlines, you will see and know the far lands of romance. Via air, two-week vacations will equal two months' today. Via air, all nations will be neighbors, drawn together by bonds of travel and commerce. Via air, the peoples of the world will come to know each other, thus building for permanent peace.

Your ticket to romance is a U. S. War Bond. Each Bond you buy hastens the day of Victory . . . the day when aviation turns from the wings of war to the wings of peace. Already on Martin drawing boards lie complete designs for giant airliners of 125 tons, capable of carrying scores of passengers, tons of freight, to the farthest of horizons. Other Martin aircraft of 250 tons and more are being planned. You can help translate these great plans into reality. You can help build the breath-taking new world of the future. Buy War Bonds to the limit of your ability . . . for your country today, for you tomorrow.

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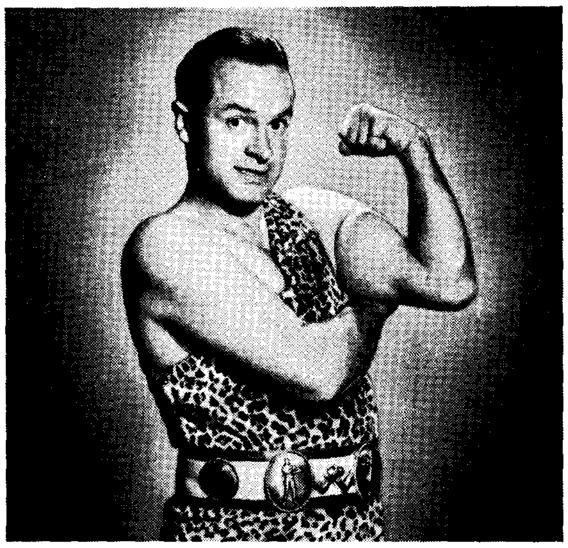
Keeping in Condition

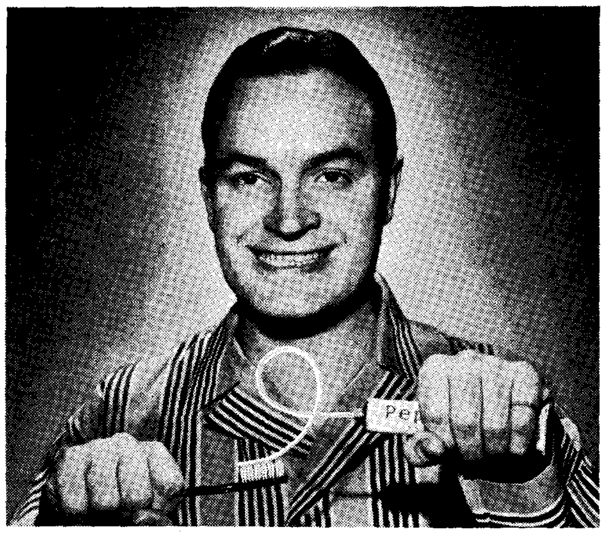
by Bob Hope



1. A few simple home exercises will help you to keep fit. First, the minute you wake up, throw the covers off, jump out of bed, run to the open window. Then fill your lungs with that fresh morning air, touch your toes briskly ten *times . . . say . . . this sounds interesting . . .* I *must remember* to try it sometime!

2. Maybe you won't believe it, but I once posed for health magazines. Remember the ads that said "Before" and "After"? Well, I posed for one that said "Heaven forbid." But you don't need bulging muscles to make you look fit. Pepsodent *. . . that cool-tasting* Pepsodent*. . .does that by making your* teeth and smile look like a million.

3. I'm the only guy who ever gets thin from over-eating. Every time I come home my relatives are over, eating! Of course, that wouldn't be so bad, but they use up all my Pepsodent, too! Imagine them in front of the theaters, picketing my previews, yelling: "Remember, folks, nothing beats Irium for removing the film!"



PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
Contains Irium
New
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
Contains Irium
Pep

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

4. It's a good idea to exercise. One good way is to grasp your tooth brush firmly in your right hand, squirt a little Pepsodent on it and brush your teeth vigorously. This develops the "saluting" muscles in your arm in case your draft board makes you class 1-A. It also gives your teeth plenty of class and makes your smile A-1.

5. Above all, don't worry. I once thought I had high blood pressure. But my doctor cured it in two minutes. He sent the nurse out of the room. Of course, I'm luckier with my dentist's nurse. She gave me a couple of dates . . . you know . . . Use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year!

See you Tuesday night on NBC.

How Irium in Pepsodent uncovers your bright smile

Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can feel it. Others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull—hides the true brightness of your smile.

Film clings, is hard to remove. This film-coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted on. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own.

But look what Irium can do! The same film-coated mirror . . . but Irium has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, left the surface clean and bright.

That's how thoroughly Pepsodent with Irium removes film from teeth . . . safely, gently. That's how easily it uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile.

'NONE OF YOUR LIP!'

WHEN I CHANGE DRESSES—I BITE ON A *KLEENEX* TISSUE*—IT PREVENTS LIPSTICK STAINS–SAVES CLEANING BILLS!
(*from a letter by* R. M. H., Alliance, Ohio)

Well I'll Be...
said the Duchess!
NOW I FURNISH GUESTS WITH *KLEENEX* TO REMOVE FACE CREAMS AND OTHER COSMETICS. IT SAVES MY GOOD LINEN TOWELS...SAVES ME MONEY!
(*from a letter by* E. G., New York, N. Y.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.
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KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

Makes Good Cents
DURING COLDS I USE *KLEENEX* INSTEAD OF HANKIES. WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY PAYS FOR A BIG SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX!* (*from a letter by* J. C. K., Virginia Beach, Va.)

Remember Delsey?
—soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more DELSEY* Toilet Paper after the war

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Collier'

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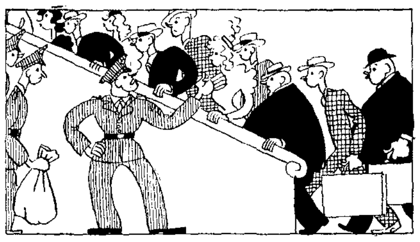
ANY WEEK

FIVE out of every ten persons interviewed by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver demand "a strict postwar accounting for Lend-Lease materials." Our own Institute of Gandering into Things to Come (its motto being Don't Kid Yourself) regrets to report that five out of every ten persons interviewed by the NORC know nothing about the nature of Lend-Lease and are in for a nasty disappointment.

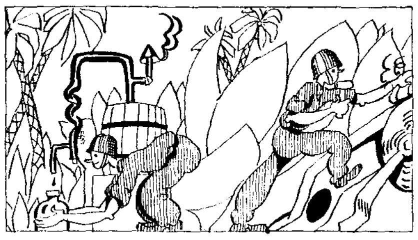


WE'VE been in Washington again. The train which fetched us home was so crowded that the conductor had to ride on the platform. At the Pennsylvania Station in New York, there was a fine congestion at the escalators, but the Army took charge and all went well. A master sergeant waved back the soldiers who, like the civilians, all tried to get on the streetbound stairways at once. "Stand back, stand back, soldiers!" he roared. "Give way to the poor old taxpayers! Taxpayers first, men, taxpayers first! Bless 'em! Remember, we gotta eat."

AND we have a pay-as-you-go income-tax appeal from Mr. Tyl Neygaard of Flint, Michigan. "I get 88 bucks a week," writes Mr. Neygaard. "I get it on a Friday and I ain't got the price of a shine on a Monday after my old woman and me takes our cut. If the government wants to collect off me for income taxes, it better take it out before me and my old woman get to it. After I buy a War Bond and have a few drinks, I am back where I started. After my wife gets groceries for the week and a new hat, she ain't even that far along. She says we ought to save something for after the war. But I say the government's going to take care of us after the war. So I say if they want to collect income tax off of me, they better get around on a Friday."

WE ASKED Judith Chase, who has an article somewhere in this issue, to write us something autobiographical. Her article is much more interesting. That's modesty for you—something we never held with, anyway. Miss Chase, wife of First Lieutenant Harold B. Churchill, U. S. Army Signal Corps, hates hats, cities and she can't cook. Also she was born in Wiscasset, Maine. She lives in Little Silver, New Jersey. Her father was Dr. Walter Greenough Chase of Boston—M.D., traveler, lecturer, photographer and a very fine man. (This is terrible but don't blame us.) Miss Chase is the author of A Town History of Wiscasset in Pownalborough which took seven years to write. Reading time not stated. Went to Miss Winsor's School in Boston for eight years. A flop in math and Latin. Made debut in Boston, too. Then art and languages in Munich (Germany). Has worked for and written for Junior League Magazine, Life, Delineator American Weekly, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazaar. (Getting duller and duller, isn't it?) She writes better articles than autobiographies.

BUT Mrs. Corabel Salk of Wilmington, Delaware, asks that we expend some patience on our Post Office Department. "Thirty thousand postal workers are in the armed services," writes she, "which is probably why Mr. R. Del Magino wrote to us as follows: 'Der United State post office 23 this month parcel post. Der Sir I expek parcel post from Trenton N. J. I still wait for my stuff. Please send to me as I need sooner now good by'."



THIS department's New Guinea G-2—Pfc. Charles D. Pearson—reports that one of our soldiers there, a native of the North Carolina hills, is unhappy. At home he lived a peaceful and remunerative life making popskull—a powerful corn whisky. There's no corn in New Guinea, but there are tapioca and taro, both starchy foods. The Carolina lad brightened up, went into nonmilitary action. He took what he needed from the remains of a Jap Zero and enlisted the assistance of a welder. The welder welded and was given the honor of sampling the first run. The welder was so impressed that he slugged two corporals and a sergeant and invited a couple of captains to come out and have some of the same. "I only made one mistake," the North Carolina hero complains. "I oughta had me a welder who could keep his mouth shut after drinkin'." . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

MAY 29, 194

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THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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COVER JACK SHERID

Who'd have thought Donald had rheumatic fever?

It was something of a shock to Donald's parents when the school physician advised them to have the boy examined by their family doctor for a suspected heart ailment.

They took him to the doctor at once, and, sure enough, the examination confirmed a slight impairment. "What *ever* could have caused it?" they wanted to know. Under the doctor's questioning, they learned the answer.

They recalled that, about a year before, Donald had been a little below par for a time. His appetite had been poor and he had failed to gain weight. He had complained of fleeting aches in the joints, and a slight fever. After a while in bed, he began to pick up, so they hadn't bothered the doctor. Since then, Donald had seemed perfectly well. Little did they suspect that he had suffered from active rheumatic fever, a disease which may affect the heart—especially if there are repeated attacks.

Fortunately, the damage to Donald's heart was slight. Now that he had had no fever in months, there was no reason for treating him differently from other children—except in one important respect: *Donald had shown himself susceptible to rheumatic fever, and everything possible should be done to prevent further attacks.* His general health and resistance should be built up and he should be guarded against sore throats and colds.

What every parent should know

Rheumatic fever causes between 80 and 90 per cent of the heart disease in people under the age of 35. The first attack is most likely to occur between the ages of 5 and 14.

Sometimes, as in Donald's case, early signs of acute rheumatic fever may be so indefinite that the disease is overlooked. Other cases may be accompanied by inflammation of the joints which become swollen, red and painful, and a fever as high as 103 degrees. Additional signs may be severe nose bleeds, and nodules, or lumps, under the skin. Even though the illness appears mild, a child should be kept in bed as long as any of these signs of infection persist.

In most cases, when a child has recovered from rheumatic fever and the disease has been inactive a sufficient time, he can and should engage in normal play and school activities. Parents should continue to be especially watchful to see that he gets sufficient rest, nutritious meals, and cultivates healthful living habits. Furthermore, sick or well, he should be taken to the doctor for periodic checkups.

For additional information about rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease, send for Metropolitan's new free leaflet, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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Please send me a copy of your leaflet, 63-C, "About Rheumatic Fever."

Name____________________

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PLAYING 2ND FIDDLE BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT...

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

KEEP YOUR HAIR HANDSOME, WELL-GROOMED!

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

EASY DOES IT: Each time you comb your hair shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on the comb, or rub it directly on your scalp. You'll find your hair looks well-groomed right around the clock! And you'll find too, that 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils. As an extra aid... massage your hair vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing and rub a little on afterwards. Remember ...for double care, both scalp and hair, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. Remember also... it's different because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

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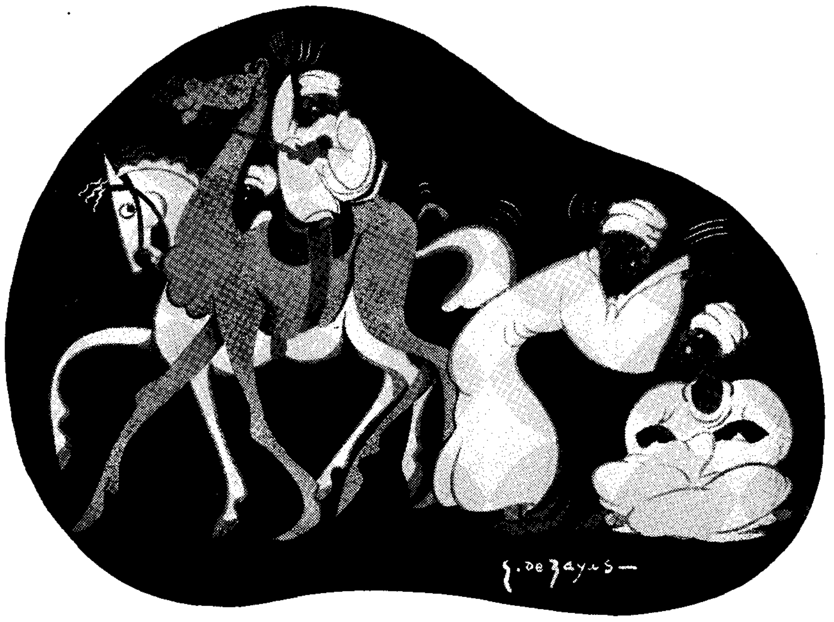


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In North Africa, the ritual of greeting among Arabs demands that the man "looking down" should speak first, irrespective of his social status. Thus, the man on a camel greets first the man on a horse, the horseback rider nods first to the man on a donkey, the donkey rider bows first to the pedestrian and the pedestrian first to the man sitting down.—*By Eleanora Auvinen, New York City.*

The world's largest relief map, a model of the United States, is installed in its own building at the Babson Institute in Babson Park, Mass. Completed on December 31, 1940, after 15 years' work it is built on a horizontal scale of four miles to the inch, is studied from catwalks and shows this country as it would be seen from a point in space 700 miles above the earth.

Banks have been sued for refusing loans, one recent case being an action brought against the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis by the Billings (Montana) Utility Company in December 1940. The company claimed that, because the bank refused to lend it $35,000 in 1936, its property had to be sold at a ruinous price. Both this suit and another brought in March 1942 were dismissed and an appeal in March 1943 also failed.

The United States Flag should never be flown at half-mast except when national mourning is officially declared for a national figure or a catastrophe affecting the whole country. A state, city or organization flag should be used to mourn a person of only state, city or organization prominence.—*By Mrs. W. H. Christman, Springfield, Ohio.*

Numerous wholesome odors that emanate from various substances or permeate the air of large areas are produced by the present or past action of bacteria. Among them are the bouquet of wines, the fragrances of perfumes and the flavors of fine tobacco, butter and cheeses; also the smells of the sea beach, a wood in winter, a newly tilled field and the earth after a rain.—*By Marion A. Duncan, Champaign, Ill.*

Of the seven professional American prize fights that ended in a double knockout, the last occurred during the welterweight bout between Pat Kissinger and Al Dorlac in Memorial Hall in Kansas City on April 7, 1941. In the third round, both boys landed knockout blows simultaneously and went down together for the count of ten.

Not only may some hairs on the human head grow to be six times wider than others, but the hairs of some races as a whole have been found to be twenty times wider than those of other people.—*By Harry Hamilton, Little Falls, N. J.*

In 1925, the sale of vitamin products in American drugstores totaled only $343,000 and represented one tenth of one per cent of their drug business. In 1942, the retail sales of synthetic vitamins and vitamin concentrates amounted to $100,000,000 and represented more than 25 per cent of all drug and medicine purchases in this country.

At least a dozen serious diseases attack the reproductive organs and glands of cattle, horses, sheep, swine and poultry; the majority of these ailments are contracted only at breeding time.

For over a century, seamen on British war vessels were permitted to own pets, with little restriction on their number and size. The practice was banned a few years ago, when the admiralty learned that one battleship carried an assortment of 1,560 animals, which included large snakes, bears, deer and antelopes.

The Army has started to fly bombers to India, the first having made the 11,748 mile trip in 67 hours and 35 minutes. . . . Each major-league baseball team will travel an average of only 8,600 miles this year instead of the usual 13,000 miles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

On his own... but never alone!

This might be your boy . . . the kid from next door . . . or the lad who lives just across the street.

Seems only yesterday that he was a little shaver . . . clutching your finger . . . taking his first wobbly flight across the nursery floor.

Well, today, he's taking another flight . . . for all of us. He's a full-fledged fighter now on his own up there in the skies . . . slicing through storms and enemy shells.

Yes, he's on his own . . . but never alone. For riding with him are the radiomen of "**The Invisible Crew**" of Bendix equipment.

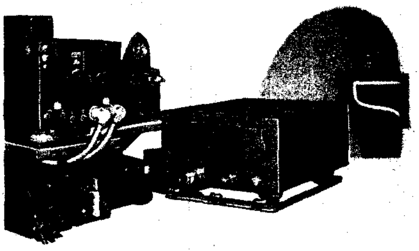
With these special aircraft radio devices, he picks up distant radio stations to guide him on his course.

He "sees" what lies ahead, even through impenetrable fog. He talks back and forth with comrades in other planes and on the ground.

On patrol, in battle and on long transport flights, through all kinds of weather, he's constantly informed, guided and counseled by information and instructions which come to him . . . out of the ether.

Daily, as a matter of course, he uses new electronic developments far too confidential to talk about now. But he'll tell you about them when he comes flying home.

For through all these engineering marvels that guide and protect him, he senses the secrets of the future . . . the future that he's fighting for.



RADIOMEN OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

Radio in flight involves many complex problems — extreme altitudes, vibration, changing temperatures, pressures. The "BENDIX" Aircraft Transmitter and Receiver (above) are engineered to overcome these difficulties. Other Radiomen of "The Invisible Crew" include the "BENDIX" Automatic Compass for navigation and many new electronic marvels.

: America's invincible crew...
fighters on every front. Buy
Bonds and Stamps regularly.

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BENDIX RADIO DIVISION

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PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
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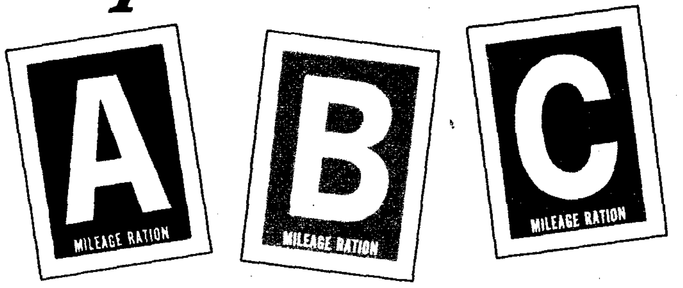
SEALED POWER
Individually Engineered
RING SET
FOR PROPER INSTALLATION PUT THIS RING IN GROOVE

It's simpler than



to make each precious rationed unit carry you farther

GETTING the most out of your gasoline depends on two things—careful driving and good engine condition. And these days, both these precautions help America and help you.

We watch our starts and stops, cut down useless motor idling and reduce idling speed, use our choke-buttons as little as we can, drive at a steady pace, accelerate reasonably with no wheel-spinning and—of course—we stay under 35 miles an hour.

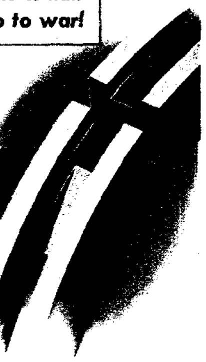
But all that counts for but little if our engines need reconditioning and our pistons and rings are worn and loose. They'll waste more fuel and oil than we can save. One *sure* way to give our driving care its full chance to conserve our precious rationed gasoline and oil is to have a Sealed Power Individually Engineered Piston Ring Set—and Pistons too, if needed—properly installed. Your favorite repairman can still give you genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings, packed in sets individually engineered for your car.

Providing these essentials for America's irreplaceable cars and trucks and tractors is a duty over and above our tremendous task of supplying millions of Sealed Power products for all branches of our armed services. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

At the first sign of smoky exhaust install

Every gun, tank and plane is half scrap. Send your scrap to war!

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts



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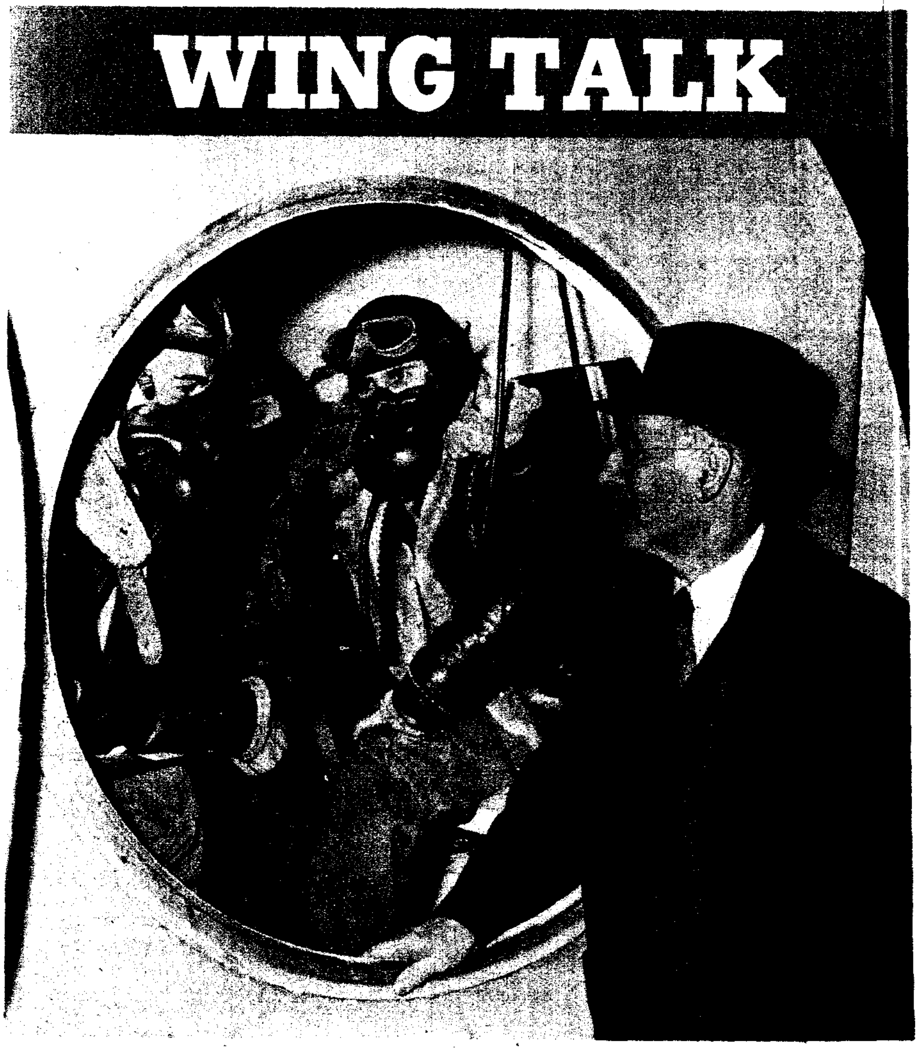
WING TALK



Inventor of the turbosupercharger, Dr. Sanford Moss, helps test new Boeing Stratotrainer, in which flight crews learn high-altitude procedures

NEWEST contribution to stratosphere research is Boeing's Stratotrainer, a low-pressure chamber capable of reproducing a 35,000-foot altitude in two and a half minutes. While this rate of climb (some six times faster than that of the speediest fighter) will help in the study of "aeroembolism" (the high-altitude equivalent of a deep-sea diver's bends), the primary purpose of the Boeing development will be to train flight-research crews in the safety precautions necessary while breathing oxygen in thin air.

The Stratotrainer has headphones for each man, a complete communications system, recording instruments, and a large refrigeration unit for manufacturing high altitude's low temperatures. Large windows permit twelve observers to watch the proceedings. Through a center window, the operator can see the men inside, as he manipulates the control board.

Garbed in flying suits, the ten members of a flight crew don oxygen masks and exercise for about half an hour to get the nitrogen out of their blood streams. After they climb into the Stratotrainer, the door is sealed, and motors pump the air out of the huge metal cylinder until the desired altitude conditions are reached. At that point, one of the crew pretends to pass out, and his oxygen mask is replaced with an emergency mask. At a 35,000-foot altitude, this job has to be performed in thirty seconds to prevent the victim from going into a coma and dying. Every man in each of Boeing's five crews has to learn how to switch masks on a fellow flier before he actually explores the stratosphere in a Flying Fortress.

A similar device has been put into commission at Mitchel Field, New York, where fighter pilots are tested for their ability to withstand the rigors of high-altitude fighting. The Mitchel Field machine holds fifteen men. Those who are subject to the bends or who suffer from other high-altitude conditions are usually assigned to air missions under 30,000 feet.

STATISTICIANS of the Army Air Forces know that even the best-trained bombardier isn't perfect; so they pin down each man's imperfections.

Every blue egg an American bombardier dropped on Texas during his training period is recorded; and with each bomb report are recorded weather conditions, altitude, wind direction and velocity, and the hour and minute the bomb was dropped. From this dope, statisticians can predict the probable result of any bombing raid on any target in which any given bombardier may take part.

Suppose Joe Bombardier, in actual combat, is assigned to get a cruiser that has been pestering the convoys. Having determined just how many bombs will be required to destroy it, the statistics boys figure out exactly how important it is to have that cruiser sent to the bottom. If it has been very obnoxious, they may decide to set the odds against it at ninety-to-ten.

Joe is then figured into the picture. A bombing altitude of 12,000 feet has been selected. Six bomb hits are needed to destroy the vessel. From Joe's history, it has been determined that he will hit a target the size of the cruiser from 12,000 feet once out of a certain number of tries.

A bombardier statistician could write a news lead like this: "A flight of seven bombers will take off at 1900 tomorrow night and will carry out a successful raid over Berlin. So-and-so buildings will be destroyed, and fires will be started in these-and-those factories."

And he'd be writing facts.

INTO the hands of Doctor R. A. Fargher, La Porte, Indiana, has come what he suspects is a genuine Short Snorter bill. Four signatures appear on it: Wes Benker, Thom Wright, J. E. Spaeth and G. White. Anybody know if these gentlemen are Short Snorters and how come this one-buck note happened to be floating around loose? Wing Talk will gladly forward any information. . . . GURNEY WILLIAMS

"IN THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE... I HEAR THE BEATING OF YOUR HEART"

"Up here, the light still lingers.

'Below, the sea is swept with shadows ıat swallow up a carrier ship—herself a ıdow on the sea—as though she had er been.

" should fall from here, my long, steep ple into the night would go unwitnes by friend and foe alike.

"Anven then, I could not cry for help. For ibreak radio silence to call 'Where are yo—and my ship whispers to *every* listeninar, 'Here I am'—I break faith with a tısand men. And so . . .

"*Up hereput my trust in my engine!*

"It will noail me now. For in its steady roar, I heathe faithful beating of the hearts of men and women who put into its making their own heart's blood and the power of their hands. On this guide, this friend, this almost human thing, *this engine* ... depend my hopes of seeing home again.

"Home . . . where I can work again in the noise and the heat, the beat and the pace of the factory where men and women build engines like these! And where I can create in metal the line, the pattern and design of the even greater engine I've been shaping in my mind!

"That's the America I left. And that's the America I want to find when I come back . . . the one land where a man can live and work and build the future he dreams of . . . where *every* man has the opportunity to go as far and climb as high as he wants! Don't change that, ever! That's the *only* America worth fighting for."

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building the giant new 2,000 horsepower super-charged engines for U. S. Navy Corsair fighters . . . propellers for United Nations bombers . . . working to hurry the day when our boys will come home, the day when we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

To them we pledge to do our part to keep America just as it is, just as it must always be—a land of progress, free enterprise and limitless opportunity!

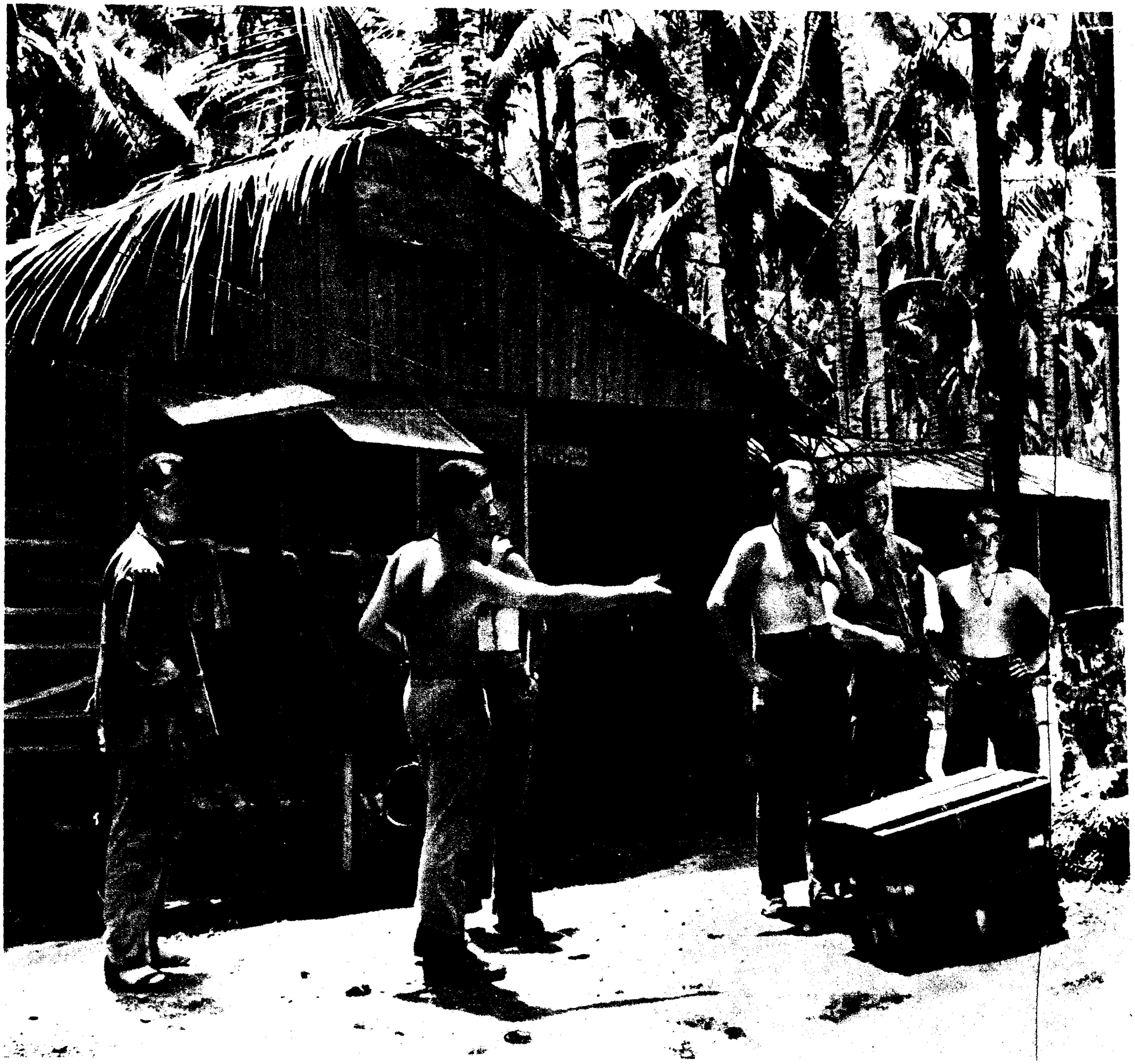
• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Speed the l of Victory!
Let's Get ine Scrap—
BUY MORE ℞ *BONDS*

NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances



"Just getting the wire laid was a tough problem. Keeping it intact in bombings, shellings and adverse weather is a twenty-four-hour proposition.. . . Wire repair crews are made up of four men. Three stand guard while the other works."
(From story by Sgt. James W. Hurlbut, Marine Corps Combat Correspondent)

Telephone Exchange on Guadalcanal

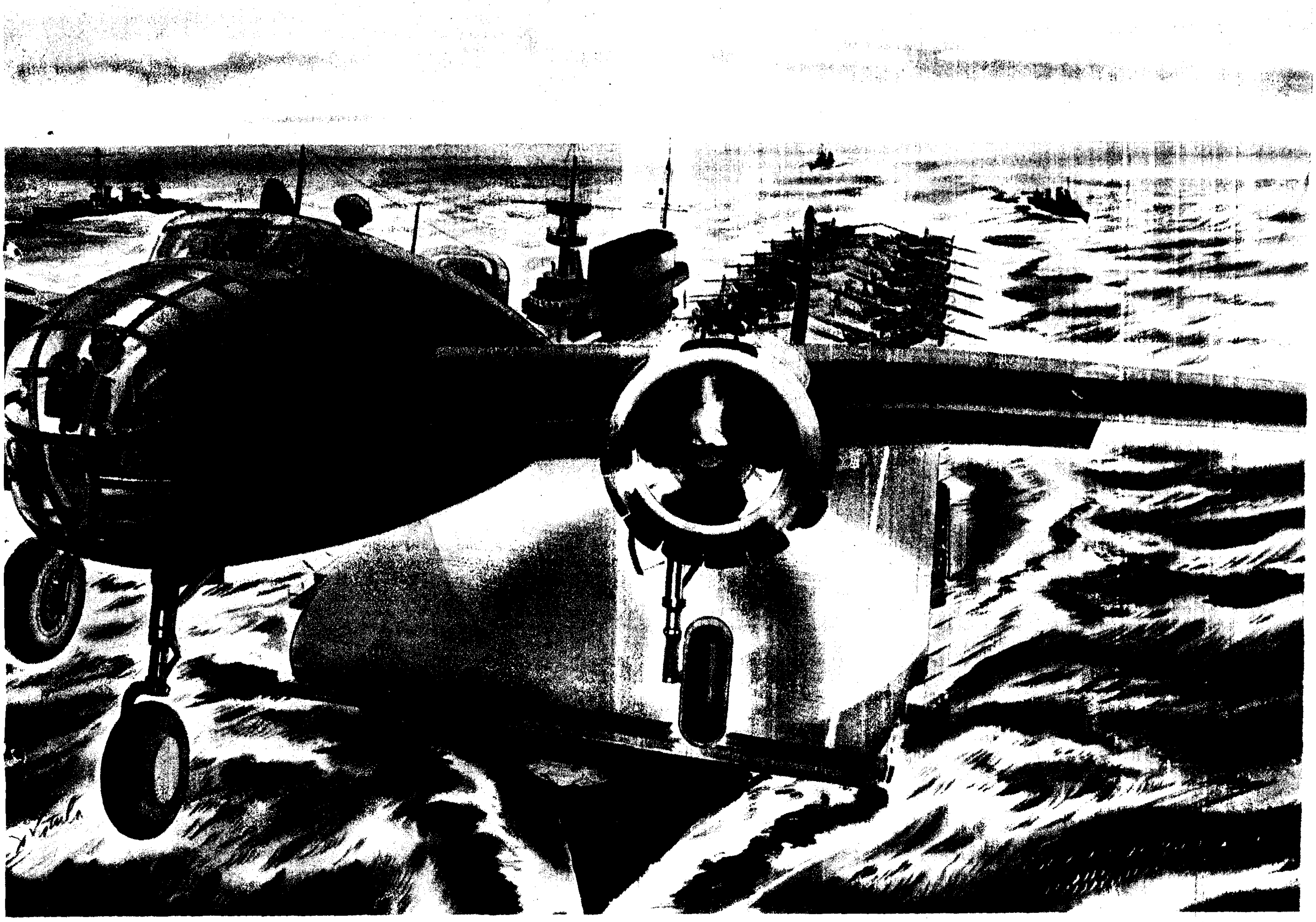
Marine communications men built it under fire. And it has been kept built. The "Guadalcanal Tel & Tel" covers well over a thousand miles of wire.

That is where some of your telephone material went. It's fighting on other fronts, too. We're getting along with less here so they can have more over there.

Telephone lines are life-lines and production lines in a war. Thanks for helping to keep the Long Distance wires open for vital calls to war-busy centers.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Just as the Hornet lifted itself on a wave and cut through it at full speed, Doolittle took off. He had yards to spare

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

BY CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON

DRAWING BY JO KOTULA

In the second part of his story of the bombing of Tokyo, Captain Lawson describes the tense take-off 800 miles from the shores of Japan and the flight that brought him over the Mikado's capital city with a full load of bombs

WE WORKED hard on the Hornet, day and night. There was always something to do or test around the plane. At night when our bunch would work inside the ship, we'd put up cardboard over the windows of the Ruptured Duck in deference to the blackout on the ship. In addition, there was a lot of studying. Doolittle placed Davey Jones in charge of our map room. Davey put us to work early on the job of memorizing cities and geographical landmarks along the course we planned to use on the raid.

All of us got a scare, the third day out, that we'd miss the raid. The Navy boys came out with buckets of white paint and drew a line along the port side, two or three yards in from the edge. We heard that Doolittle had decided to send one of the planes back to the mainland with a message. The message couldn't be sent any other way because the Hornet was observing radio silence. I tried to keep out of Doolittle's sight as much as possible, and so did the others. The line, of course, was to be the guide of the plane ordered to take off. It was easy to figure out that the left wheel of the unlucky B-25 selected would have to keep on that line. In order to clear the island with the tip of the right wing, the fuselage of the plane had to be quite far over to the left and the left wing would extend out over the edge of the ship.

Our fears subsided after the line was drawn. A Navy blimp came over to us, hovered over the deck, dropped us some stuff and presumably took back the necessary messages that had to be transmitted to the mainland. It was a relief to know that I hadn't gone through all that training just to become a messenger boy.

Doolittle gave us the right to choose the city we wanted to bomb. When it came my turn to speak I said our bunch wanted to take a look at Tokyo. My study of the four Chinese fields where we could land and refuel also convinced me that our best bet would be the field at Choo Chow Lishui, about 125 miles inland.

Our bombing problem was complicated. We were told we would drop three 500-pound bombs where they would do the most military damage, yet drop them in the shortest space of time and on as much of a straight line as possible. This was to give us the least possible amount of antiaircraft fire. We went over heavily detailed maps of the city of Tokyo with Jurika.

"I know that town like a book," he'd say, and give us the location of this or that factory or plant. Finally we selected three targets on a reasonably straight line, and close together, and began the long job of memorizing their characteristics. We were going to be able to take a few maps along with us, but no pictures and there were to be no lines or erasures of ours showing on the maps, for fear that if they were captured it might in some way lead the Japs back to the Navy.

Doolittle also told us that we would carry another bomb, a 500-pound incendiary, something like the old Russian "Molotov breadbasket." This would have to be dropped also from a low altitude. The flammable sections should be as near as possible to the other targets, so that we could let the incendiary go and then dive down out of the range of antiaircraft fire.

"If you can start seven good fires in Tokyo they'll never put them out," Jurika promised us. "I know that Tokyo fire department very well. Seven big scattered fires would be too much for it to cope with.

"I wouldn't worry too much about setting fires in flimsy-looking sections of Tokyo," he said. "The Japanese have done an amazing job of spreading out some of their industries, instead of concentrating them in large buildings. There's probably a small machine shop under half of these fragile-looking roofs."

However, at the next meeting, Doolittle specifically said that there would be no bombing of the palace. He said that it wasn't worth a plane factory or a steel smelter or a tank farm. It was at the same meeting that we were instructed on the shapes, sizes, silhouettes and abilities of every known type of Japanese plane. We were told that the Japs have a bomber similar to the B-25 and that there would be some slight chance that we would be mistaken for Japanese bombers when we came over. But the main expectation was that they'd throw everything they could get in the air against us.

During our long practice siege at Eglin Field, Florida, most of our bombing was done at night. That wasn't very comforting to remember now, for it meant we'd attack Japan at night. We were worried about their barrage balloons, even though we knew just where they were anchored.

We left our ships, guns, instruments, charts, maps, pictures and lectures only to eat and sleep. The Navy fattened us up like condemned men. We even had chicken. Most of us gained weight and very few of us were seasick. There was too much to think about. Back on land we would have considered our ships in the greatest shape of their lives, but with so much now depending on little things we found a hundred and one things to straighten out. I told Thatcher that every minute counted and to stop calling me "sir" because it was a waste of time.

"All right, sir, I won't," he said, seriously.

We swung readily into the Navy routine. Twice a day over the loud-speakers would come the nasal command, "General quarters! Man your battle stations!" It usually came just before dawn and at dusk. Wherever we were and whatever we were doing, we'd scramble up the ladders and passageways and take our posts.

In Case of Attack

We were more than spectators at these drills. Doolittle had told us in one of the meetings that if we were attacked from the air we would have to get our planes off the deck in a hurry, and with that in mind we always knew just where we were and the direction and distance of the closest friendly land. If we were attacked by a surface vessel, particularly at long range, we were to leave the planes where they were and depend on the Hornet's guns and the heavier guns of the accompanying warships.

The only battle-stations cry that I ignored came when we were about one week out. The late call to stations was sounded just as a mess boy was bringing two whole hot blueberry pies to Lieutenant Denver Truelove, of Georgia, and me, at the long table where our bunch ate. Everybody else at the table made a beeline for the flight deck. I took one look at the pies that were coming in and so did Truelove. We sat there and finished off both pies, though it was a kind of funny feeling, what with the Navy bolting the bulkheads and locking us in. The pie was perfect.

Early in April, north of Hawaii, our force was joined by other destroyers, and cruisers. We were now a sizable task force.

We proceeded slowly west. The weather turned very bad just after the rendezvous. One of our ships became partially crippled and could not make better than six knots. The Navy worked on it for three days and added keenly to our ever-increasing respect for the Navy. Once while in motion, a heavy wave washed over the low midship of one of our ships and swept a man overboard. Our loud-speaker system immediately and dispassionately bawled at the ship, "You've lost a man. Man overboard!"

"Okay, Hornet," the bored voice of the ship answered, and a destroyer fished him out well behind us as we kept going.

The weather was so rough at this time that once, in checking over the instrument board of the Ruptured Duck, I noticed that the rise and dip of the Hornet would affect our altimeter as much as 200 feet.

There was now no radio communication among the ships of the force. In fact, we couldn't have radio receiving sets, even little ones, or electric razors.

The days were crowded with lectures, tinkering and practice for the gunners. The Hornet let out kites behind the ship to give our men practice shooting at them. The Hornet had no way of using its own planes, which may or may not have accounted for the frequent testing of its guns. Its "Chicago pianos," those multibarreled pom-poms, gave out with the darndest musical scale you ever heard—a grim broken chord of three or four sharp notes. Hornet gunners would pour a perfect curtain of fire into the sky. Other ships frequently tried their guns, too, to add to the growing tension. Cruisers catapulted scout planes for long trips to all sides of our force, while we worked. Working on the plane one day with all this going on, I suddenly realized how much it was all costing. It made me want to carry out my end.

Much worse than the scare about being sent back with a message, was the sick feeling all of us got when word spread through the ship that Tokyo had been bombed by 4-motored American planes. Getting there first had never mattered much until then. We were a sourly disgruntled bunch until Doolittle told us it wasn't true. That was great news and made us that much keener. The rumor was a garbled report of the Royce raid on the Philippines.

I guess I was a nut about the Ruptured Duck, for the boys played a trick on me one day about this time and it nearly turned me gray. One of them ran up to me, below decks, and told me that the "donkey" which the Navy had parked on the flight deck had broken loose and crashed into my plane, knocking in my ship's side. I ran like a crazy man until I got to the Ruptured Duck, and I was so glad that it was a gag that I couldn't get too sore at the fellows who pulled it. At that, it helped relieve the mounting pressure on all of us.

Decorating the Bombs

Our task force was in the command of Admiral Halsey, aboard the Hornet. We got a good look at him on the 15th. He came out to pose for Navy newsreel men, along with Doolittle and a row of the bombs we were going to use. All of us crowded around to watch the show.

It was very interesting. Naval officers who had been decorated by the Japanese during the peace years had turned in their medals after Pearl Harbor. Someone, I don't know who, thought it would be a good idea to tie the medals to the bombs we were going to drop. So they were brought along on the Hornet.

Halsey tied one on to one of the fat 500-pounders, for the benefit of the newsreels, and then he turned that good, tough face to us and said, "Boys, return these medals with interest. Good hunting."

At the meeting that day, Doolittle read us some messages of good will from Admiral King, General Marshall and General Arnold. It was a strange feeling to realize that men far behind us in Washington were plotting for us and rooting for us and that thousands of miles ahead of us men were prepared to help us. The enormity of the plan was too stunning to contemplate.

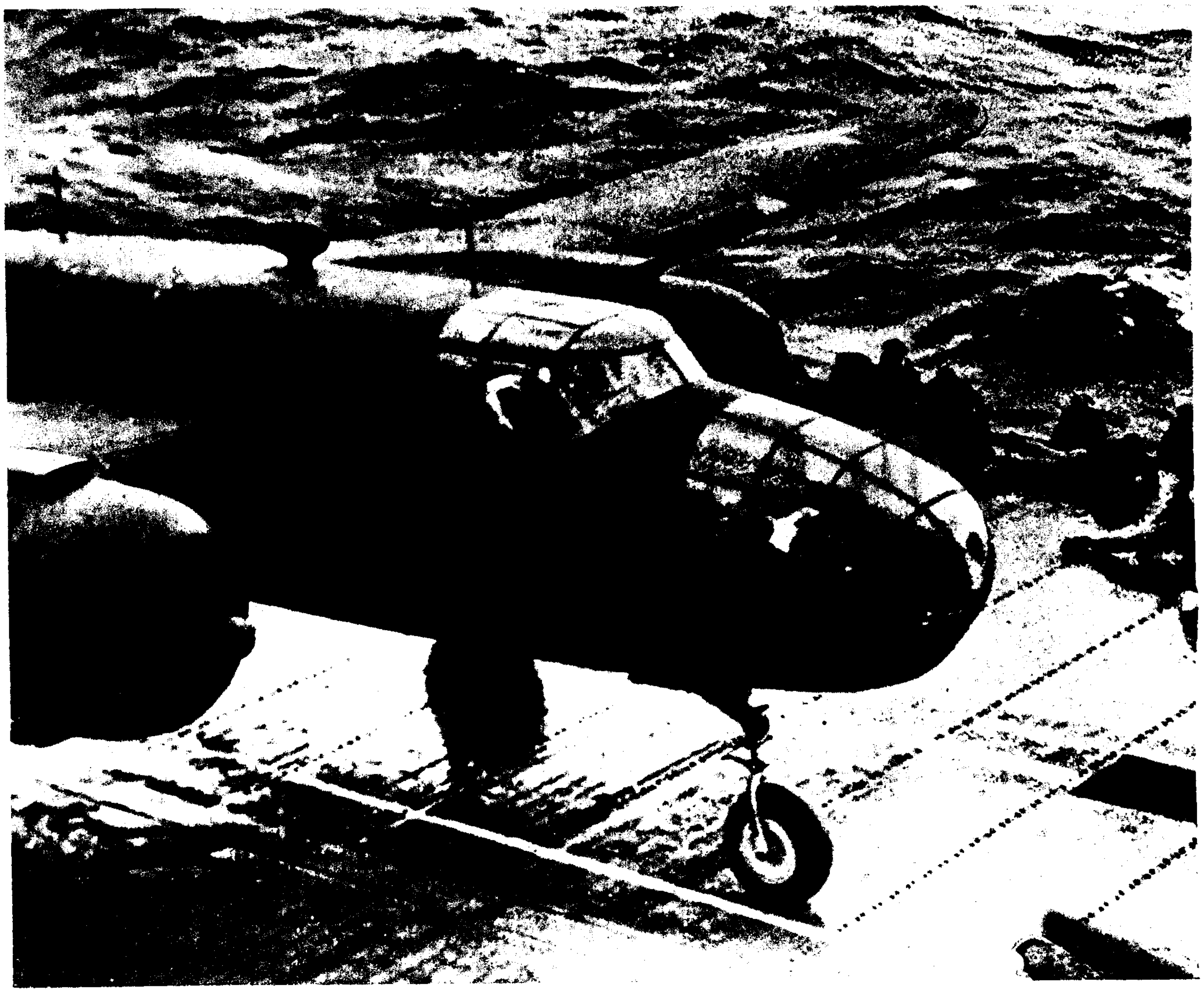
The messages were fine. They contained a little soft stuff that we all appreciated. One of them said that our deed would live forever—that the people would be deeply grateful to us.

Gasoline was my main worry toward the end. I would lie in my bunk with an ear-splitting card game going on in the same room until the small hours of the morning, and the thought of getting enough gas in my ship would never leave my mind. Maybe I thought too much about gas, down in our room. Before I admitted defeat, the Navy poker players had pared the $70 I brought aboard to $14. You never saw such poker players!

This was to be our gas load: our wing tanks carried 500 gallons and to that would be added the emergency tank, the bulletproof tank in the opening where the bottom gun turret had been, another metal tank that fitted into the top of the bomb bay and ten 5-gallon cans. The Ruptured Duck burned about twice as much at full throttle as at cruising speed.

Doolittle is easy to talk to, if you have something constructive to talk about. So I went to him one day toward the end and told him that I had been figuring our probable gas consumption and asked him if I could carry 25 five-gallon cans in the plane instead of the 10 he had allotted us. I told him I realized that the extra gas would

(Continued on page 78)



With a wing projecting far over the deck of the carrier Hornet, one of the big B-25 bombers races into its take-off for Japan. Note the lines painted on the deck to guide pilots of the heavily loaded planes during the perilously short take-off run

ACME

A HOUSE IN BARBARY SQUARE

BY D. K. FINDLAY

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A romance lighted by incendiaries, with bombs for sound effects—an American finds out about life and love among the fire fighters of blitzed England

HE WAS dreaming and someone was knocking at his door. Someone was standing in the corridor knocking and calling. Through the mists of sleep he knew that it was still the middle of the night—if he kept quiet, it would all slide back into the dream. A light dazzled him and he threw an arm across his eyes, muttering.

"Wake up, Mr. Pickersgill."

So now his name was Pickersgill. That was odd, for it used to be Lawrence but he was too bemused to care. He was sinking back into his fleece-lined cloud when someone began to shake the bed.

"Whassat, huh? Whatist?"

"Are you awake?"

He made a sound between sleep and a snarl. He squinted up trying to locate the center of disturbance. It seemed to be moving away toward the door. He knew then it was all part of a dream, a dream in technicolor, for a lady in purple with the most marvelous golden hair was walking across his floor. A sound brought him wide awake at last, and he sat up staring at his door. He would have sworn he heard it close.

Aroused by the reality of his vision, he got up and peered out. The corridor was black, the house was quiet. He got back into bed and, after a time, went to sleep.

BARBARY SQUARE lies in the west of London, a suburb of handsome façades facing green squares from which the iron railings have been removed. Number 44 was one of a row of similar houses—tall, narrow, brown brick, chimney-potted, with delicate fanlights and white doorsteps. Steps led down from the street level to the kitchen entrance and sandbags were piled in the areas.

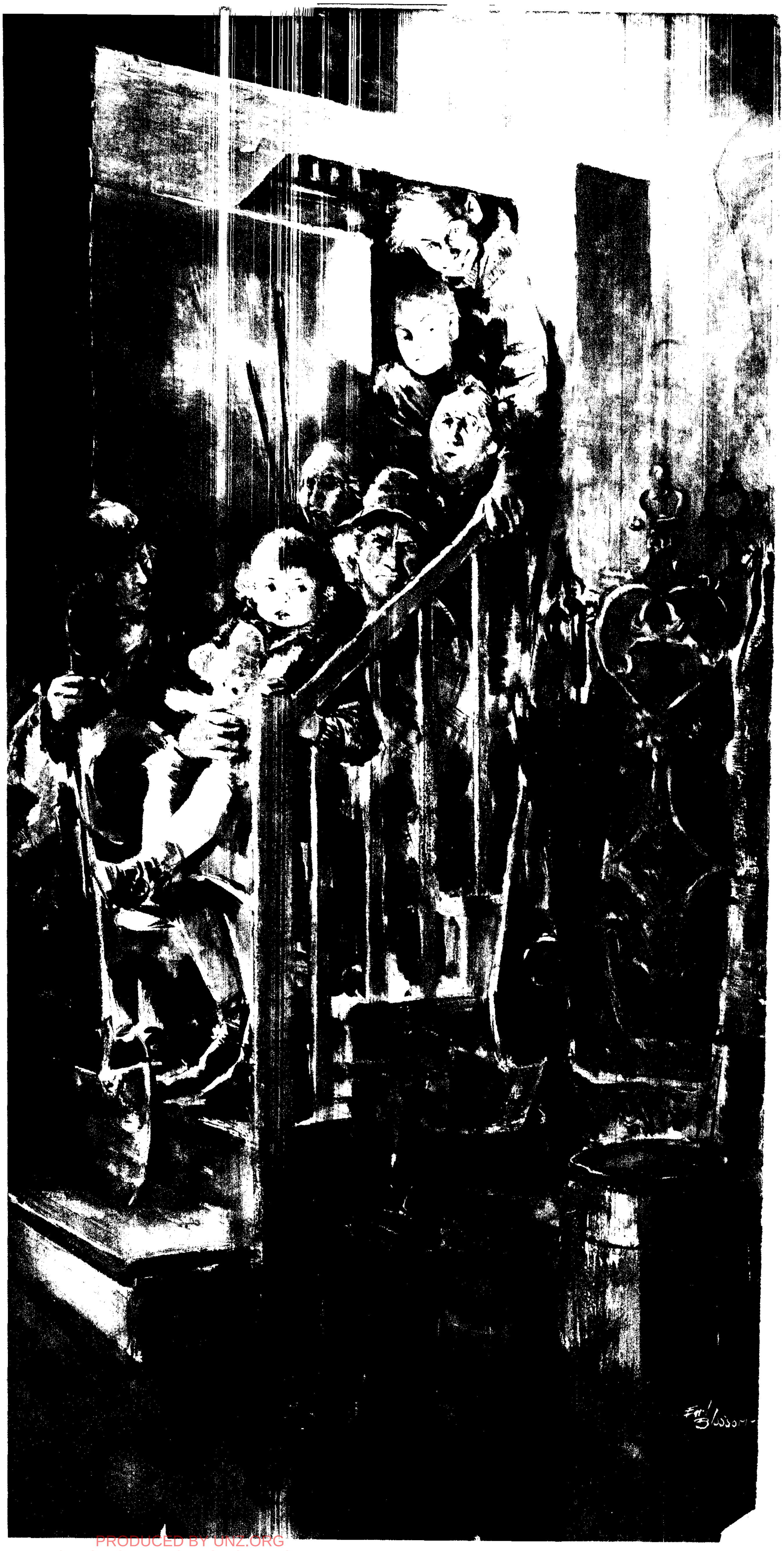
The row was not complete. The second-last house had been removed by a bomb and the borough had made the foundation into an emergency water-storage tank.

Sam Lawrence, attached to an American mission in London, had come to Number 44 by chance. A friend of his who had returned to America had a room there, and Sam had taken it over rather than go house hunting. He had hoped to live among his own countrymen; he found himself cast away among the English. He had only been there a week. Another week, he thought, would drive him bats.

It seemed to him that Number 44 housed the queerest people he had ever met. There was Mrs. Campion, a fluttering gentlewoman, who was a landlady only because she owned a house and nothing else. There was Colonel Tenchley, retired, with a yellow skin and frozen eyes, who kept a bulldog. There was Ferdie, the chinless wonder, a weedy youth whose accent set Sam's teeth on edge, who seemed to be accorded status as a human being.

In a different class there was Mrs. Cherril and her giant daughter Violet. For the rest, they were mainly middle-aged, weather-beaten folk, depressed by long hours of work. The only friend Sam had made in the house was 'Arriet the little cockney maid who brought up the breakfasts. There was life and spirit in 'Arriet for all her sparrow bones.

(Continued on page 33)



They were sitting on the stairs, looking like caricatures of themselves, chatting unconcernedly—the old ladies of Barbary Square versus the Luftwaffe

MUNICIPAL LOVE AFFAIR

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Down in Daytona Beach, Florida, there is nothing too good for a soldier lady. The grateful city has taken the Waacs to its heart in an all-out hospitality offer the girls will never forget

[illegible] COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Waac color guard of 17th Co., 4th Reg. Flag-bearer, Rosa Jordan, Glade Valley, N. C. Right: Mary Fannin, Hazard, Ky. Left: Gladys King, Alamo, Tenn. Below: Daytona sands, now Waac drill grounds

IN THE summer of 1942, Daytona Beach, Florida, was in the economic doldrums. The usual crowd of summer tourists was missing and the prospect for the winter season of 1942-43 was ghastly.

Daytona Beach had only one real industry—tourists. The city's function in life had always been to entertain sunshine seekers from all over the United States. It is an expansive, rambling town of about 23,000 people, specializing in hospitality and gentle living. The climate is perfect.

But with the war in full swing and travel reduced to an absolute minimum, the citizens of Daytona Beach were wondering how they could continue to exist.

There were rumors that the city would share in the activities that have turned the whole state of Florida into an armed camp, and rescued other Florida towns. The citizens talked earnestly and optimistically, and committees visited Washington, but the only thing that happened was that businesses folded overnight. The prospect of survival seemed slim.

Then things began to happen. Last fall, some Army men appeared and began to gather housing statistics. Then a few women appeared, wearing uniforms—Army uniforms. The corps insignia on the lapels of their blouses was the head of a woman, of Pallas Athene. They were officers of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

Daytona Beach began to understand that it was to become the second Waac Training Center. Fort Des Moines, Iowa, was the first.

Here was salvation, but it presented a civic problem of no mean proportions. Daytona Beach got ready. After all, the entertainment and handling of strangers was strictly up Daytona's alley.

By carloads and trainloads, the Waacs arrived in Daytona Beach. The first contingents made a hit with the citizens, and the citizens made a hit with the Waacs. Great hotels which had not expected to open for the winter season, found themselves undergoing strange transformations.

A Job of Remodeling

Carpenters and plumbers went to work on the innards of the hotels and apartment houses. Doors were taken from their hinges and carted away for the duration. Luxurious furnishings were put in storage. Kitchen arrangements were altered so that Army messes could be prepared. On the outside of smaller buildings, gaunt stairways shoved out into the Florida sunshine—fire escapes. You can spot Waac structures in Daytona Beach by those wooden fire escapes and by the signs: "Military Reservation—Restricted." Each of the larger hotels houses at least a battalion, the smaller places accommodate lesser units.

Most of the hotels and converted apartment houses are being used for specialized training after the girls have finished with basic. A couple of miles west of the city, a cantonment area has been built to take care of almost 7,000 girls during their four weeks' period of basic training.

A considerable distance south of the city, on the west bank of the Halifax, a city of Army tents has sprung up. This is the home of the Reception and Staging Battalion. Here the arriving recruits go, for three days of processing and indoctrination, even before they are sent to the cantonment area.

Tent City looks like any canvas Army post. Long, martial rows of square tents, the area surrounded by barbed wire. Each week, more than a thousand girls pass through that area in the preliminary stages of their transformation from civilians into Waacs. They don't see Tent City again until they have finished all their training and have been assigned to activated companies. They then return for what is known as the "staging" process. There they await the orders that send them into service with male troops.

On the streets of Daytona Beach you have the feeling that there are nothing but Waacs. Even when they're wearing civilian clothes, you can tell them by the way they walk, by their alertness.

Most of them are in uniform. Officers in their trim blouses and pink skirts; enlisted personnel in OD, many of them with the chevrons of the noncom grades. At first, it is startling to step into this world of female soldiers. You blink at the snappy salutes which are exchanged every few feet, but you quickly start taking it all for granted. These are soldiers, trim, precise and military.

You forget they are women. That is, you forget unless you happen to drift over to the beach during relaxation hours and see these same young ladies in the surf. Most of them do their bathing suits no disfavor.

"If this is war," commented a discriminating gentleman whom I encountered near the Clarendon, "then I'm for it."

But don't get the idea that the Waacs spend their time surf bathing or lolling on the beach. They work. Boy, how they work! At six o-clock every morning (and during the winter that's completely and utterly black dark) they have their first formation. Before the first rays of a winter sun creep above the horizon, they're drilling. You see them in squads, platoons, companies, regiments. They march to meals, march to classes. Sounds of bugles can be heard from a dozen different directions.

The citizens of Daytona Beach have been magnificent in their handling of the Waac situation. There has been a lot of profiteering in little towns blessed with large military establishments. In too many of these places, the rule seems to be to give the soldier as little as possible for as much as possible.

But not in Daytona Beach. If any advantage is taken of the Waacs there, I have not been able to discover it. I have talked to a couple of hundred Waacs—auxiliaries, noncoms and officers—and have yet to hear from any of them anything about Daytona Beach short of unstinted praise.

The citizens do not pat themselves on the back about this. Their attitude in general is: "Of course. It's the one thing we can do and we're proud to do it."

Important civic organizations have promised to ride herd on anybody who steps out of line. It is refreshing to find a city that keeps its appreciation alive. Daytona people make no bones of the fact that the town would have been in desperate straits had it not been for the coming of the Waacs.

The city does everything in its power to add to the comfort and pleasure of the corps. All resort facilities have been turned over to the women. The recreation room at City Island has become a service club. There are other service clubs, municipal and semiprivate. There are dances and entertainments. Amusement places, such as bowling alleys, have not raised their rates. Taxi fares are reasonable. Restaurant prices are low, comparatively, and the service is good within the limitations of the help shortage, which is universal.

There are a few night clubs still in existence. Waacs can go to them for amusement or food, or both, and get what they pay for. Even the juke spots have not become clip joints. The smaller restaurants in the downtown sector, and those strategically located near Waac-crowded hotels have kept their prices down.

For five days of each week, Daytona Beach is a woman's town. But on Saturday morning the picture changes. From every camp within a radius of 150 miles (and that covers a lot of camps) the service men start pouring in by train and bus.

The Service Men Come to Town

Saturday and Sunday you see uniformed men on the streets, and they're usually paired off with Waacs. You find them in lunchrooms, at the service clubs, sitting on benches in the parks, walking on the beach, swimming, bowling, and—at night—dancing.

Quite frankly, the Waacs seem to go for the sailors and the Coast Guard. Perhaps that is because they're more accustomed to the Army; the OD uniforms have little novelty for them.

And of course everybody asks the same question: "Are there lots of wild parties?" The answer to that question is definitely "No." The impression one gets is that here are thousands of young men and women who quite naturally enjoy one another's company. On week ends, Daytona Beach is gay but certainly not wild.

Scattered throughout the city, there are little specialty shops which have closed their doors to normal business and been converted into classrooms. Usually, the original signs remain over the portals of such places. Near the Clarendon, for instance, you can find the Fifth Avenue Gown Shop, but you won't find any gowns inside. Instead, you'll find a crowded classroom, a Waac teacher and a couple of hundred Waac students. On the other hand, many shops catering exclusively to feminine patronage are doing a first-rate business, thanks to the Waac regulation which permits any member of the corps to wear civilian clothes when off duty and off a military reservation.

Many of the Waacs are delighted to make this change, even for a few hours. They enjoy the brief escape from the austerity of the uniform.

Occasionally, the Waacs put on entertainments, and for these the city has given them the use of the municipal auditorium. For formal military reviews, the baseball park is pressed into service. The regiments march to the music of their own excellent band, while citizens pack the grandstand and bleachers.

It is strictly against regulations for a dog to be owned or kept in Waac quarters—but things happen. There is the story, for instance, of the Bedlington terrier that was trained in military matters at Fort Des Moines. It was a unit mascot, and when the girls of that outfit learned that they were to be transferred to Daytona Beach, they were worried about the fate of their dog.

Mascot in the Bag

But not for long. What happened is no matter of official record. It violated all the rules—but it happened just the same. The story is that the dog was trained to lie inert in a barracks bag. When the unit entrained in Iowa, the dog's owner got aboard with her barracks bag slung over her shoulder, and in that bag was the Bedlington. Other girls had divided the owner's equipment among themselves.

On the trip down from Des Moines, the dog was released from the barracks bag, but was taught to sit quietly under the seat of the car. It was fed with scraps donated by the girls. When the train stopped, the Bedlington would appear on the station platform and would reappear on the train when it moved on.

No one will vouch for the story. The only certainty is that the Bedlington was in Des Moines with its unit and it is now in Daytona Beach.

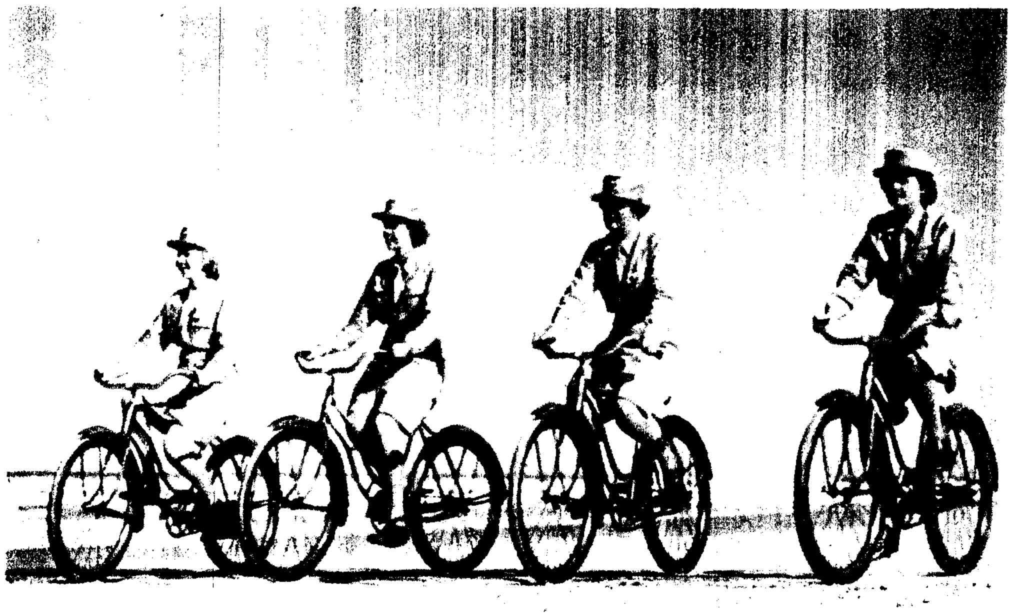
Famous Daytona Beach has proved itself a grand drill field. Battalions, companies and platoons drill to the sharp orders of unit commanders. Bugles sound. Meanwhile, out of the sky, drop dive bombers, piloted by keen-eyed youngsters from the naval base. Other planes appear from Army and Navy aviation bases in the vicinity. They fly fast, and, for the most part, they fly low. The roar of airplane motors has supplanted the noise of normal traffic. Occasionally, a Navy dirigible flies over.

All through the day, small vessels of the Navy and Coast Guard can be seen offshore, patrolling for submarines. At Daytona Beach—and all up and down the Florida coast—the uniformed Border Patrol is on duty, and every person crossing to the mainland is required to identify himself.

Anywhere you go in Florida today, you'll know you're in a war. Daytona Beach is as military as any other training center in Florida, but it's easier on the eyes. The Waacs are there, thousands of them, and thousands of new ones arriving every ten weeks. ★★★

Week ends, servicemen descend in droves, with the Navy and Coast Guard rating higher than the Army. Aux. Frankie Cooper and Gunner's Mate 1st Class Bill Johnston

At the Riviera Hotel pool, the girls get regulation Army swimming instructions. Those pictured below are taking the Red Cross instructors' training course



Al's Bike Stand hasn't suffered from loss of tourist trade. Pedaling, left to right, Auxiliaries Martha Banttari, Marian Rodgers, Janie Ezekiel and Jeanne Walter

BEWARE THE BLACK MARKET

BY ALAN HYND

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY LEJAREN À HILLER

The Department of Agriculture says: "The black market has diverted so much meat from legal trade that our Army has been unable to obtain all the meat it needs. The black-market operator who, in his unsavory dealings, places profits above patriotism, and financial gain above lives, is the worst sort of saboteur." That whispering in the back of your butcher shop may have more dire effects than you bargained for

A MAN shuffled into the Pittsburgh offices of the Food Distribution Administration and slumped in a chair at the desk of William Walsh, area supervisor. "We've been poisoned by black-market meat," he told Walsh. "My whole family's been up all night—deathly ill."

For ten days, Walsh, an alert and hard-hitting public official, had been trying vainly to track down rumors that scores of Pittsburghers had been stricken after eating uninspected bootleg meat. Walsh's visitor represented the first concrete evidence. "Where'd you buy this meat?" Walsh asked.

The man named a butcher, in a congested district on the outskirts of town. "I raised the devil with him before I came here," he added.

Walsh sighed. "That's just what you shouldn't have done," he said. "Now he'll get rid of all his diseased meat before we get there."

Walsh was right. The butcher put on a great show of outraged innocence to a Department of Agriculture inspector and pointed to the purple vegetable-dye government stamps on the pure-smelling carcasses that hung in his refrigerator. A once-over of his books showed nothing in black and white to indicate that he purchased his meat from anybody but the local slaughterhouse of a reputable and nationally known packing firm.

Inspectors, working in shifts, shadowed the butcher twenty-four hours a day. Late on the fourth night, he hopped into his car and drove to a farm over the city line. The inspector who tailed him saw him entering a greenhouse on the farm. The greenhouse had been blacked out by paint over each pane of glass, but a blob of yellow light that shot out when the door was opened for the butcher was evidence of activity within.

The inspector scratched enough paint from one of the panes to have a look. Half a dozen strapping young men were busy stripping the hides from cows and pigs, and dressing them. Over in one corner, a hamburger machine was in operation.

The idea here was quantity, not quality. Every spare part of an animal that increased the total output was tossed into the machine, intestines and lungs included. The butcher picked out a carcass and, as he did so, a rat scurried across the floor. The butcher carried the carcass to his car and delivered it to his shop, going in the back way at about two in the morning.

The inspectors, powerless to act officially before the government's slaughter-permit and licensing system went into effect on April 1st, were nevertheless able to break up this malicious "greenhouse ring," which included a number of nondescript butcher shops. The men in the greenhouse turned out to be expert meat dressers in the daytime employ of a large and reputable Pittsburgh packing concern, draft-exempt because they were in an essential industry. Naturally, their extracurricular activities were not known to their employers.

Investigation further disclosed that the greenhouse operators had been scouring the countryside, buying up practically anything that walked on four hoofs, including (the inspectors learned) two cows that one farmer had been unable to dispose of through legitimate channels because the animals had been tubercular! It is not unlikely that those tubercular cows had gone into the hamburger machine.

Analysis of some of the hamburger meat revealed it to be so loaded with a variety of bacteria that death could have resulted had it been eaten very rare. As this is written, there is no way of ascertaining the total effects of the greenhouse operations, for some diseases contracted from uninspected meat don't show up for weeks or months.

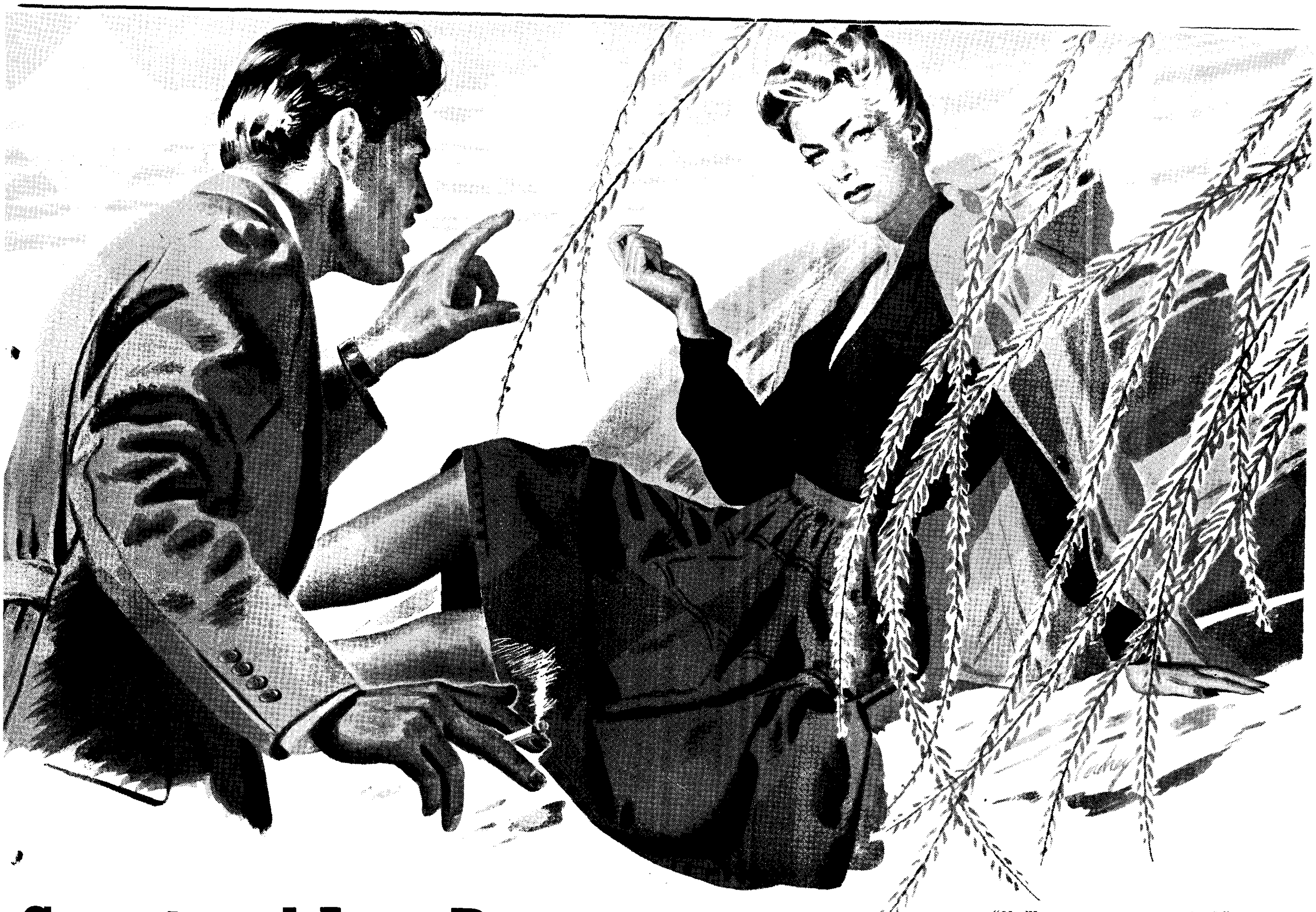
That's the Pittsburgh story. Multiply it many times over, and you'll get an idea of what has been going on all over the country—around Indianapolis, Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Denver and San Francisco. The American Meat Institute in Chicago was presented by local newspaper reporters with evidence that there were several operators of highly unsanitary and unlicensed abattoirs on the outskirts of that city.

Department of Agriculture inspectors, Office of Price Administration officials and doctors from coast to coast know cases of whole families being laid low after eating diseased meat.

Until April 1st, there was no law that could touch these criminals unless they sent their uninspected wares through interstate commerce, and the Pittsburgh

(Continued on page 60)

With criminal disregard for your health or life, black marketeers pass off unsanitary, disease-laden meat under a counterfeit government stamp



"She'll never marry you, Tod," said Sandy. "She's using you." He was shouting. "Coralee is not like you. She doesn't want a career. All she wants is me"

Sweet and Low-Down

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

How could a man know all about love songs—and nothing of love? How could he lead his dance band one step this side of heaven—and let a smart girl take him for a ride?

ON THE rainy afternoon when Coralee Sherman came singing her way into his life, Tod Fenway was making a dance arrangement of Let's Call It Love, a song hot out of Hollywood. He was working it over on the piano, embroidering the melody softly. Very softly, because a headache was pounding in his head like a voodoo drum, and because he was having his usual trouble with the brass section.

The light on his score sheet brightened as the door opened, but he didn't look around or stop playing. It could only be trouble—probably it was Tom Corcoran, his sour tenor saxophonist.

Behind him the girl closed the door, took a determined step forward and then paused to watch his magical hands on the keyboard.

Tod took another chorus and estimated that aside from the sixty-one headaches classified by the medical profession, thirty-four of his very own were ganging up in an anvil chorus in his forehead. Twenty were contributed by the twenty members of his band—Music with the Fenway Flair—one by a stiff neck, one by Let's Call It Love, and a round dozen by his home life. If you could call it a home life.

His face, which was usually kindly as a Buddha's, was flushed and haggard. His black hair, ordinarily as smooth as hand-rubbed ebony, stood out like rumpled feathers.

A Spanish mother had given Tod his smoldering dark eyes, his sense of rhythm, his passion for music—and his distaste for all practical matters. He was a band leader and a successful one, but that was largely obstinacy.

He had no interest in money, fame, or authority. He wanted dance music played a certain way and he couldn't be sure it would be played that way unless he owned the band.

He took the melody with his right hand and experimented with counterpoint in the bass. Behind him a sultry voice picked up the tune:

A rose by any other name
May smell as sweet, but just the same
A rose is not a daffodil
And I will not be happy till
We say the things we really mean.

Tod stopped playing. "Don't tell me," he said in a dry voice. "Let me guess . . . Dinah Shore!" He looked around.

She was a slender girl in a transparent blue raincoat with raindrops glinting in her light brown hair. Her cheeks had a glow, her mouth was a fresh brave red, and her eyes were blue and big with hope. She reminded him a little of another girl who had come through that doorway almost three years ago, to his subsequent delight and misery: Sandy. Only Sandy hadn't come in singing. Sandy had come in on the verge of tears because she had to get a job or stop eating.

"I heard you needed a vocalist," the girl said breathlessly.

IT WAS true. His latest singer had sold out to radio, which wasn't important. Vocalists were easy to come by, but now Tony Bartro, his guitarist, had served notice, and that was something else again. That meant trouble was shaping up in the band, and Tod didn't know who or what was causing it.

The girl leaned toward him: "I'm Coralee Sherman."

He had never heard of her, but he nodded and resumed playing. She came around and sang to him, eyes half-mooned and laughing, putting everything she had into it:

I'll play the fiddle; you be the dancer
Questions, questions, only you can answer!
When we go walking—are you proud?
Do you see my face on every lovely cloud?
Do you long for me at least once every hour?
Am I the song you sing in your shower?

He wished he had a manager to tell her she wouldn't do. He'd had a succession of managers before he learned that Sandy was as tactful as she was beautiful and turned such chores over to her. Sandy had a talent for knowing. Sandy knew what he wanted, sometimes when he didn't know it himself. But Sandy had divorced him a year ago, and now he had band leader's migraine.

He changed key and picked up the tempo. Coralee faltered, but hung on:

Is it your opinion that I'm swell?
That I do everything awfully well?
Do your hands go trembly, does your face go hot
When you think of sharing all I've got?
Do I give your pulses a thrilling shove?
If you're yessing my guessing—let's call it love!

Tod dropped his head into his hands "Oh, dear," she said. "As bad as that?"

He lifted his head and looked at her again. He felt sorry for her, and tried not to show it.

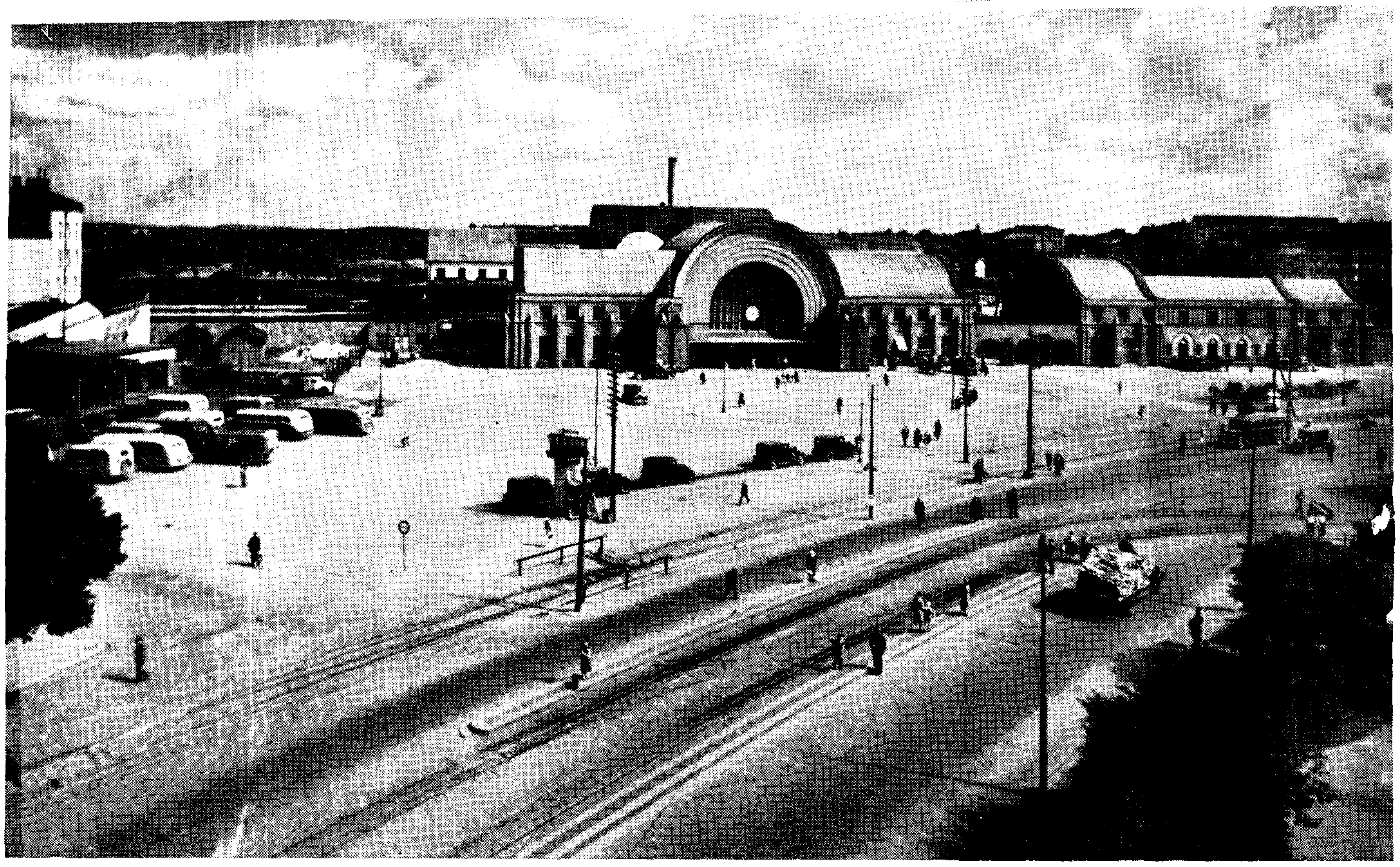
"You're a medley of imitations," he told

(Continued on page 56)

REPORT FROM FINLAND

By Thérese Bonney

What's happening in the northern republic is described by the first American war correspondent and photographer to visit Finland since the outbreak of the Russo-German War, and the only one ever to be admitted to the Finnish front on the Karelian Isthmus. The photographs accompanying this article were taken by the author, Miss Bonney



Above is pictured the railroad station at Viipuri, one of the most famous in Europe, as it appeared before the city was captured by the Russians in March, 1940. Right, the same building after Viipuri had been reconquered by the Finns

THE first time war came to Finland, in the winter of 1939, it found a twenty-year-old democracy making gala plans to receive the world at the Olympic Games. A new stadium was being erected near Helsinki. The state cellars were stocked with the finest wines. Warehouses bulged with food.

Today, the stadium is a training center for the Finnish army. The hotels have been turned into hospitals or into schools for the rehabilitation of the crippled and the blind. The flags have been furled: the silk is cracking. Three successive bad harvests and the food is gone. The Finns are hungry.

"We have 12,000 bottles of the finest champagne," a prominent Finn told me, "and we do not expect to drink them when we sign a peace with Russia. We will keep them to drink when the Germans have gone."

Neither this war nor the last one was wanted by the Finnish people; they feel that they were forced into both conflicts. Their defeat by the Russians in 1939-40, followed by the German invasion of Norway in the spring of 1940, left them alone and helpless, cut off from any chance of assistance from the Western democracies. They accepted help from the Nazis because it seemed their sole chance of survival; most Finns are convinced that had they not done so, their country would have met the fate of Norway.

The Finns believed that they would march into Leningrad in from three to six weeks. One of my friends, a Finnish soldier, told me of an old woman he met on his way to the front. She said, "I'll go home and put the coffee on and have it ready to celebrate."

For a little while, enthusiasm ran high. Karelia was reconquered, Viipuri was retaken, the old Finnish-Russian frontier was reached. Then the tide turned, casualties mounted, and enthusiasm gave way to disillusionment and bitterness.

The Problem of Peace

Since I have returned from Finland, the question I am most often asked is, "Do the Finns want to get out of the war."

The answer is that they do, though not at the price of dishonor, and not with major territorial sacrifices. But the problem of a separate peace with Finland will be difficult to solve.

First, an acceptable intermediary must be found. Then the questions of food and minimum guarantees of Finland's independence must be considered. And finally, what can any intermediary, or the Finns themselves for that matter, do about the German army now stationed in Finland? Any separate peace movement is naturally watched closely by the Nazis.

The number of German soldiers in Finland is known only to the German and Finnish High Commands, but there are at least seven divisions, and possibly as many as twelve, or from 100,000 to 200,000 men. One division is said to be at the northern tip of Lake Onega, and another is at Uhtua, in Finland proper. The remainder are in Lapland, and are thought to be mostly Austrians, whose loyalty to Hitler is wearing a bit thin.

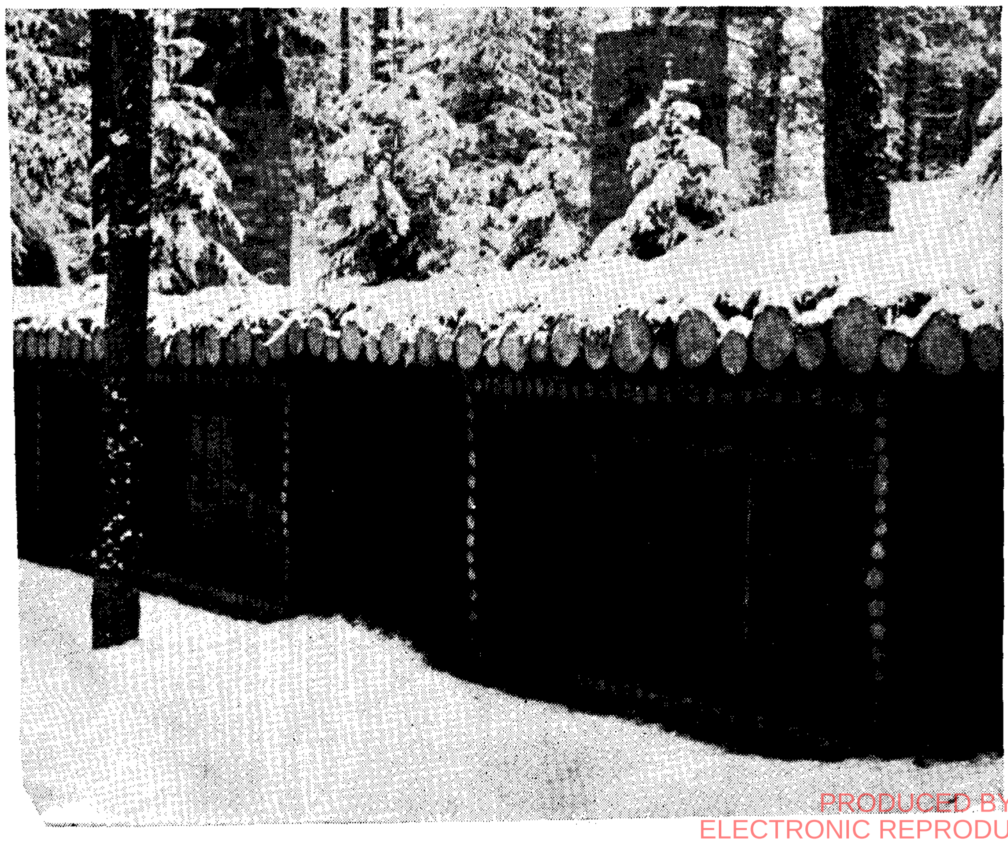
All of these troops are completely supplied from Germany and are less well equipped than those fighting elsewhere. The morale of the Nazi troops stationed in Lapland has been undermined by the "Lapland sickness," defined as "a form of neurotic horror and depression, due to exposure in vast open spaces."

Everything is rationed in Finland, but special restrictions are enforced against the Germans. They are allowed to buy only toothbrushes, tooth paste, pocket combs, near-soap, razor blades, and a few Lapland souvenirs. They are seldom received in Finnish homes; and when a Finn (for one reason or another) entertains a German, he is not apt to talk much about it. During the first few months of the war with Russia, German officers, entering the restaurant of the largest hotel in Helsinki, would stop at the door, click their heels, and "Heil Hitler" before proceeding into the dining room. This custom, highly objectionable to the Finns, is no longer observed. During all the time I stayed at the hotel, I heard but one "Heil Hitler," and that from a newly arrived officer who didn't do it again.

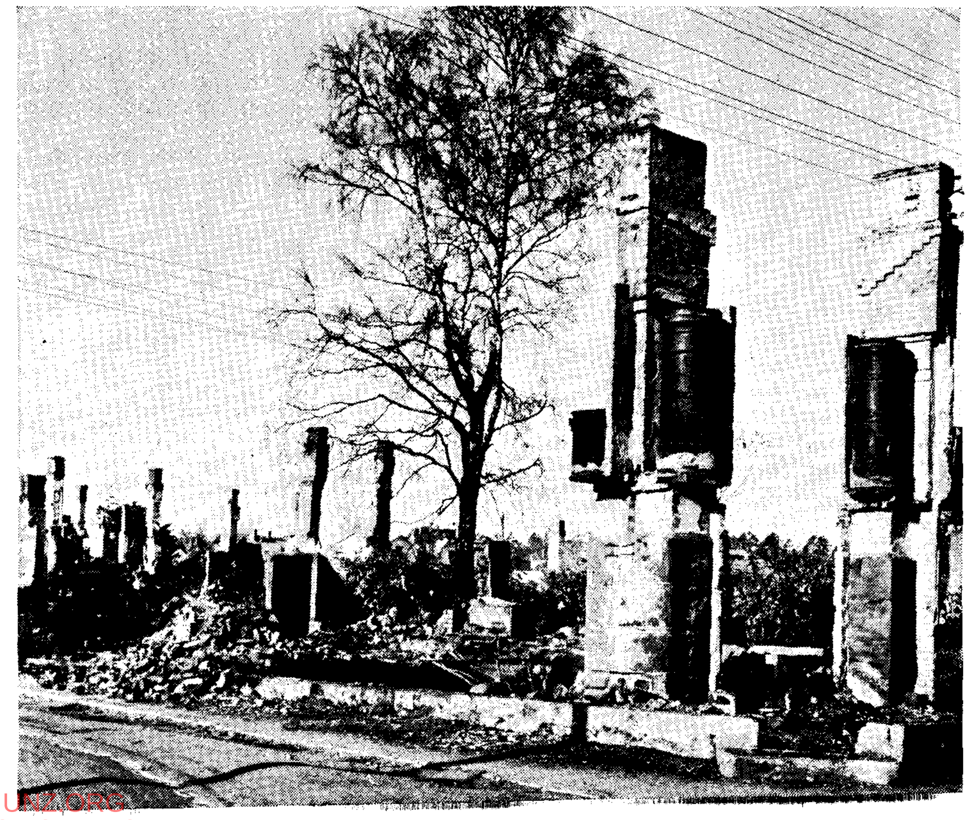
Finland is believed to have about 300,000 men still under arms. Some of the older classes have been demobilized and sent back to the farms and industries. Many of the younger men have been given leave to attend the universities, which have reopened after having been closed for two years.

The Finns now are almost entirely dependent upon German publications for research and information, and many of

A new type of dugout, called Kuros, developed by the Finns on the Karelian front. Here the soldiers hold discussion and study groups



A residential section of the once prosperous city of Viipuri. Such scenes of destruction are common throughout the Karelian metropolis



Headquarters of the Finnish Nazi party, Kansallis Sosialisti, in Helsinki. This outfit plays no part in the Finnish elections, and its membership is comparatively small. Its activities include publication of two dailies and a youth magazine

the professors are pro-German. As a result of this situation, in the winter of 1940-41, of the 91 doctors' theses written by university students, 63 were in German, 24 were in Finnish, and only four in Swedish, the Finns' second tongue.

All Finnish soldiers at the front are obliged to give twenty per cent of their leisure to helping their "fallen brothers." House units, designed by the great Finnish architect Alvar Aalto, are being built in the front-line forests and sent to the rear in the same flatcars that bring arms and ammunition to the troops. Each house is consigned to the Aseveli, an organization of "comrades of the fallen," which puts up the dwellings for the widows of dead soldiers. Because of the lack of raw materials, these houses have no modern conveniences, but are so designed that plumbing and other fixtures may be installed after the war.

The price of liquor in Finland has recently been increased from sixty cents to five dollars a pint. None can be served without food, and then only at certain hours. Despite these measures, there has been a great increase in the consumption of alcohol, particularly a ninety-five per cent aqua vit made from cellulose.

For more than a year, there has been no fighting on the Finnish front except a few local skirmishes and partisan attacks in eastern Karelia. The average Finnish soldier believes he is not fighting because the United States has asked him to advance no farther; that America has warned, "Hands off Soroka, Murmansk and Leningrad!" Many are of the opinion that the United States has threatened to declare war against Finland should extensive operations develop.

When I reached Helsinki—the first American to arrive in months—the news spread all over town within a few hours. At my door, I found flowers and anonymous notes of welcome.

A Military Compliment

When I was at the Ladoga front, during luncheon, the commanding officer telephoned to a town 120 miles away and ordered carnations at three dollars each. By train, bus, military automobile and on foot, they were carried to a designated point in time for tea, at which the officer made a speech telling me how the Finns welcomed an American journalist.

We have a foundation of solid friendship and respect in Finland, but our efforts to counteract the Nazi propaganda are notoriously inept. We wanted to publish a weekly magazine in Finland in opposition to the German Signal. How did we go about it? A dummy was prepared by the head of OWI and the head of our press services in Sweden, neither of whom had any knowledge of magazines, newspapers or publishing and above all of the psychology of the Finn. Instead of trying to make the publication acceptable and attractive to the Finns, they put a huge American flag on the cover, a sure way to put up the backs of the Germans. Naturally, a pro-Nazi Finnish censor turned the dummy down. Then our propagandists appealed to the foreign minister, at that time one of Finland's most violently pro-Nazi officials, now no longer in power. Quite naturally he refused to allow the magazine to be published. If common sense had been used, the project would have succeeded. The Finnish-American Club wanted such a publication, and so did the people in general and many of the members of Parliament.

We do no better with radio programs. There are said to be 400,000 radio sets in Finland, but few are powerful enough to pick up an American station. So our programs have to be relayed from England, a country with which Finland is at war and they are announced as via the BBC. Although the British do not tamper with these relays, it would be impossible to convince the Finns that this is true. Moreover, most of the broadcasting is done by a woman who, the Finns told me, speaks a grammatically incorrect Finnish.

What do the Finns talk about? Well, they talk mostly about the war and food. How long will the war last? Every six months they believe it will be over within the next six months. Their real belief is that the war will only be over "When the English eat rats and the Germans ersatz rats." What will happen to Finland? Will it survive? With the Finn, survival of his country is an obsession. That is why he will fight to the last.

The Finn doesn't want sympathy. He found it sterile enough during the first war with Russia. He doesn't want anybody to pull his chestnuts out of the fire for him. I heard one question over and over: "What else could we have done?" I do not pretend to know the answer. ★★★

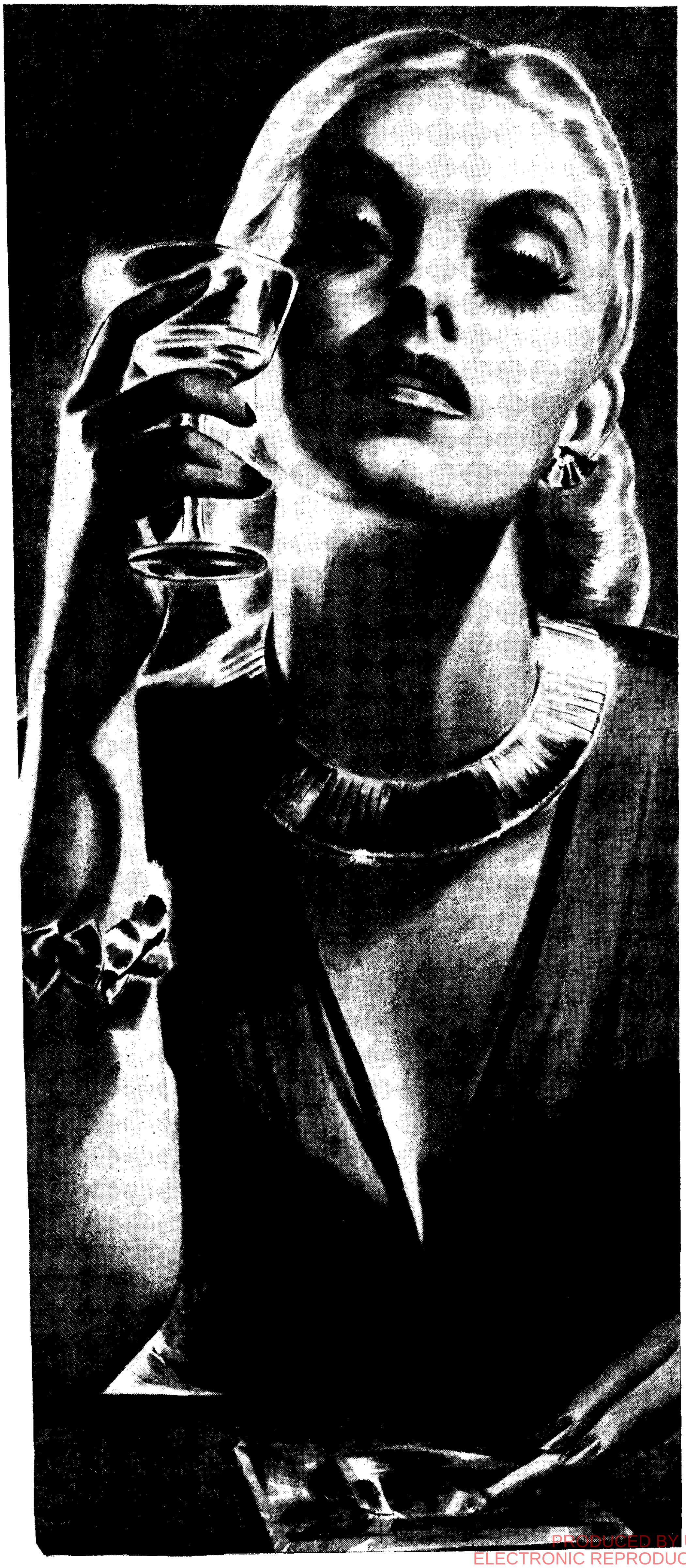
Finnish soldiers spend twenty per cent of their leisure building houses behind the lines for transportation to devastated areas

The monotony of the static war is broken by frequent athletic meets held in villages behind the front lines. Here Finnish athletes march in review

SOUND OF REVELRY

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Claire said, "I like you very much. You have something . . ." The soft white shoulders shrugged inside the sheer top of that black dress. "I would like us to be much better friends"

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with each other, Steve Harrison (the narrator) and Judy Morgan teach dancing, in New York City. Judy's wealthiest pupil is a man named Jonathan Tate, who lives on Fifth Avenue. Tate is murdered—shot to death in his apartment. Quite by chance, Judy and Steve see a blond woman and a fairly young man, wearing evening clothes, at the scene of the murder.

The suspected killers are sure that at least one person has seen them. That person is a girl—Babs Willard—who is in love with Steve. A few minutes after the murder, she, too, is shot to death by a person, or persons, whom no one sees.

Three members of the homicide squad—Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard—investigate the killings. . . . Jonathan Tate's will is read. In it he bequeaths everything he owns (including the Torrid Zone, a night club) to Judy!

Judy takes possession of the club. Late one evening, Steve, looking over the guests, sees the mysterious blonde. He points her out to Judy. Judy insists that the blonde is not the one for whom the police are searching. But Steve is sure she *is* the one.

Certain that Judy is lying, Steve has a talk with Max Gold, but Gold shows no interest in the blonde; he refuses to interrogate her! . . . From time to time, a young man named Gregg Martin and his father—Arthur Gordon Martin—patronize the Torrid Zone. Judy appears to like them. Steve keeps an eye on the young fellow. . . .

The blonde shows up again at the Torrid Zone and asks to see Steve. Steve goes to her table. She introduces her companion—John Stacey—who in turn introduces her: *Miss* Claire Livingston. She plays up to Steve, turns on all the charm she has, makes a date to meet him—the next day. . . .

Steve and Judy go to Judy's maisonette, in the East Fifties. It is night. When they enter the place, no lights are on. In the darkness, Steve encounters a man. The man strikes him, tries to shoot him, then slips out and escapes in a car. Since the intruder could not have known that Judy would have an escort, it seems fairly obvious that he had planned to kill Judy—not Steve!

The two young people, badly shaken, sit for a time, saying little. Then Steve speaks. "Maybe," he says quietly, "we'd better take a look-see."

V

WE WENT through the downstairs. Two or three drawers were open and things were disturbed, but Judy said that nothing seemed to be missing. We went upstairs and snapped on all the lights.

Judy's dressing table was opposite the foot of the bed. Two of the drawers were open, one only part way as though whoever had done it had made a hasty lunge at closing it. The other one was wide. A leather jewel case had been taken out of it. A red leather case. It was on top of the dressing table.

I knew that there hadn't been much real jewelry in it. Most of Judy's possessions were costume stuff. Good, but not genuine. Of the real articles there were a watch which she seldom wore to work; her mother's engagement ring, and a sapphire brooch which I had bought for her on the installment plan (a dooflicky which could be either a brooch or two clips) and a fiery opal ring.

We looked them over. They were all present or accounted for. I said, "He didn't think your stuff was worth swiping."

She led the way across to her dresser. The top drawer of that had also been hastily closed. She pulled it back and pointed to a handbag. The bag was open. There were a few bills in there and some loose change. Judy said, "Jewelry inspected, but not taken. Money not taken. He wasn't a burglar."

We went back downstairs and picked up where we had left off on the couch. I figured that this might be my chance to learn things.

"How do you figure it, honey?" I said.

She shook her head. Her voice had steadied. Maybe it was the drinks. Maybe it was just the fact that she has more nerve than I have. She said, "I can't. Robbery was obviously not the motive."

"Right."

"Whoever it was, was looking for something."

"Any ideas?"

"No."

I tried to make my next casual: "Will you tell your friend, Max Gold, about this?"

"Of course."

"Shall we call him now?"

"If you'd rather."

I shrugged. "I don't care a hoot if I never see that guy again. He gets in my hair."

She said, "He's handling things his own way."

"Then, for my money, it's a lousy way. He's playing it wrong, and you're helping. That's why I'm worried."

She looked at her watch and jumped up. "We're late . . . The supper show . . ."

I wanted to say that I didn't give a hoot about the supper show. But I didn't say it. Things that I said weren't having much effect these days.

WE TAXIED to the club. It was jammed. There was a line waiting to get in. We crowded through and beat it for our dressing rooms. I saw three people.

Gregg Martin was there, with his father. There was a third chair at their table—empty. That would be for Judy. I didn't like the idea.

But that seemed to make Judy and me even. Because at another ringside table we saw Claire Livingston.

She waved at me over the heads of the crowd.

She was alone, and there was a vacant chair at her table, too.

Judy must have gotten a message in her dressing room, because immediately after our act she went over and joined Gregg and his father. There wasn't much I could do about it, but what little there was—I did. I joined Claire Livingston. We said good evening to each other, and she invited me to sit down. I hesitated, and she said, in that oddly attractive throaty voice of hers, "I saved that chair for you."

I sat down and said, "Little girls shouldn't go to night clubs alone."

She laughed. "This one should."

"Why?"

"Because I had ideas. About you."

The waiter set my drink down on the table and I picked it up. I looked at it instead of at her.

"What kind of ideas?" I said.

"You'd be surprised."

I shook my head. "Nothing you might do would surprise me," I said, and I wasn't kidding.

She said, "I like you very much."

"Thanks."

"You have something . . ." The soft white shoulders shrugged inside the sheer top of that black dress. "I would like us to be much better friends."

"You're a great ribber, aren't you?" I said.

Her deep violet eyes held mine, hard. "I am serious. I like you. And when I like a man, he knows it."

Fresh from the oven. Just like that. I drew a deep breath, started to say something, changed my mind and let it lay that way.

I felt someone looking at me. It was Judy. She didn't seem too happy, but maybe that was my imagination. I said, "Look, I've got to speak to my partner a minute. Want to come over?"

Claire looked at the table and shook her head. "No, thanks. I don't want to share you."

I got up. "I'll be right back," I said, and shoved between the tables.

As I got to Judy's table, Gregg and his

(Continued on page 69)

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER

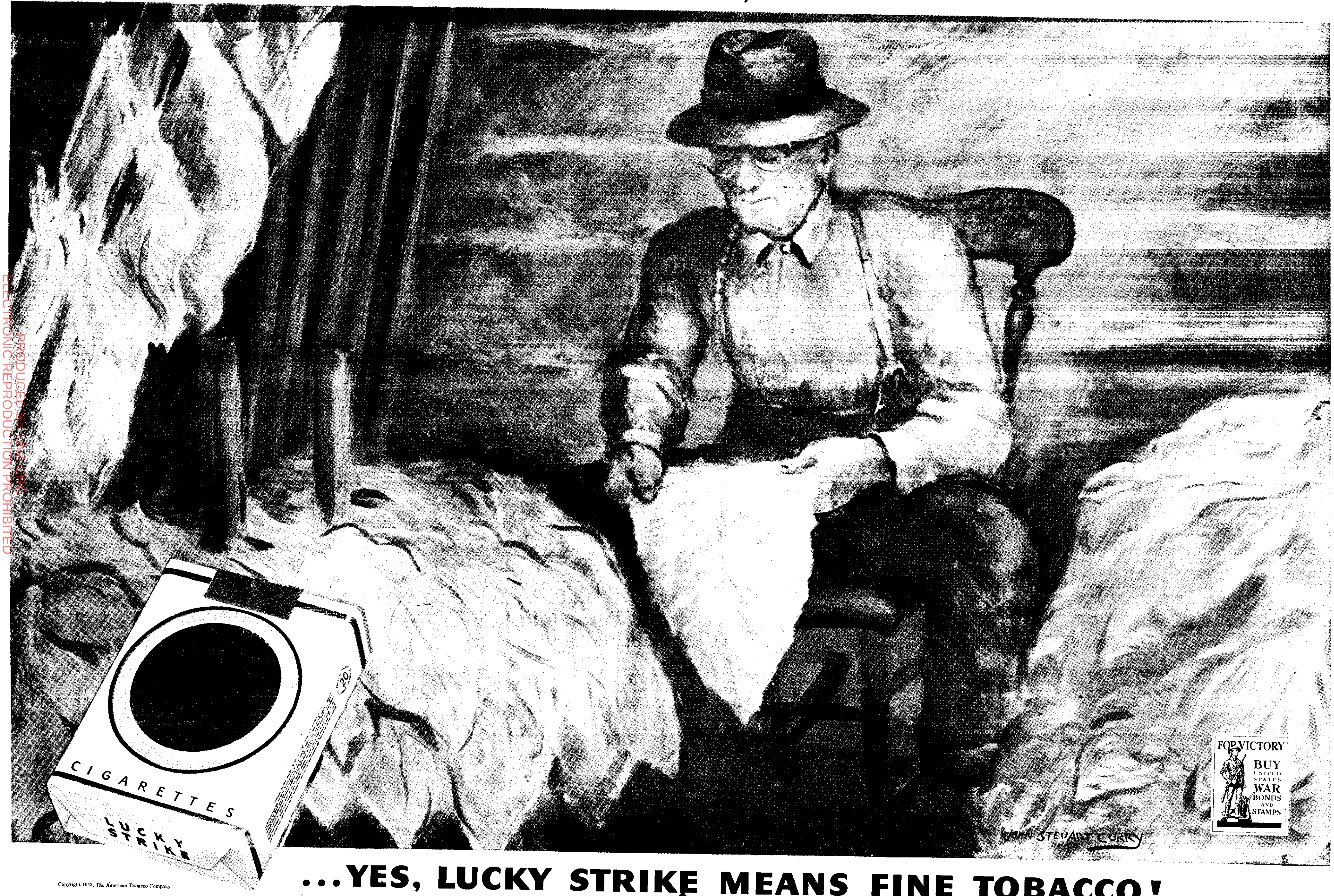
How to rescue an air raid warden! Easy. Just take a hint from that CD in "Civilian Defense" and hand him a tinkling glassful of breezy-bubbly Canada Dry as he plumps wearily into his waiting chair. Then, watch that official look relax into a home-loving grin! Home's really sweet home when this sparkling treat greets thirsty lips. Anywhere, anytime, it's *invigorating*—refreshment plus!

If sometimes you can't get all the Canada Dry Ginger Ale you want, please don't blame your dealer. Wartime restrictions make it difficult for us to keep up with the growing popularity of Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY ***"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"***

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Old Belt"...Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry



CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
JOHN STEUART CURRY
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

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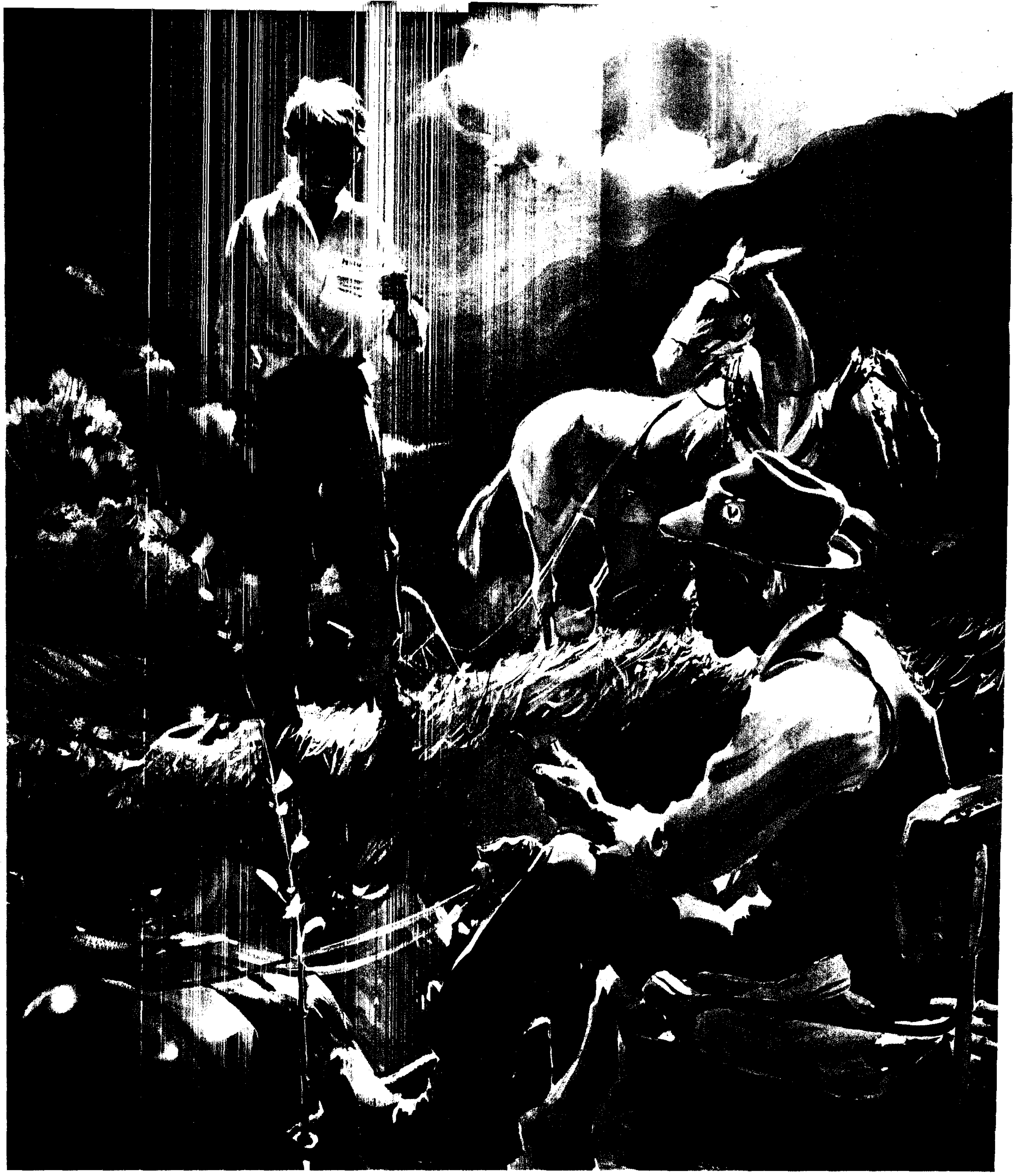
MY BROTHER JAKE

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

The kid was big enough to run the farm alone and to take a man's responsibilities. His story is a token of this country's faith and vigor. We're proud to present it



The postman handed the telegram to the boy and climbed back into the buggy. Mordecai opened the telegram and read it slowly. "Bad news?" the postman asked

WHEN the boy, Mordecai Wiley, heard the shout, he pulled the mules to a stop and looked down toward the road. The postman had gotten out of his buggy and was calling. He was waving something in his hand.

Mordecai unhooked the lines from under his right arm and from around his neck and hooked them over the plow handles and went down across the field to the road.

"Telegram for you," the postman said and handed it to the boy. He climbed back into the buggy but he didn't cluck his horse back into motion. Mordecai opened the telegram.

"Bad news?" the postman asked.

Mordecai spelled out the telegram slowly. "Dunno," he said. He put the yellow piece of paper in his pocket and turned and headed for the team. The postman watched him unhook the lines, lean on the plow handles and ease the plow out of the ground and throw it on its side, then head the team toward the barn on the hill, dragging the plow.

Mordecai got the plow close up to the open shed where the implements were, unhooked the team and tied up the lines on the hames and turned them into the barn lot. The mules wandered over to the water tank and drank apathetically. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

Mordecai slowly wrestled the plow under shelter, took a can of grease from a beam and greased the glistening share. He went in the barn lot, led the mules into the barn, unharnessed them and then led them out and drove them into the meadow. The mules lay down in the dust and rolled, then got up and stood a moment looking puzzled.

Mordecai went over and pumped the water trough full, closed and locked the gate from the barn lot to the fields and walked over to the chicken house. In the chicken house he threw down shelled corn, opened the door so the chickens could go into the fields. Then he walked over to the house.

He gave the cat some milk on the back stoop, went in the house and got a jar from under the bed, opened it and took out the money and put it in his pocket. He tried the front door, went out the back and locked it. The cat rubbed against his leg. "There's plenty of *mice in the barn*," Mordecai said to the cat. He started down the lane on foot to the road that led to town.

JACOB WILEY felt the hand on his wrist and dragged himself from his half-world back to pain and full consciousness. "What's today, Doc?" he asked.

"Tuesday," the doctor said. "How do you feel?"

Jacob Wiley let a little sardonic smile move his lips. "Okay," he said, then added, "They brought me in here Friday?"

"That's right."

"You sent the wire for me?"

"Yes."

"He'll get here today," Jacob Wiley said.

"Yes," the doctor said, "he could make it today with luck."

"Be nice seein' him," Jacob Wiley said.

The doctor held his syringe to the light and looked at it. Jacob Wiley smiled at him gratefully, then looking over his shoulder, shook his head in negation. A nurse came in with Mordecai. The doctor held the syringe out of sight down by his side. Mordecai came only to the nurse's shoulder. He came over and looked down at his brother.

"Hello, kid," Jacob said.

"Hello, Jake. You hurt bad?"

Jacob Wiley shook his head sideways. "Naw, I just wanted to see you."

"How you feel?"

"I feel okay," Jacob Wiley said. "How's the farm?"

"It's okay," Mordecai said. "I'm breakin' in the bottom for corn."

Jacob nodded.

"How do you like the Navy?" Mordecai asked.

"Fine, kid. They treat you good, and there's somethin' doin' all the time."

"Kill any Japs?"

"I didn't choke none to death with my bare hands," Jacob said, "but maybe I killed some."

"Did you get shot?" Mordecai asked.

"Kinda." Jacob Wiley took a breath through his lips and glanced away for a moment. The nurse still stood at the foot of the bed. The doctor had moved off. "You sure you're doin' all right on the farm by yourself?"

"Can't complain," Mordecai said automatically. "I got shut of the hogs and the cow. I just keep me a few chickens and the mules. I was breakin' in the bottom when I got the telegram . . . reckon that old cat'll make it while I'm gone?"

"Sure," Jacob said. "Plenty of mice in the barn."

"That's what I told him. I threw down a lot of corn for the chickens and let 'em out. I turned the mules into the pasture."

"They'll do fine," Jacob said. He paused and licked his lips. "I want you to break the pasture up this summer and sow it to wheat, kid."

"Yeah?"

"Gotta have a lotta bread for this war."

"Okay, Jake."

"Remember how we used to go up and set on the hill where the gov'ment land starts and I used to tell you it was ours, all them hills was ours?"

"Yeah, Jake."

"And all that country you rode through, that's part ours, too, kid. Gotta have a lotta food for this war, kid."

"Yeah, Jake . . . you—you hurt?"

"Some."

"I'll sow that pasture to wheat, Jake. The Mullins'll help me thrash. They gotta lot of girls."

Jacob Wiley closed his eyes. "Yeah," he said. "They had girls to suit ever' taste."

(Continued on page 62)

"DAISIES WON'T TELL···BUT I WILL!···

All Horsepower Needs a Spring Tonic!"

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You may Waste Gas this Spring without knowing it . . . wear tires thin faster than necessary . . . *unless your car is properly checked and Summer-serviced!* One simple service at a Mobilgas dealer's may save up to 10% of your gas —and others are equally important! Let him put in *Summer* Mobiloil and Mobilgreases . . . inspect tires, plugs, battery, air cleaner, oil filter. Start saving now! See him today! SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of California.

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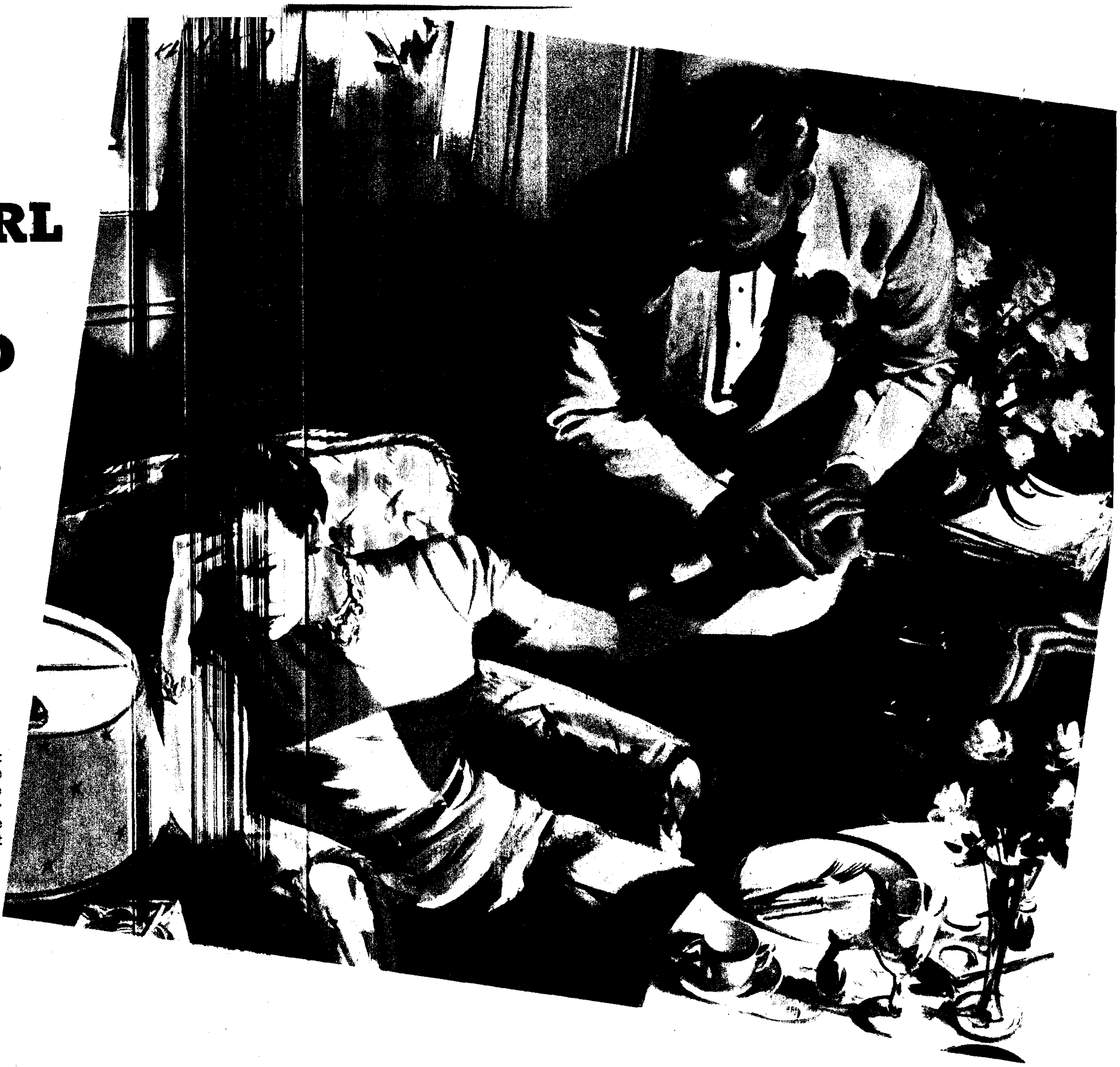
THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

GET A *Conservation Check-up* EVERY 30 DAYS

THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



Hayes said very soberly, "It would be hard for a man to be good enough, Pamela." She felt the tears start in her eyes. She had needed to have someone want her. Kip didn't

The Story Thus Far:

KIP GALLOWAY, an American flier, is ordered to England. Though he is engaged and on the point of getting married, he postpones the wedding until his return to the United States.

His fiancée—Pamela Neill—works as women's and girls' personnel director in an airplane plant. Kip's cousin, Alec Fraser (secretly in love with Pam), is one of the big men in the plant. . . . Another man who is strongly attracted to Pam is an important government official, Jerome Hayes, co-ordinator of airplane production. His wife—Julia—is suspicious, jealous. . . .

At a dinner party given by the Hayeses in New York, Pam meets Miss Denham—an Englishwoman visiting the United States—who suggests that Pam inspect the English war plants and observe for herself how the women there are carrying on.

Thrilled at the prospect of serving her country and hopeful of seeing Kip for even a little while, Pam—over Alec Fraser's opposition—allows Hayes to make the necessary arrangements, and she flies over on a clipper.

In bomb-torn London, Pam and Kip have a joyous reunion. They are invited and go down together to spend the week end at the stately home of Eve Kennedy, a wealthy widow who lives with her father. And there—observing Kip and Eve—Pam suddenly realizes that she has a dangerous rival in the Englishwoman.

Kip reassures Pam of his love, but Pam is shaken. She is not so sure that she can ever make this restless Kip happy, that they can have a serene married life. She debates with herself whether to give up her work and she is on the point of telling Kip that she will stay in England near him, when Kip remarks offhandedly that Alec Fraser has a high regard for Pam's loyalty, that she will never quit a job once she has started it.

After this disturbing week end, Pam visits factories, interviews women, sees firsthand their fortitude, and is ashamed she even fleetingly considered the idea of deserting her post. Pam returns to London to find a cable from Jerome Hayes requesting her immediate return to America to attend an important Washington conference.

Confused and unhappy, Pam faces the question that has been on her mind all week. She calls on Eve Kennedy, who is in town, and tells the Englishwoman that she is sure Kip is in love with her—Eve—not his fiancée. Pam says she is going home to America without seeing him again, and continues: "I would like to know if you care for him. If I were sure of that—" And Eve Kennedy answers in a straight, low voice: "You can be sure."

VII

THE clipper went steadily through the bright sky, its wings strong, its body throbbing a little as if with constant excitement. They were too high to see the ocean. The clouds below made soft shapes without clear outlines. It looked like an empty, unformed world as Pam gazed out of her window, and her mind and heart felt empty, too, and full of drifting thoughts that seemed to be too insubstantial to define themselves.

There were moments when what she had done seemed clear and logical, and then it would change and look like madness. She had lunched across the table from a man who had been describing air raids and he had filled her with anxiety for Kip. If her letter disturbed him, made him unhappy or so nervous that he wasn't in good form, it might be that she'd sent him to his death. If she'd made him wretched to no purpose, and anything happened to him, she had failed everyone.

What had she said in the letter? She thought back over its wording, its inferences. She had not written emotionally and she had not spoken of Eve Kennedy. All she had told him was that she had to go back home in a hurry because things were breaking in Washington and they had sent for her, that she felt the trip had been worth while if only because they'd had the week end in the country. She had said that she had never been prouder of him. He would like that. She had written that they mustn't count too much on the future because events changed and so did people, and to take things as they came along and, above all, she begged him to be happy every minute that he could.

That was surely clear enough. It was giving him all the freedom that he would need or want, and the rest of the explanation was for Eve to make.

The men across from her were talking. A name caught her attention.

"Do you know Jerome Hayes?"

"I've never met him personally. I've wanted to. He seems to be doing a good piece of work."

"He would. Hayes has always delivered on the job. And he's come up fast. As I understand it, he started in a machine shop himself. He had some technical education and came right up to the front."

I wonder if Alec knows that about Jerome Hayes, wondered Pam.

The man went on: "I guess it was a case of the old story of marrying the boss' daughter and taking over the family purse. He married a girl called Wakefield. They made airplane parts in a small way, and before long Hayes had them doing it in a big way. The girl didn't lose anything by marrying him."

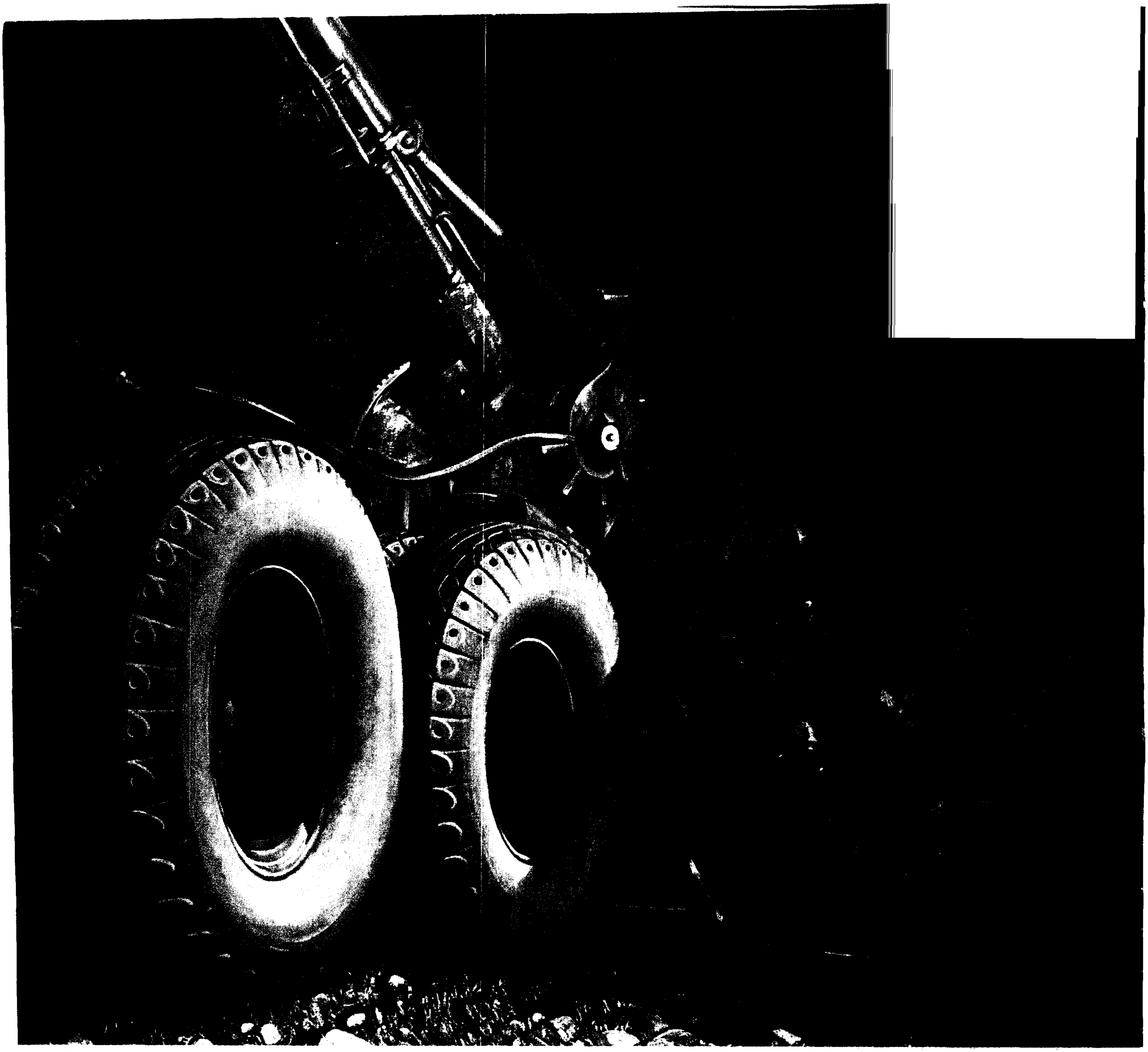
He was the one who lost out, thought Pam, remembering the way Julia Hayes had acted on the one occasion when they had met.

"Sometimes it's a tough bargain," said the other man.

"Well, by this time Hayes is pretty independent of anyone's money. If he delivers on this job, nothing's going to be too good for him when the war's over."

I THINK I'll tell him that, thought Pam. Someday. She looked at her watch and saw that another hour had slipped by. They were traveling and her first sense of going home came over her. The days had been so crowded and strange, the leaving so confusing and baffling. But there was no turning around. She would be in New York in six hours and if they came down in Newfoundland she would send Alec a telegram. At this rate they would be there by six o'clock. She would wire him to meet her for dinner at La Belle Meunière. That would be a good place to talk it over. Of course, there were things she would not tell him, must never tell anyone. But Alec knew Kip so well that he might not have to be told. How decent it had been of Alec to talk to Kip about her, to say those things about her work.

(Continued on page 50)



Original oil painting by John Clymer showing Seiberling Tires on 155 mm. gun carriage.

Punishment

Military tires have to be gluttons for punishment. They *must* be tough to take the terrific beating inflicted by rough, jagged battle terrain. That's why many of America's heavy guns roll on tires built by Seiberling—and even withering enemy fire doesn't stop them when they're also equipped with Seiberling Bullet-Sealed tubes.

Seiberling men and women are developing countless improved ways of processing and applying rubber—engineering advances that make rubber do more for Victory.

They have used these new methods in building compact 2-man rubber life boats, 6-man reconnaissance boats, big landing barges with a capacity of 40 fully armed fighters, husky bridge pontons, face plates for gas masks, bullet-sealing rubber gas tanks for airplanes and rubber parts for many other war implements.

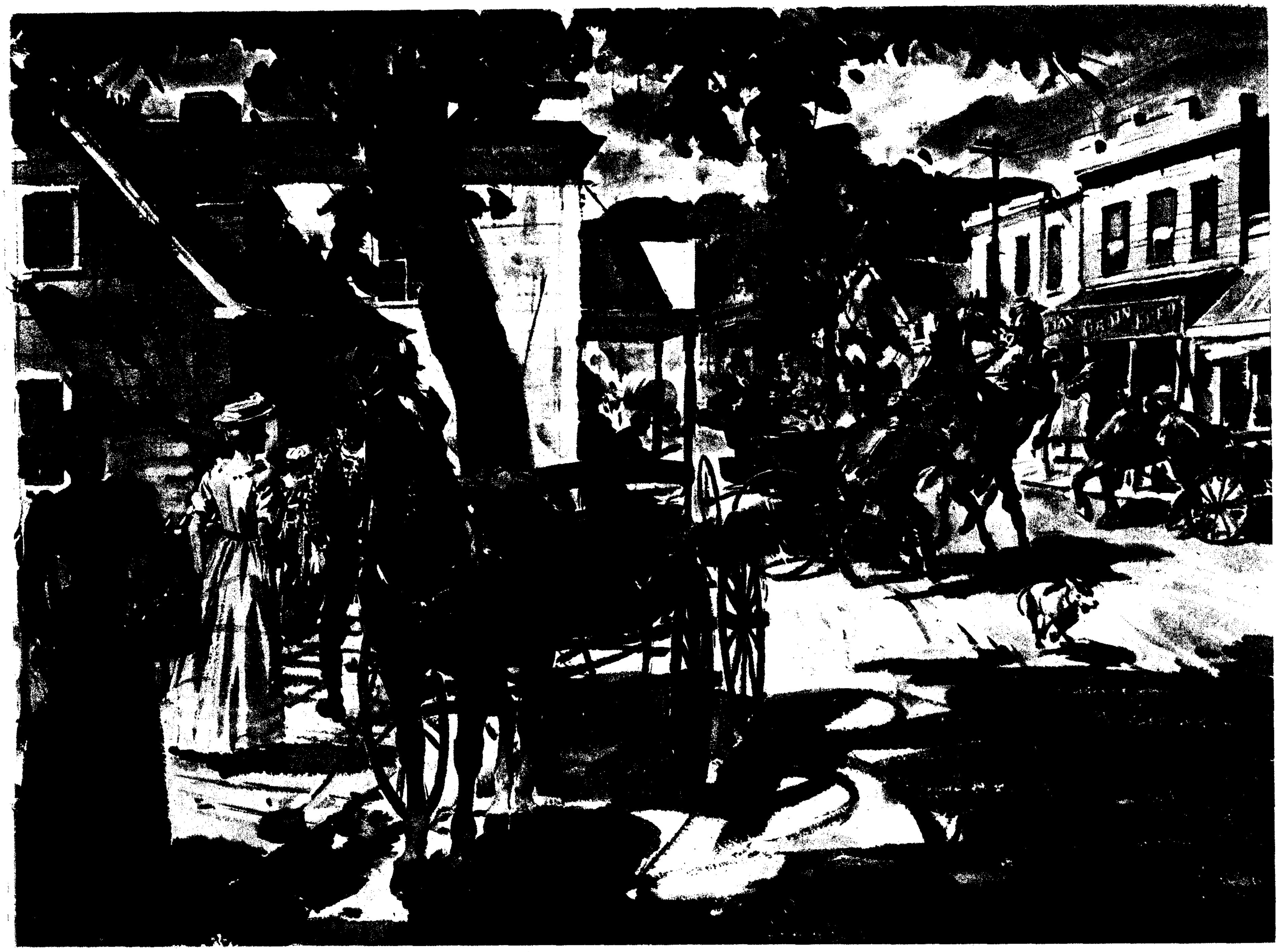
Rubber can do much to win or lose this war.

You can help by saving your tires. Drive slowly, keep your tires properly inflated, and see your Seiberling Dealer regularly. Making your tires outlast the Japs is his wartime job—and he's *good* at it.

When the war is won, he will have high quality peacetime products that will show you—more than ever—why the Seiberling name on Rubber is like Sterling on Silver.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods.



Old Studs gathered up the reins, slipped the buggy whip from its socket and swung. The bays went crazy. Michael Shawn dived for their heads

The Song of Michael Shawn

By Jack Macmurragh

A black Irish lumberjack he was, good with a fiddle, good with horses and good with his fists. No wonder he was good with women, too

MICHAEL SHAWN had no business putting his hands on the elegant horses of Hughitt R. Phillips—or upon the man's daughter. For Michael Shawn was a lumberjack, and a black Irish fiddler, at that.

He'd come into Crystal Falls about dawn, riding a big butt pine down the lonesome Paint for no good reason but that he liked the night and the feel of the river. And now, at noon, he sat before Schooks' saloon, with his fiddle coaxing the mood to move him on again.

At the head of Main Street, just below the gray-stone courthouse, the bay team burst the noontime hush. They came down the hill flashing, the sun wild on the bright harness, the red dust rising like colored smoke behind them.

Michael Shawn, watching with a sudden lover's eyes, saw the wildness that flawed their beauty.

Old Studs Phillips, himself the driver, with his daughter beside him, snubbed them down in jerks and heaved them in a wide about-turn. Rudge Coleman, the town marshal, came from the shade of Jacobs' Jewelry Store to catch them in his hard hands. And out of the livery stable next the saloon scuttled Jo-Gee, the old hostler who'd been listening to Michael Shawn's playing.

A persistent man, Michael Shawn went on coaxing his fiddle and when the bow moved into that old sad song of wandering, The Wild Geese Are Flying, he knew he'd soon be moving on. But he saw the girl then, when she stepped to the walk. He saw her completely, in one wide look, and his fiddle dropped, and the E string pinged as it broke.

As for Letty Phillips, she'd heard the fiddle first. And when she looked at the lumberjack with the white teeth and the gypsy face, there before the saloon, she smiled without thinking. Immediately, she turned and went upstreet, as stylish and as elegant as the bays themselves, and with a hint of that same wildness in her walk.

In those days, young ladies didn't smile at strange men, and certainly not at a lumberjack before a saloon. A jack hadn't the welcome in Crystal Falls that he had twenty miles farther in in Florence, Wisconsin, that hell-roaring lumberjack town just over the state line, near the junction of the Paint and the Brule rivers. Though each spring the log drive went down the Paint past the foot of town, Crystal Falls was primarily a mining town—a bit raw around the edges like most of the Michigan iron country, smugly solid with the mining aristocracy.

Old Studs Phillips, beefy with prosperity, was the banker and big operator of the town. "Wha'd'ye think of the new team, Rudge?" he said. "Come up from the city in a railroad car of their own this mornin', an' just trampled my barnman into the hospital."

"They look like Kentucky horses," Coleman said. "By rights, you oughta have a nigger barnman."

"By gad," Old Studs said, "you're right. I'll order one from the city. Be the only one in town, too." And then, because Rudge Coleman had a position of his own in the saloons and on the sidewalks of Crystal Falls, Old Studs said, "Have a drink, Rudge?"

Coleman, a big man with the solid shoulders and the solid face of the fighting man, was town marshal because he could and did whip any other man in town. He said, "Don't mind if I do, Mr. Phillips," and followed Old Studs into the saloon.

The bays shifted, jerking, the sun shivering on their bright hides, trying to back away from the smell of Jo-Gee. They were city horses, trained to elegant harness display and nervous to the edge of hysteria.

(Continued on page 42)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

ACHIEVEMENT OF A SINGLE PURPOSE

A SINGLE purpose spurred the engineers who planned the Allison engine.

A single purpose moves the metallurgists who test and choose the fine materials that go into it.

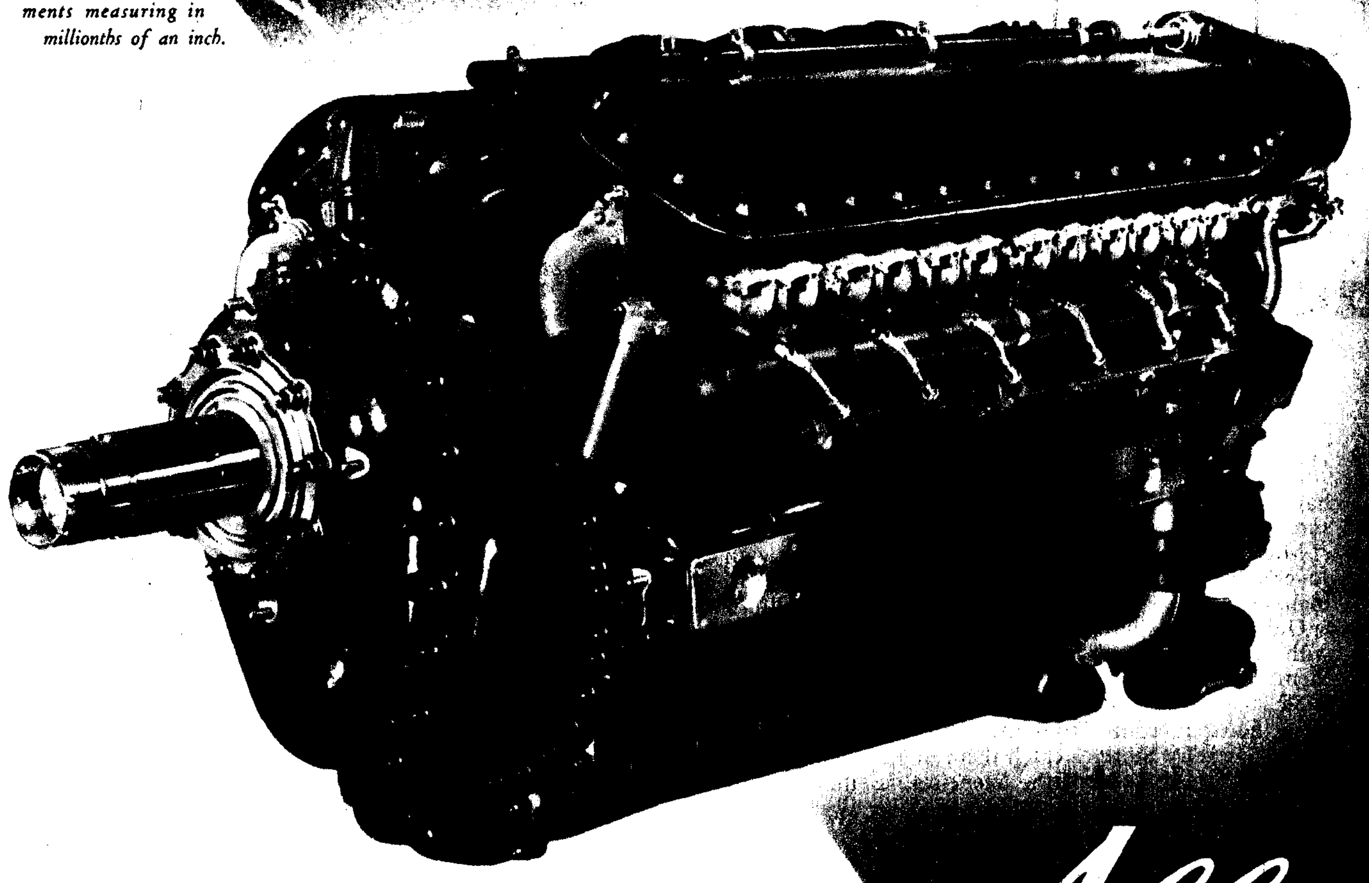
A single purpose guides the skilled hands of the craftsmen who machine and fit its gleaming parts with precision that finds few counterparts in volume production.

That purpose is to create the finest aircraft engine ever built.

How well that purpose is attained is being written in the records of the planes which the Allison powers—and in the standards it is establishing, at home and abroad, for sturdiness and dependability.

Employed in several types of American fighting planes, the Allison is proving before the world the ability of America to work to levels of quality and exactness never before approached.

Many Allison parts are electrically checked for accuracy by instruments measuring in millionths of an inch.

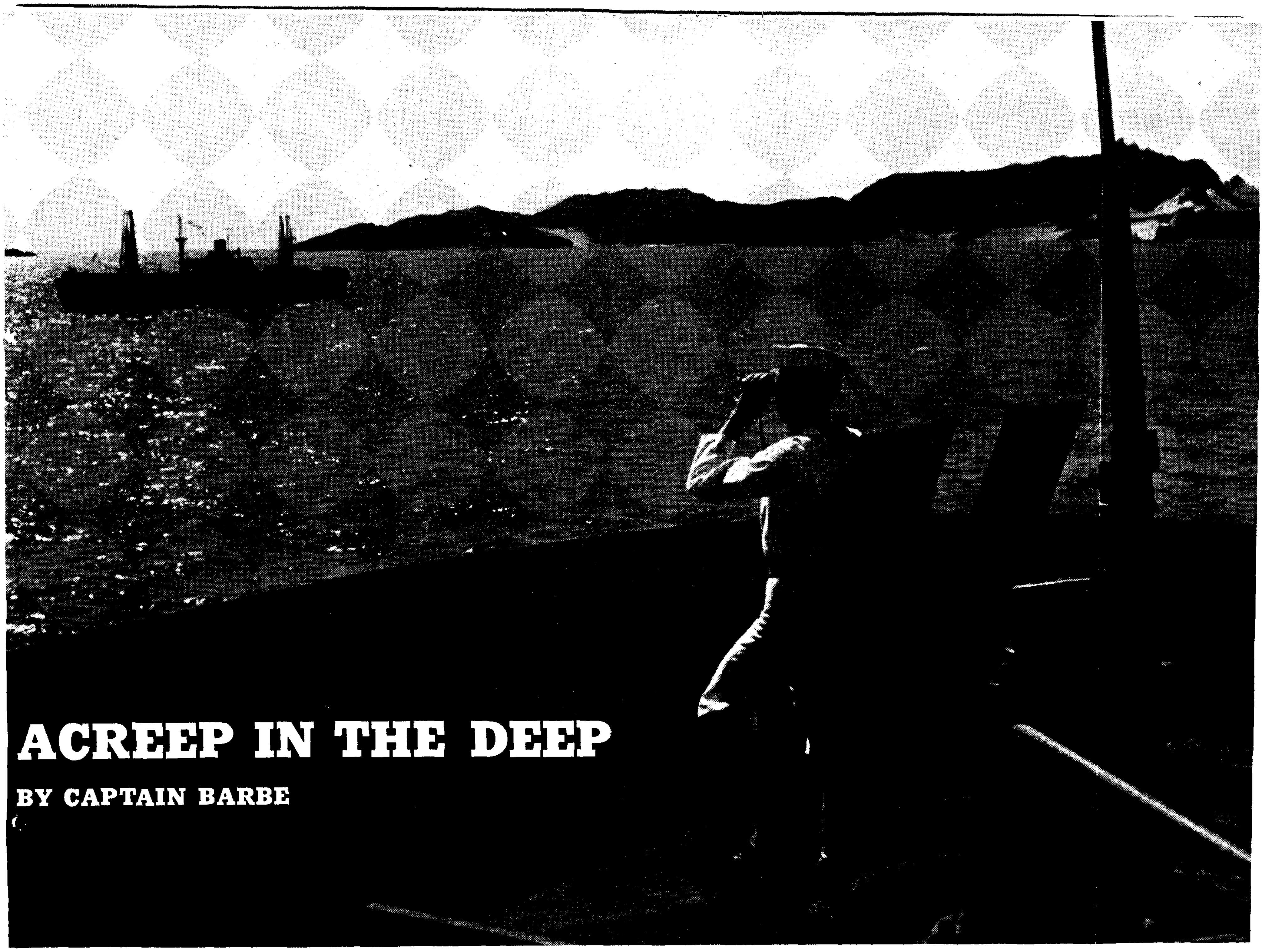


LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES Allison

DIVISION OF

ACREEP IN THE DEEP

BY CAPTAIN BARBE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

An escort vessel in the Red Sea, with a Liberty ship in the background. The antiaircraft gun is an Oerlikon 20 mm.

A merchant skipper who plies America's ocean life lines speaks bluntly of the urgent need for speed and efficiency in our vital sea transport

As THE skipper of a merchant ship, I take seriously the idea that speed in the operation of our overseas supply lines is important. Yet our ships are slowed up by indifferent crews, ineffectual defense against enemy submarines, and to some extent by poor equipment.

An eloquent statement by President Roosevelt, which is posted conspicuously aboard every merchant ship this country has on the seas, means something to me. It is addressed "To the Crew of This Ship." It says simply, "The Merchant Marine is just as essential to victory as the Army and the Navy. Failure on the part of a single member of this crew to do his share may mean the loss of American boys on the battlefield. Don't delay the sailing even for an hour."

But in shuttling back and forth across the world, I have found more delay than anything else. Sailings are postponed, not for hours, but for days and weeks. Goldbricking particularly is more of a menace than the submarine.

On my last trip I arrived at one of the principal convoy control points on Thursday, refueled on Friday and reported ready to sail Saturday morning. There was a convoy going my way, leaving Sunday. I asked specifically to go along but was told that I could not make it. Pressed for a definite reason why not, the naval officer explained with a smile, "Oh, we like to give you fellows a breathing spell after your strenuous time at sea." They kept us there a full week longer, twiddling our thumbs. Yet when I steamed into my next port, some 3,000 miles farther on, there were several ships from the convoy ahead of me, still waiting at anchor for the next hop. The cargo of one of them was then four months in her holds and she still had a long way to go to reach her first port of discharge.

One of our ships carrying war materials for the Eighth Army which was then preparing for its big push against Rommel in Egypt, had on deck two motor torpedo boats consigned to Suez. After the long trip around Africa and up the Red Sea, she arrived at Suez to find no derrick big enough to lift the mosquito boats off her deck.

She had to wait six days in Suez, till one, and then a second, floating crane was towed through the canal from Port Said, to put those boats in the water. When she finally proceeded to Port Said, the mosquito boats trailed along behind her through the canal under their own power—to the very point from which the floating cranes had been brought.

Such delays in wayside ports are duck soup for our merchant seamen under the present setup, for we get a 100 per cent war bonus for the entire time our ships are away from American ports, whether we are at sea or in a foreign port. Taking a whole month to discharge half a cargo is not unusual, where swarms of native stevedores practice their own version of Lend-Lease upon the merchandise they unload in remote outposts of empire.

Native Stevedores Are Hungry

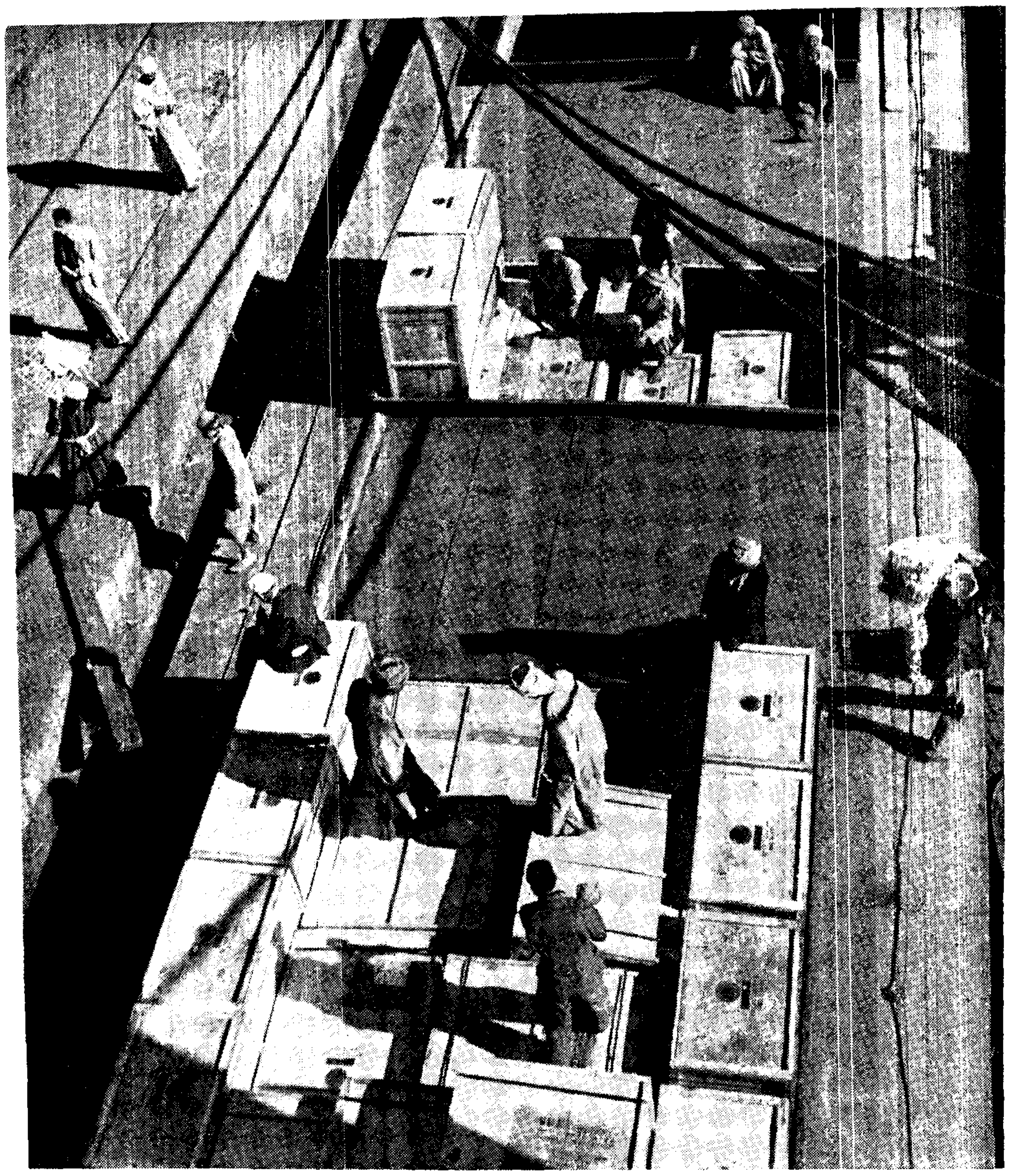
Unbelievably underpaid (4c an hour) and underfed (a handful of rice per day), these natives have developed bloodhound noses and catlike eyes that lead them unerringly to every case of canned food and bottled drinks, wherever they are stowed in the darkest depths of the ship's hold. By the time these shipments are reached for official unloading, they look as if a plague of locusts had swept through them. Of course we are given native policemen to "prevent" such pilfering, but it is strongly suspected that the only thieves who ever get turned in are those who fail to divvy up with the guardians of law and order.

Watching this continuous circus from ringside seats is the entire ship's crew, basking in the security of a snug anchorage behind stout submarine nets.

The men themselves could do better. Their heroism during and after torpedoings, their eagerness to get back in service after horrible experiences in the Atlantic, have demonstrated their stamina and courage. But to exchange this exotic peace for the lurking perils of the deep, even one minute sooner than necessary, would be the height of folly, from their viewpoint.

In a few instances, equipment is at fault. Our new Liberty ships are models of efficiency and economy, in every respect but one, compared with those built during the last war. They carry 100 tons of cargo for every 65 tons carried by the older ones, at a speed of 12 knots against the others' 10, and they consume 12 per cent less fuel than the others. This means that they carry more freight faster and farther, while using actually—not relatively—less fuel than their predecessors. They are fitted with every modern device for quick handling of freight and safe navigation—except modern radio sets.

Even the old British, Dutch and Norwegian ships are being Lend-Lease equipped with high-frequency, short-wave radio sets that keep them in constant communication with both sides of the ocean without divulging their position to prowling submarines. Yet we are sending out our 1942 model ships with brand-new 1917 model "wireless-telegraph" sets, the slightest peep out of which is a dead giveaway of the ship's position to any listening submarine



"Taking a whole month to discharge half a cargo is not unusual . . . native stevedores practice their own versions of Lend-Lease." Above, a war cargo is unloaded at a Red Sea port

Most of our cargo ships are armed with five-inch stern guns, manned by naval personnel. The gun crews take the same risks as the merchant seamen, but draw no war bonus pay

within range. Accordingly, the only purpose these wireless-telegraph sets can be used for in wartime is to send out distress calls *after* the ship has been attacked, but even there, they are of little help.

Every torpedo fired from a sub is aimed—and most of those that are aimed, hit—squarely amidships. Instantly the engines, boilers and electric power plant are put out of commission, the ship is plunged into darkness and the wireless telegraph is thrown onto its emergency power, which now, as in 1917, is provided by storage batteries supplying barely enough current for a 100-mile range.

Recently a sister ship of mine sighted a submarine shortly after sunset and broadcast a warning of its presence. She fought off that sub—I was watching the flashes of gunfire just below the horizon, while making knots away from the scene of action—but that warning had sealed her own fate. It was picked up by another sub which tracked her down the following day and torpedoed her without warning after nightfall. The S O S she sent out on emergency power was quite faint and never reached the nearest land.

No Aid for the Stricken

I could not relay her distress signals with my similar-type wireless telegraph without disclosing my own presence and position to the subs. Going to the rescue was equally out of the question, because of my conviction—afterward verified by survivors—that the sub remained near the lifeboats for more than twenty-four hours, waiting to catch any would-be good Samaritan.

A few days later we picked up another S O S from a radio-equipped lifeboat of a torpedoed British ship. Although more than 400 miles away from us and a similar distance from shore—though of another continent—the signals came in clear and strong, giving their positions and directing the rescue ships which came alongside the same day and landed them safely twenty-four hours later. It was quite a contrast to the experience of the American survivors who had to spend fifteen miserable days in open lifeboats, sailing toward distant shores—and wasting time.

Incidentally, the gasoline motor installed in one of the lifeboats on each of our ships makes a handy launch for use in port, but as lifesaving equipment, its 50-mile cruising radius is not much help when you are set adrift 500 miles or more from shore. An emergency radio set for lifeboats, powered with a storage battery, would cost no more, take up less space or weight, yet add infinitely more to the chances of quick rescue than all the cumbersome and expensive lifesaving gadgets now insisted upon by the seamen's unions.

The only time it would be safe to use our old-fashioned wireless-telegraph set, inside of protected waters, we are prevented from doing so by wartime regulations, even when important ship's business is involved. Passing in between the Virginia Capes one day at noon, I picked up the Baltimore pilot resplendent in a two-and-a-half-striper Coast Guard officer's uniform and asked permission to report my arrival by wireless to my operating managers. He referred me to the boarding officers from the examination vessel who came aboard a few minutes later.

The newcomers informed me that the ship's radio would have to be sealed and remain so until she went to sea again. I pointed out to them that, having come direct, I was probably not expected till weeks later and my destination might have been changed in the meantime. They finally consented to send off a collect telegram from shore, though it was not a customary procedure. Sure enough, at three o'clock the next morning I was flagged down by a Navy launch only twenty miles from Baltimore, with orders to turn around and go back to Norfolk. Had I been permitted to report my arrival by wireless, I could have tied up alongside the dock the same afternoon, instead of wasting more than a day.

Personal antagonisms on shipboard also contribute to inefficiency. Few people are able to visualize, even dimly, the endless task of mass transportation of men and materials thrust upon us. But the very nature of this task, with ships strung out all along our extended communication lines, makes the Merchant Marine the most exposed of all front-line services. Its casualty lists, on a percentage basis of the numbers serving in each, run constantly ahead of either the Army, Navy or Air Forces. To offset the added risks, merchant seamen are also better paid than their fellow servicemen in the other, or "regular" branches.

The lowest paid scullery boy or ordinary seaman on my ship, with a base pay of $82.50 a month, plus $100 a month war bonus and an inevitable minimum of overtime at 85c an hour, draws about $50 a week in cash, plus the equivalent of $20 more in room and board, with quarters and service that compare favorably with tourist and cabin-class standards on prewar transatlantic passenger liners. He also gets his cigarettes and smoking tobacco—about the only things he can spend money for while at sea—for half price from the ship's slop chest, which is required by law to sell on credit to seamen, on a cost-plus-10-per-cent basis, articles of clothing, tobacco, toiletries, etc. Slop chests vary in size and selection. On my ship, the slop chest grosses about $1,500 on a four to five months' voyage.

Of the 60 men in the average ship's company, 40 are merchant officers and seamen, the other 20 are Navy gun crew. The latter (one commissioned officer and 19 enlisted men) draw regulation Navy pay with no war bonus; they put in plenty of overtime but get no extra money for it. They are taking the same risks as the merchant crew, or even more when manning the guns in action. Yet they get paid $50 a month, to the merchant seamen's $50 a week. Curiously enough, instead of the Navy men resenting this inequality, it is the other way around. The merchant crew seem to regard the Navy men as interlopers, dumb clucks willing to work long hours for little money, without benefit of unions or delegates, and likely, by their example, to contaminate others of the faithful rank and file.

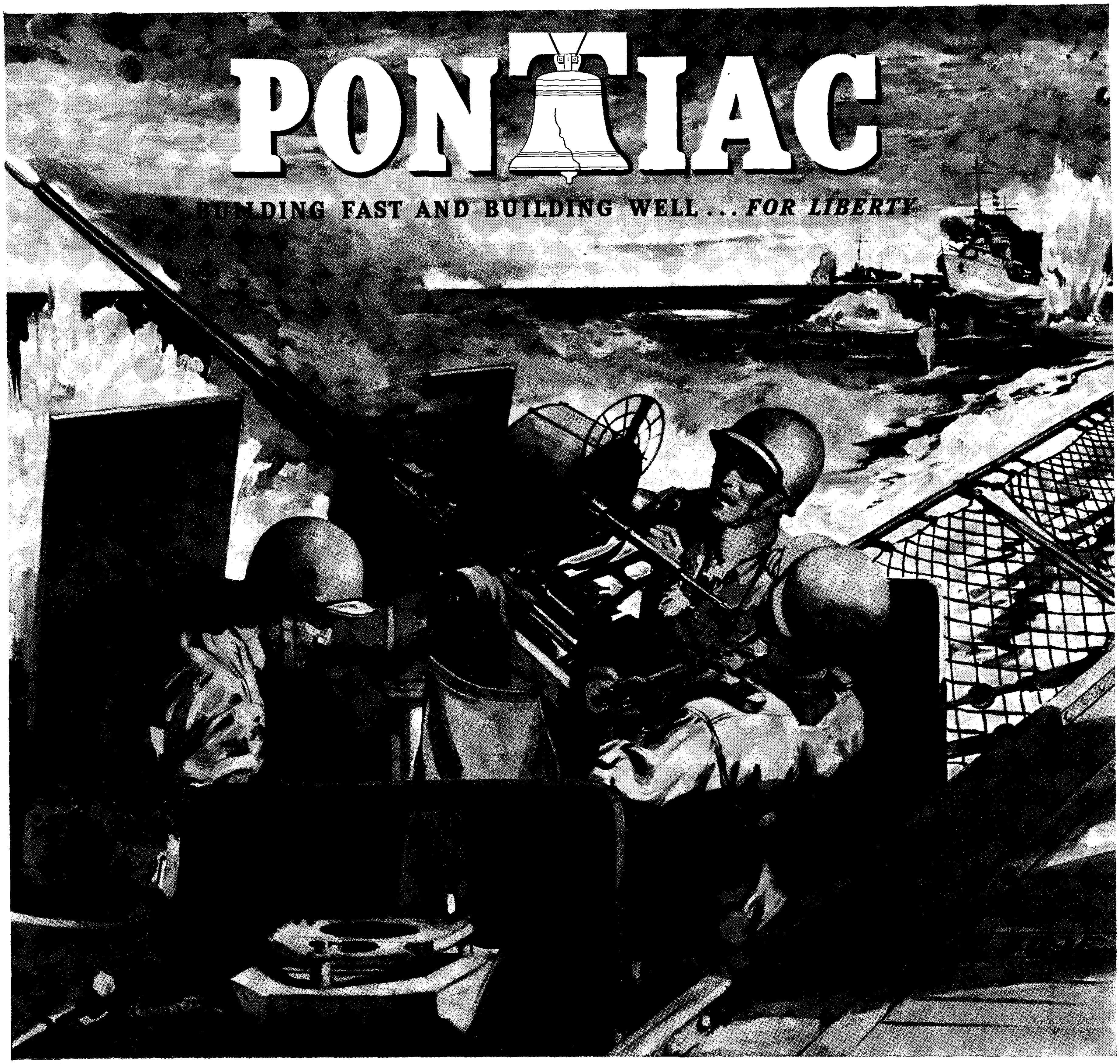
Merchant Crew vs. Navy

When I turned over to the gun crew the ship's motor lifeboat for use as a launch from anchorage to shore at the various ports, the whole deck department waited upon me in a body, asking me to rescind the order because they felt that the "Navy guys" were doing them out of soft jobs and valuable overtime in running the launch.

Patiently I had to explain to them that if they thought the deck department was so overmanned that they had men to spare to run the launch during working hours, the owners would be glad to know about it. As for using the launch after working hours, that could not possibly be on ship's business but merely for their own convenience. For this purpose, the men are supposed to hire shore launches and pay for them themselves. They wanted the ship to furnish the launch and the gasoline and to pay overtime, to boot, to take their liberty parties ashore and back.

After going into another huddle, they decided they would rather see the launch left hanging on the davits than let the Navy men use it. Finally, I dismissed them with a reminder of what Confucius said about "no tickee, no washee"—in this instance: No launch service, no shore leave.

At the next port of call, some of the die-hards still wanted to know whether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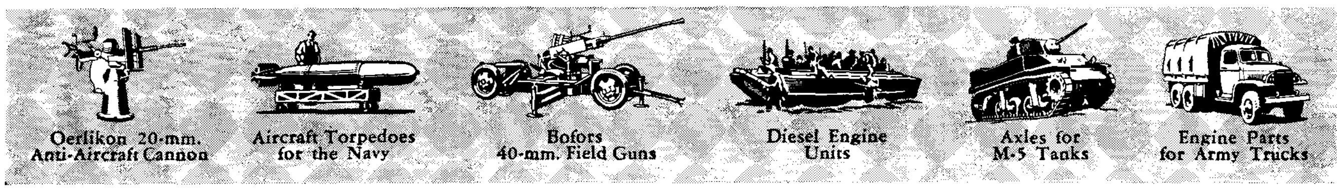
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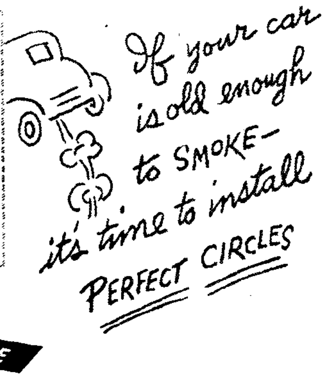

If your car is old enough to SMOKE—it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES

they could hire shore launches coming back from liberty. I assured them that as far as I was concerned, they could hire the entire Swiss navy. But I noticed that the same men, after finding out that local boatmen charged $8 a head for taking sailors to their ships, gladly waited for our "Navy guys" to bring them aboard and thanked them for doing it, too.

One day at sea, I overheard one of the ship's officers coolly informing a member of the gun crew that the slop chest was operated for the benefit of merchant seamen only and if the Navy men wanted to smoke, they would have to get their cigarettes ashore and bring enough to last them for the whole trip.

Without batting an eye, I sent for the gunnery officer and notified him that henceforth the ship's slop chest would issue a carton of cigarettes every week, free of charge, to each of his men, and those who did not smoke could get the equivalent in gum and candy.

This news spread grins across the maps of the Navy men and scandalized whispering among the merchant officers. Some of them later tried to explain to me, tactfully of course, that the cost of any such unprecedented—meaning uncalled-for—generosity would have to come out of my own pocket.

Friction Makes Inefficiency

Well, so what? I find a grain of poetic justice in using the surcharge levied on the purchases made by the better-paid merchant seamen, to provide some comforts for their less-favored shipmates. If that puts the chest in the red, I gladly square the deficit at the end of each trip and feel it less than those boys would, buying smokes on "fifty per." But all this inconsequential friction interferes with the most efficient possible use of the ship. Of that, there can be no question.

The submarine is, of course, also responsible for much lost motion. The problem is getting proper recognition, but so far, little action productive of results. Escort ships are useful, desirable and all too few for our needs. We shall never lick the subs, however, until we go after them with planes and bombs. The historic destroyers-for-island-bases deal has given us strategic locations for effective antisubmarine air patrols. What we need are enough planes and pilots to fly those patrols.

Returning from a 12,000-mile voyage early this year, I steamed the last 5,000 miles nonstop, without convoy, at my own request. I prefer to travel alone, whenever I can. The first week I had kept within easy flying range of one continent, and the last week I ran along island bases and off our own continent, yet I never saw a plane.

More Planes Needed

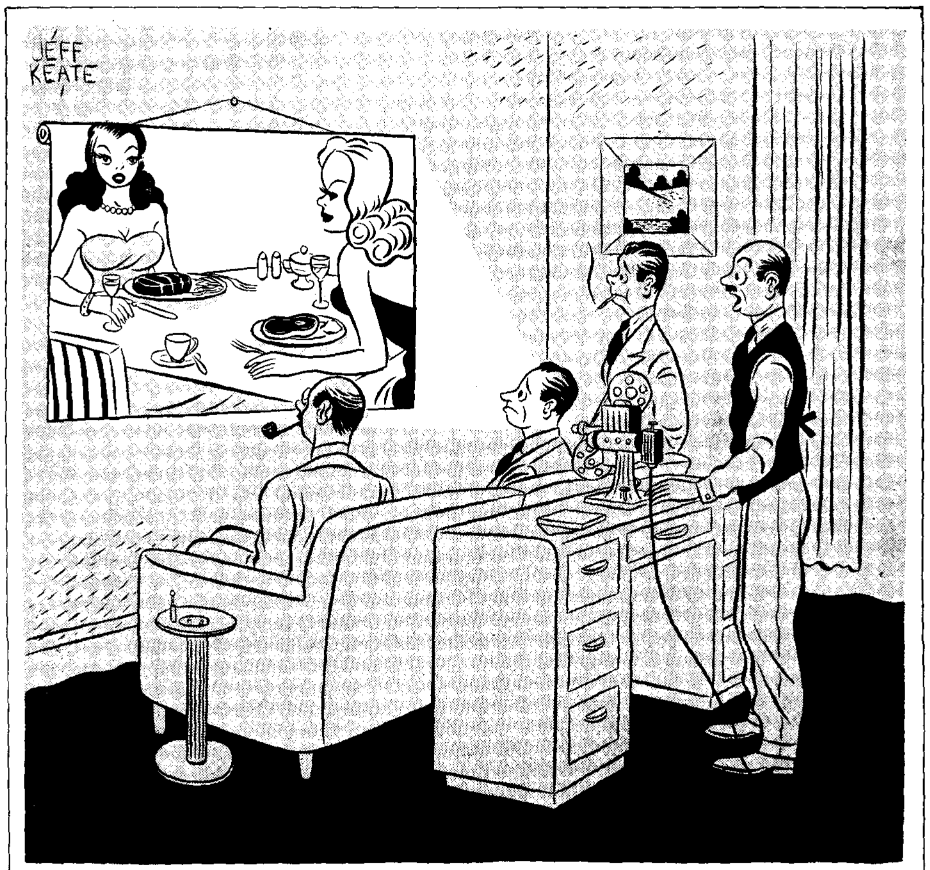
Some naval officials had been asking for months for patrol planes for the area. A force of long-range seaplanes arrived finally—the ideal weapon for the task—but had to proceed forthwith to North Africa. Flying in formation to their new destination and while not on patrol, these planes spotted a submarine and blasted it out of the water, taking fifty-odd photographs showing the up-ended sub making its final dive. It's an indication of what they could do if they were really permitted to go after them.

The final decision in this war will have to be fought out on land. But unless and until enough bombers are diverted to the task of hunting down the "rattlesnakes of the deep," our actual participation on the battlefields must remain limited to mere task forces, lacking sufficient numbers and equipment to bring victory.

To return for a moment to the specific problem of getting better results with civilian crews, I believe the whole situation could be cleared up very easily. Let the Maritime War Emergency Board double the war bonus for the time a ship is actually at sea and eliminate it altogether for the days spent in port, whether domestic or foreign. This would not affect the total pay earned by the men on each trip, but it would end all gold-bricking like magic. What is more, it would make every member of the crew act as a self-appointed watchman, to let no monkey business by any shore gang detain him from grabbing as much of that double pay as he could get.

This may sound callous to the uninitiated, but it is the only argument that will reach the seamen. The one remaining alternative is to draft every last man into the Naval Reserve—and they are afraid of that more than they are of torpedoes.

THE END



"I got this shot in a Hollywood café about a year ago. They're a filet mignon and sirloin steak!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

A House in Barbary Square

Continued from page 13

When Sam came in to dinner that night the menagerie was grouped around its small tables, feeding. He usually sat at a small table by the window. There was a girl there with shining fair hair and a skin like a young peach. Sam stared.

Mrs. Campion fluttered up. "Oh, Sylvia, this is Mr. Lawrence of America. Mr. Lawrence, this is Sylvia Cromer, who has been away on her holidays. Dear Sylvia," she said and fluttered off.

"Hello," said the girl.

"Good evening." He sat down and looked her over cautiously. "Look, you are real, aren't you? My nerves aren't playing tricks again?"

"Again? Do they often play tricks?"

"I've seen you before. I had a dream last night—you walked through my room wearing a purple cloak and a golden crown."

"I wore an old purple sweater," she said, laughing. "No crown. Are you always as hard to waken as that?"

Apparently this strange girl did not care if everyone knew she was strolling about his room in the middle of the night.

"You were there, then?"

"Oh, yes. I didn't know Mr. Tibbets had left. His was the name after mine on the rota, so I went to waken him."

"On the rota?"

"Fire-watching rota."

He groped but these were words without meaning. "I know I sound awfully dumb, but would you mind explaining some more?"

"Not at all. In this house, we take fire watching in pairs. Each pair takes four hours' duty. Mr. Tibbets, your predecessor in your flat, and I were paired. I used to take the first two hours; he the second. Before you go off watch, you must see that the next person is awake. Sometimes Mr. Tibbets was pretty hard to waken too. It is all quite voluntary, you know, but everyone here takes it in turn."

"You mean that all these old—I mean that someone here is ware and waking every hour of the night?"

"From blackout to sunrise. It wasn't just a social call." She was smiling as she slipped her napkin into its ring. "I just invented the Pickersgill. Lawrence is much nicer. Have you been long in England?"

"About two weeks. Go on—ask me how I like it."

"And how do you like England, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I don't. The whole place gets me down. The money, the food, and the people." He lowered his voice: "Just take a gander round this room. Would you say this was a typical English group?"

"Yes, rather. Except that I think the people in this house are more agreeable than most and get along well together. Don't you?"

"I never saw a queerer bunch of characters—and when I say characters I mean eccentrics."

She made a bubble of clear laughter and rose. "It couldn't be homesickness, could it? I'm going upstairs to make coffee. Would you like some?"

"Coffee! Real coffee? Lady, I'm right on your heels."

HER room was pleasant with a balcony overlooking the square and the western sunlight streaming in. She made coffee on an electric grill.

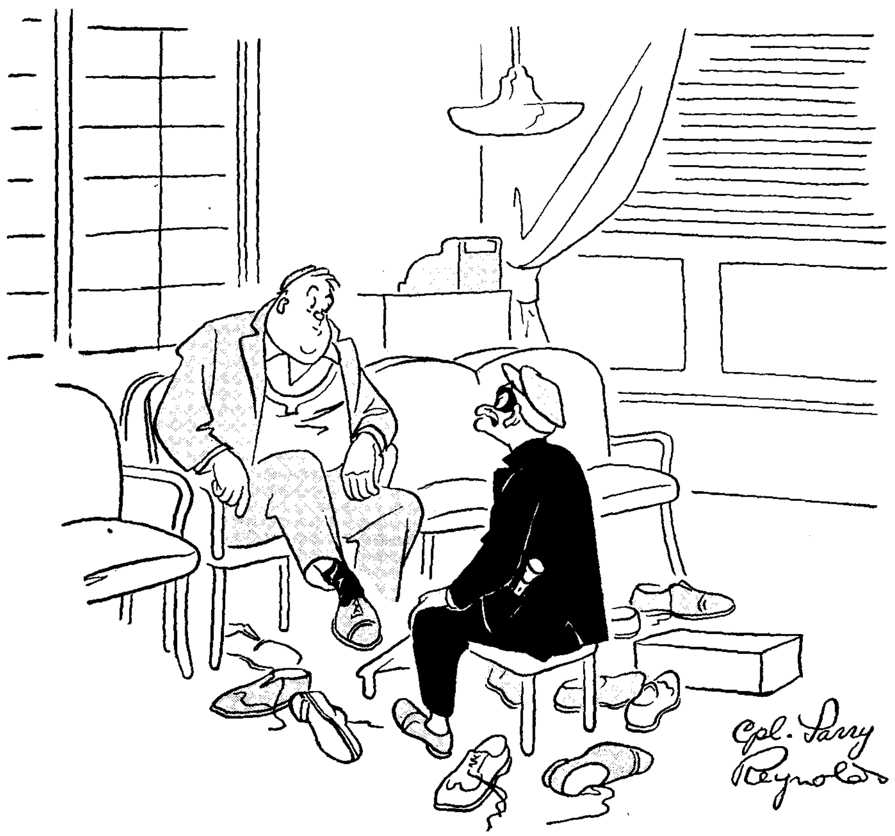
"I'm sorry. There just isn't cream any more."

He drank thirstily. "It's not just good—it's wonderful! Perhaps England isn't so bad after all."

"Tell me about our queer characters."

"Well, holy cat, look at them for a moment. Take any one of them. Take Colonel Tenchley. You say good morning to him and he looks at you as if you had a nerve speaking to a real colonel like that and five minutes later he says h'm to his bulldog. Then there's Mrs. Cherril and her daughter Violet—Violet, what a name! If you say Violet and her mother are a perfectly ordinary English mother and child then I'm going back on the next boat. Listen. One night I came in rather late. The stairs were in darkness, I pressed the switch and there were Mrs. Cherril and Violet sitting on the stairs in their nighties. Just sitting there in the dark. I asked if

BUTCH by **CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



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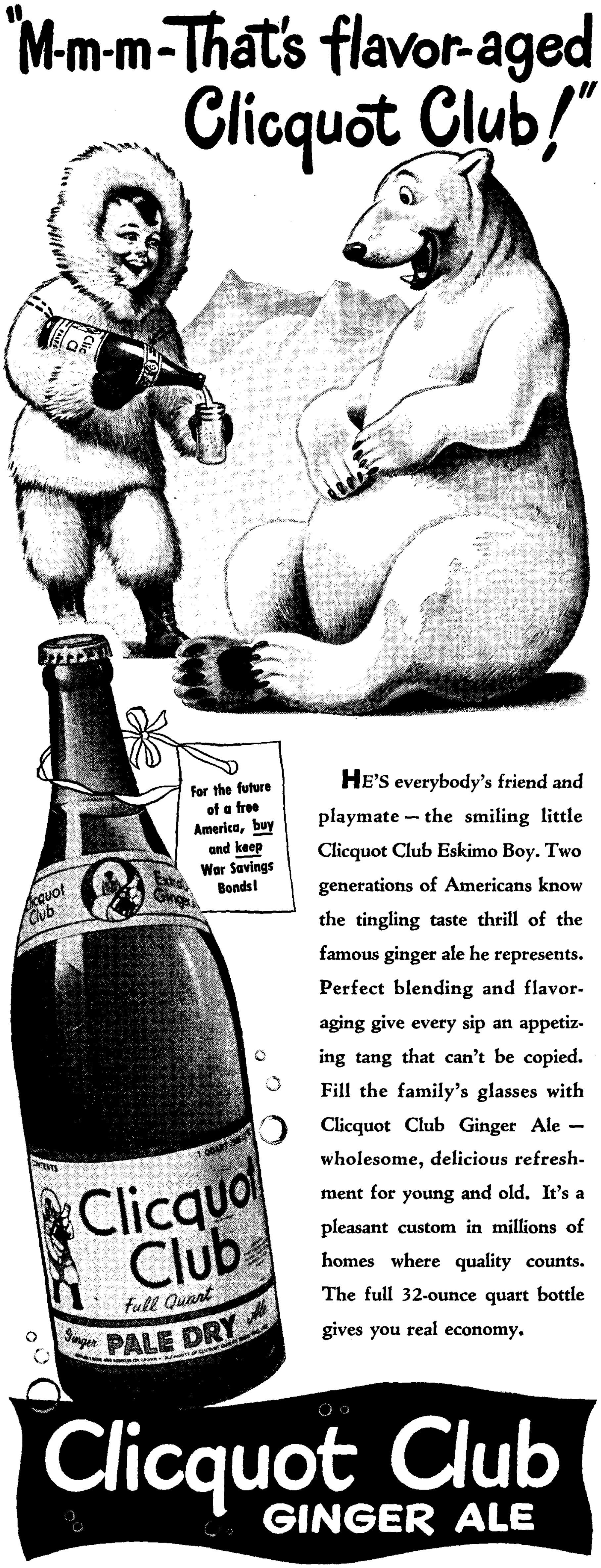

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there was anything wrong, and Violet said no, everything quite all right, thank you; and they just went on sitting there. What do you make of that?"

"Well, they weren't actually disturbing anyone, were they?"

"That's not all. Next day 'Arriet handed me a bunch of chrysanthemums or daisies or something, with Mrs. Cherril's compliments."

"That was very sweet of her. She is very fond of flowers. And I'm very fond of Violet and her mother."

Sam looked at her and gave it up "Okay, okay. Tell me some more about fire watching. Perhaps I can understand that. The idea is that someone is always awake and watching."

"Someone in the block. The other houses take it in turn, too."

"And if there is a raid?"

"You pop off to the warden's post in the next street and say 'Sector 8'—that's us—'on watch.' Then you come back and listen for whistles; the wardens blow their whistles when bombs are coming your way. So you stay in the street or up on the roof, somewhere where you can see, and if any incendiaries fall, you put them out."

"Just like that. And if any big bombs fall, I suppose you coolly heave them into Sector 9. Have you been in many raids?"

"Yes, rather. I'm a deputy warden." She got up and went to the bureau where she ran a comb through her hair, carelessly, as if it were anybody's hair and not a shining, wavy miracle. She had good legs too, long and shapely and dancing legs. Somehow he had thought that America had a corner on legs like that—it was nice that they were distributed around.

"It's time for the block meeting," she said. "Are you coming?"

"What's a block meeting?"

"A meeting of people in the block. The wardens call them when the C.D. has something to tell us. You had better come along, it will be material for your book—A New Englander Looks at London and Doesn't Like It."

THE meeting was held in an apartment next door—a flat, they called it. Sylvia introduced Sam to a Miss Whittaker—a girl with a rose complexion and a big nose, who looked as if she were enjoying herself. She wore a blue uniform with two gold bars on her shoulder and she welcomed Sam with enthusiasm and took down particulars about him in her notebook. "Praise be," she said, "another able-bodied man!"

The residents of the block turned out for the meeting. Looking around, Sam saw that most of the heads were gray. The young men were few. There were Sam and the vacuous Ferdie Robins, a young naval sublieutenant in tow of his mother, a Norwegian officer and three or four others. There was a sprinkling of young girls, most of them in uniform.

THE meeting began when Miss Whittaker picked up a pointer and indicated a sketch on the blackboard.

"Here is another little surprise Jerry has thought up for us. It is a new type of incendiary. They dropped some of them in the Midlands last week and killed some people who tried to treat them in the ordinary way."

She described the new type. It carried a time fuse and a four-inch charge of high explosive which blew two to three hundred flaming fragments over a considerable area. The point was that it could not be smothered in sand or extinguished with their old friend the stirrup pump. It was definitely dangerous to approach them without cover. It seemed that it was Jerry's habit to mix these in with the ordinary incendiary.

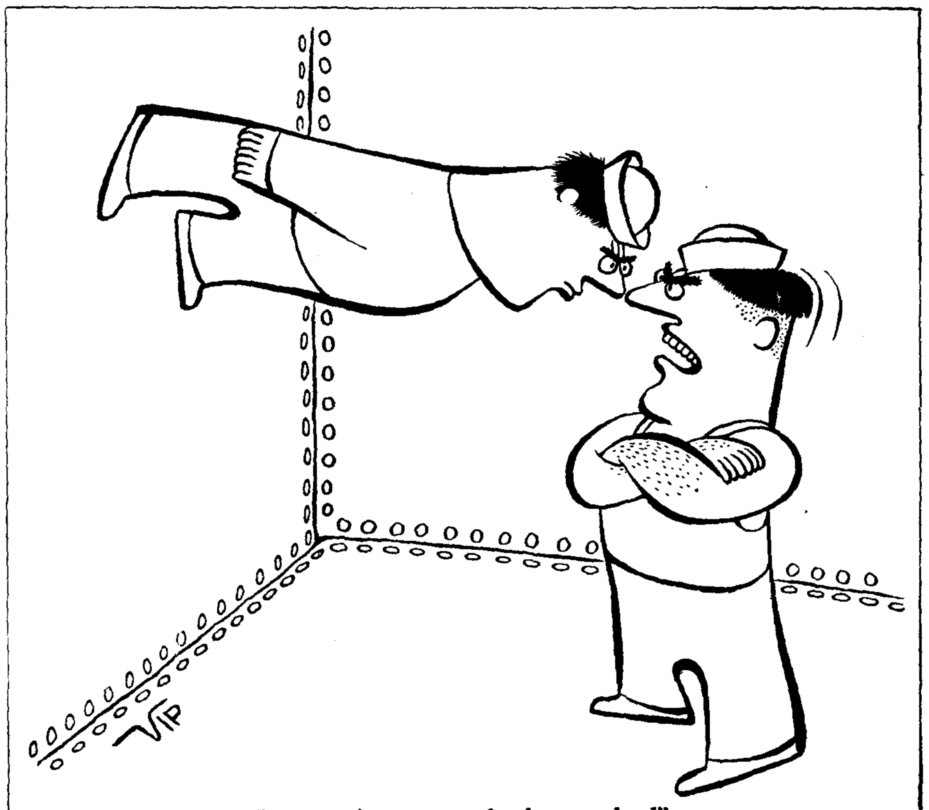
"Oh, dear," murmured a ladylike lady in pince-nez, "just as I had acquired a definite feeling of confidence in dealing with the other little horrors."

She expressed the general feeling of dislocation.

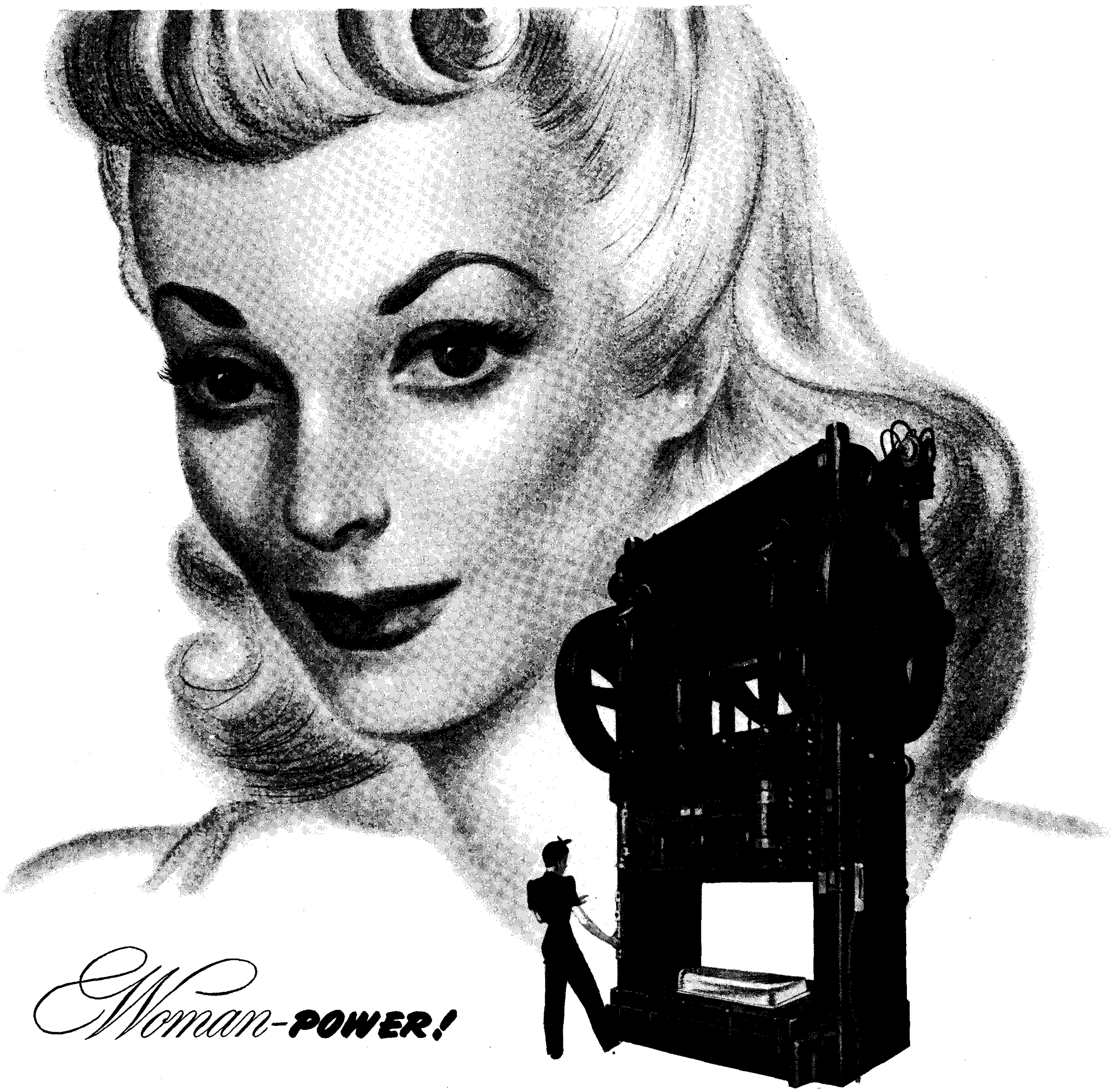
A gentleman with a fine white mustache got to his feet and related the story of a gunpowder scare in Poona in 1910, but the powder turned out to be charcoal, so nothing came of it. The anecdote had a certain literary charm but had nothing to do with the case. Then Mrs. Pettapiece, a small white-haired lady with a lilt in her lovely voice, said she expected it would be quite all right, these things appeared much more dreadful in prospect, that when the bombs arrived, they should find a way. "I expect if we rather hovered about it ready to bat it flat with a sandbag in case it turned out to be one of the others—"

The very young naval sublieutenant popped up and said, "Oh, I shouldn't do that if I were you, you know," and sat down with a very red face.

The Norwegian officer agreed with him in Norwegian English. He pointed out that anyone close by would be killed when a



COLLIER'S "I say we're on a perfectly even keel" VIRGIL PARTCH



Woman-POWER!

She's 5 feet 1 from her 4A slippers to her spun-gold hair. She loves flower-hats, veils, smooth orchestras—and being kissed by a boy who's now in North Africa.

But, man, oh man, how she can handle her huge and heavy press!

Wait a minute. . . . How can 110 pounds of beauty boss 147,000 pounds of steel? . . . Is this magic?

Yes, in a way. The modern magic of *electric power*. The magic that makes it possible for a girl's slim fingers to lift mountains of metal, or set great wheels in motion—just by pressing a button or pulling a lever.

Women are able to work beside men on America's roaring production lines *because electricity does the heavy labor*. America's war production is the greatest in the world largely because America has the world's greatest supply of electric power. *And America's electric companies under business management provide about seven-eighths of all that power at low pre-war prices!*

Call *that* magic, too! But the experienced men and women of the electric companies take it in stride. All in the day's work! All part of knowing the job. Their proved skills were ready when the war came, so that now we Americans are producing far more power than all the Axis countries *combined!*

Politically enslaved, the despairing workers of Germany, Italy and Japan can't begin to compete with free people.

But electricity has helped inventive, *independent* Americans to step up the nation's *manpower*—and *woman-power—tremendously!*

STEP UP THIS WOMAN'S POWER
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MEN WHO USED TO TRAVEL FROM
MINNEAPOLIS ALL THE WAY TO
MONTEVIDEO AND BACK
MAY THEN HAVE SPENT TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY.
MANY SUCH MEN NOW CHOOSE
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four-inch charge exploded. A distance of sixty feet at least was advisable. Also, they would have to give up their habit of advancing on bombs under the cover of a table or a chair—nothing less than a wall would be adequate protection.

Miss Whittaker said that this meeting was in the nature of a warning so that no one should be surprised and indignant if a bomb blew up in his face. The authorities were experimenting and when the new technique was decided upon, they would be instructed. In the meantime, they advised waiting a short period—say four minutes—in order to give the bomb time to explode, before treating it as an ordinary incendiary bomb.

Thereupon Mrs. Hawkrider rose, and as soon as Sam heard her firm carrying voice he recognized in her a sister of all the American clubwomen he had known. She said that Barbary Square knew what happened if you left an incendiary alone, even if the authorities did not. Their attitude was typical of a government whose characteristics were compromise and shilly-shally. To bring the matter to a head, she moved that until they received precise instructions regarding the reception of the new bombs, they continue to deal with incendiaries as they were accustomed to do. Someone in the back row, murmuring, seconded the motion.

"But I say—!" protested Miss Whittaker. But the meeting was breaking up into knots of people who began immediately to talk about the latest change in food points, the wonderful Russians and the state of the dahlia beds in the square.

Walking home, Sam thanked Sylvia as for a treat. It was wonderful, he said, to see the English character in its full gaudy bloom. "Haven't they any imagination? Can they guess what it will be like if explosives are dropped with incendiaries? It'll be like the front porch of hell. That Mrs. Pettapiece—she's so cute I'd like to keep her on the mantel for an ornament, but has she any conception of what happens when a bomb goes off?"

Sylvia gave him an odd look.

"I expect so," she said. "She was through the blitz. But don't let us talk of bombs. Let's talk of the States."

"Have you been there?"

"No, but I see all the pictures. Where is your home?"

"In Vermont."

"What do they eat there?"

Sam felt hungry at the recollection. "Wheatcakes and maple syrup, turkey with cranberry sauce, pumpkin pies, apple cider."

"Go on," she moaned. "Tell me all the wonderful details."...

It was to be a whole week before fire-watching duty came around for them again and it seemed to Sam a long time to wait. He waylaid Sylvia one evening and suggested that he might be of more use as a fire watcher if he knew something about it.

"Righto," she said. "Our Miss C. will be pleased to show you about."

She took him downstairs to the area where the pumps, the spades and the long-handled snuffers were kept. She showed him how an incendiary could be snuffed out with sand or extinguished by the spray from a stirrup pump. A curious feeling came over Sam. Her skin had a lovely bloom, she was small-waisted and her bosom was deep and young. She was a pretty girl with a clear title to romance and good times, and here she was in a dingy basement room handling rusty tools. It was monstrous that she should be exposed to the bloody violence of bombs.

"Let's go up," he said. "I get the idea."

On the way up she pointed to an old mattress under the stairs. "That's where we used to go when things got too noisy. A stout stairway along a wall is a good shelter."

They went around to the warden's post in the next street. The post was sheltered in the basement walls of a strong old house.

"Hi-ho, Mr. Coverley. This is Mr. Lawrence of Vermont, checking up on Civilian Defense. Just put on a raid for him, will you? He wants action."

Mr. Coverley, a comfortable figure buttoned into blue battle dress, said how-do and that he was so moldy from doing nothing he wouldn't know what to do, himself. Sylvia played a game of darts with him, going around the clock like a veteran but she was beaten. "You can never win from the wardens," she claimed; "they spend all their time practicing."

THEY strolled back through the soft natural dusk and sat on her balcony. The moon rose, turning the trees in the square into an enchanted forest.

"You know," said Sam, "that's a right pretty moon. They couldn't do better than that in Vermont."

"I expect this means you are getting over the homesickness."

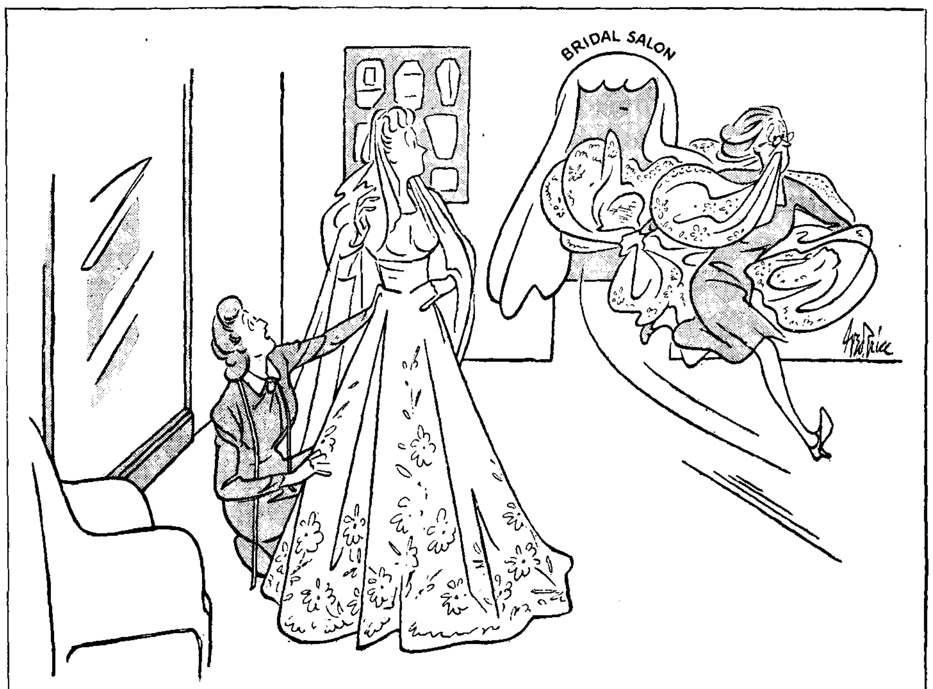
"Haven't been homesick a lick since you walked into my room and shook me till my teeth rattled."

"I'll bet you miss the American girls with their gorgeous figures."

"Not while you're around. You don't need any Lend-Lease in that department."

Her voice took on the rich phony accent of the movies' Southwest.

"Shore is a mighty purty speech,



COLLIER'S "Mrs. Newcomb takes care of furlough brides" GEORGE PRICE stranger. Durn' if it ain't Or—do they talk like that in Vermont?"

"Not by a couple of thousand miles. Speaking of figures. Violet knocked me down again. She just brushes into me and over I go. The girl doesn't know her own strength. I wonder why she isn't in one of the services."

"She wants to very much."

"Then why doesn't she? That's one thing about America—the girls don't hang on to their mothers' apron strings after they've grown six feet high."

"And that's another thing about America," said Sylvia crisply, "they must hold the world's record for leaping to conclusions."

SAM'S idea of fire watching was that he and Sylvia should spend four hours together. "The rules say nothing about taking two hours apiece. Way I figure it, we can watch out your window a couple hours and then we'll watch out mine a couple of hours—"

"Way I figure it," laughed Sylvia, "I'll be in bed two minutes after my two hours are up. In our office we work and slave. It's bad enough staying up to midnight."

She was wearing slacks, an old purple sweater and a scarf around her hair. Her figure met the acid test of slacks with ease. To Sam she looked pretty enough to eat but she looked tired. It occurred to him that most Londoners looked a bit tired.

"Okay," he said generously, "you go to bed. I've got some reading to do. I'll be up late anyway."

"That's sweet of you, Sam—but we can't accept those offers now. Men need sleep just as much as we do. If you like to have a nap, I'll call you at midnight."

He went upstairs to his room and settled down to a heavy book on European history. Some time later he was jerked out of his absorption by a sound. He switched off the light and drew back the blackout curtains. Far away and high up, he could hear the passing of aircraft. The sound was stirring and exciting—and the thought of all that invisible power was somewhat frightening.

"It's all right," said Sylvia, "they're ours."

She must have come out on her balcony, it was so dark he could not see her.

"Hey, you go to sleep."

"All right. I'll sign off now. If there is a warning, call me."

"Do you think there will be?"

"Well, we raided Berlin last night. Good night, Sam."

He remained leaning on his window sill, looking out into the velvety black. Time dragged slowly, waiting. It was a curious business, fire watching. All over the city, in every block and building, warehouse and factory, there was a man, woman or child, sitting up—waiting like himself in a bedroom or up on a roof. Every night, fine or wet or cold, someone was there. . . .

He looked at his watch again. Five minutes to two. In five minutes he would go quietly through the sleeping house and knock on Miss Willoughby's door. Her name was next on the rota. She was a stout, brown woman who did district nursing down near the docks, and every morning at seven she went pumping off on her bicycle which she kept in the front hall. Well, he would give the Willoughby every minute that was coming to her, for she was a world's worker.

There was a whisper of sound which sent a prickle through his blood. A banshee cry wailing up from the south, coming nearer. Unmistakable now, the sirens were sounding.

He whirled around, fell over a chair and flew down the stairs.

"Sylvia!"

"Mmmmmm."

"Sylvia!" He found a silken shoulder and shook it.

"Drat the man!" she groaned. "The bounder, the beastly cad." She stirred. "Hitler, I mean. All right, I'm awake. Go to the post and report. Don't forget your tin hat."

He chased up the stairs again and found his helmet. Outside, the night was tingling to the quavering, chilling snarl of the sirens. That must be a bloody-awful sound to hear after a few bad raids, he thought, as he galloped through the darkness. No one else in London seemed to be awake. The ray from his dimmed torch found the railing which guarded the steps to the warden's post, and he leaped down them. The warden was in the doorway.

"Hello, Mr. Coverley," Sam panted. "Sector 8 alert or whatever you say!"

"Good," said Mr. Coverley. "Just putting on a little show for you, Mr. Lawrence. Hope it won't be too noisy."

As Sam turned away, a short woman in a big slicker with her helmet falling over her eyes came up. "Heil Hitler," she said. "Sector 7 on watch."

Returning, Sam was aware of hurry and movement in the darkness. He heard running footsteps, the clink of equipment, caught the gleam of helmets. Firemen, he guessed. There were more people awake than he had thought. Then a new sound stopped him in his tracks—a sound like a distant waterfall. The guns.

In his own street he nearly ran down a wandering body.

"It's Mr. Lawrence, isn't it?"

He winked his torch at the other's feet. It was Colonel Tenchley and his bulldog.

"No need to hurry, I fancy." The colonel turned around and walked along with him. "Those guns are some distance off. Probably down the Estuary."

Another figure rose from the dark steps of No. 44. It was Sylvia and in the glimpse he got by torchlight, she looked neat and unexpectedly military. She wore a steel helmet, trench coat and leather gloves and there was a lanyard around her neck. No one else seemed to be astir. The sound of the barrage increased suddenly. The colonel who seemed to be wide awake and interested said, "Ah," and named the locality of the batteries. Sylvia yawned.

"What about the others?" asked Sam nervously. "Shouldn't they be going to a shelter?"

"Bless you," said Sylvia, "they won't go to a shelter. There may be work for them to do. Go in and look if you like. They should be up, some of them."

SAM went in through the front door and stopped in astonishment. There they were, sitting on the stairs, looking like caricatures of themselves. Over an assortment of odd garments, they wore old coats and they had gloves and helmets in their laps. They were chatting without any sign of concern. In the hall was a pile of pumps and snuffers. The old ladies of Barbary Square versus the Luftwaffe, thought Sam with a gleam of sardonic pity. There would be a nice mess when the bombs began to fall.

Ferdie, the chinless youth who wore a frightful old sweater with a dropping neck, called out, "I say, old boy, is it raining out there?"

Sam rejoined Sylvia and the colonel in the street. A light grew out of the sky. A string of incandescent globes came floating down.

Sam felt a vibration in the soles of his feet. He heard an uneven rumble that seemed to come from under the earth, and in the south a gout of flame shot up.

"Poor old King's Row," said Ferdie behind them. "It always catches one."

A little car zoomed around the corner and Mr. Coverley dropped from it. "Miss Cromer! Miss Cromer."

"Here."

"We're sending Miss Whittaker to help out at Barham Crescent. Will you take over the block?"

"Right," said Sylvia, and Mr. Coverley

"60 copies? So you're a magician, too!"

GIRL: Shucks, there's no magic about that. Anyone can use one sheet of *this* carbon paper up to 60 times!

MAGICIAN: *But don't the copies get blurred, and hard to read?*

GIRL: Not at all! You see, I'm using Roytype's Park Avenue carbon paper, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. And one sheet of Park Avenue *can be used up to 60 times*, cleanly and clearly! This test copy proves it . . .

This is the 60th copy made with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This same sheet of carbon paper has been used 59 times before! The test was made by the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this 60th one is!

Laboratory test No. 36351-NY, issued March 19, 1943

MAGICIAN: *I still think it's magic! This looks almost like it was made from a fresh sheet of carbon paper! How do they do it?*

GIRL: The Royal salesman told me it's because Park Avenue is "deep-inked" by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And then, Park Avenue has an extension edge that lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used.

MAGICIAN: *I see. No trick at all . . . just common sense! No wonder you can get so many more copies from each sheet of Park Avenue!*

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best suited to your requirements.

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Carbon Papers and Ribbons
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Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
From Mother & Dad 1873*

Imagine the thrill of pride this Longines watch gave to a young girl on her graduation 70 years ago. When she was married it hung from a heavy gold chain around her neck. It saw five sons grow to manhood and marriage. It then went to the wife of one of them. She in turn presented it, as a treasured heirloom, to her daughter. Now after three generations of use, it is still a competent timepiece.

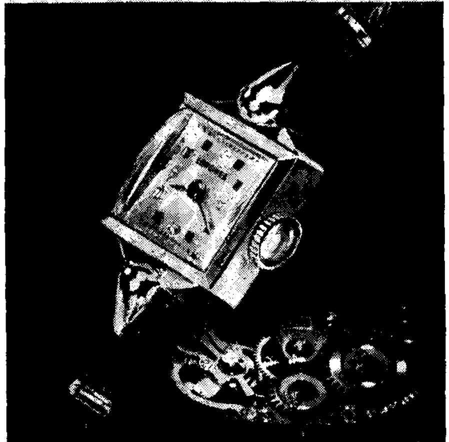
The watch movement number reads #13,071. The Longines factory was then five years old. Today's Longines watches carry numbers in the eight millions. And today's Longines watches are built with the accumulated experience of 75 years of fine watchmaking.

*From the Longines Collection of Historic Watches

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

went quickly off again through the red haze.

Something struck the earth three solid blows. A whistle blew faintly. The sound leaped from street to street. The leaves of the trees rustled all at once and in the houses the windows shook in their frames. Sylvia pulled at her lanyard. "Oh, dear," she said, and her voice was low and had a quaver, "here we go again." She ran out into the street and blew a blast. Her voice rang out: "Take cover!"

Sam joined her and they trotted the length of the block. There was usually one tin-hatted watcher near each door. She stopped to speak to each one. "Evening, Sylvia."

"Hello, Mr. Thompson. Whittaker has gone to Barham Crescent. The rallying point is the sandbin before 44."

They returned to the sandbin where a shadowy group had gathered. "Ferdie and Violet, will you take the roof?"

"Righto."

The guns had hung a solid curtain of sound against the night. At intervals a larger explosion made the fabric shake and billow. Sam felt the wind of an explosion he did not hear, then came a curious medley of whistling and hissing. Something bounced and rattled on the roadway and he jumped a foot.

"What was that?"

"Incendiaries," Sylvia told him. "Open the bin, please, Colonel."

She ran out in the street, giving little toots on her whistle. The doors of Number 44 opened and the residents flowed down the steps and into the square. They knew what to do and with a moderate amount of bustle and calling out, they set about doing it.

Sam learned a lot about incendiaries in the next few minutes. These were slim metal cylinders about a foot long and if you did not smother them at once with sand or a fine spray they burst into white glow and gave off an unbearable heat. The square looked like a corner of an amateur hell. The air sizzled. Strange figures, grotesque in the glare, trotted by with sandbags. Other devils bent up and down over the pumps.

The bathtubs which had so amused Sam had been dragged from the shrubbery to act as reservoirs. He stopped for a moment to breathe and admire the way two lady devils were handling a spray. He could hear what they were saying: "I said to her quite frankly that in my opinion the least she could do was to stay with the children in the country. Water off, dear."

IT WAS beginning to dawn on him that these people were not amateurs. They had refused to regard this enormous barbarity as a catastrophe too big for ordinary people; they took their household courage and their household utensils into the streets and fought it. Occasionally they died there; they found that more natural than to be overwhelmed or afraid.

He found Sylvia looking anxiously upward. "It's Violet and Ferdie. I'm worried about them. A shower of bombs must have fallen across the roof."

"Want me to go up there?"

"You would certainly break your neck. They'll have to carry on. They're frightfully nippy, those two."

"Violet and Ferdie?"

"They're the best in the block. It's a sort of game with them—they take the most frightful chances."

He went with her in a trip round the block. The mews behind the houses were in the hands of professional firemen who had equipment stored there, and everything was quiet. They came back to the square.

"First round to us, I think. Sam, will you see that the bathtubs are filled again?"

"First round, did you say—just the first round?"

"This used to go on all night."

The respite was short. Darkness had crept around them again, darkness with a red tinge. It was dispelled by another flare dropped from above, and faces were ghastly and eyes glinted fire. The whistling, rushing sound came again.

Sam stared at the thing which had fallen on the lawn of the square and knocked a hole there. It was about thirty inches long and four inches through.

"Hey, Sylvia!" he shouted, "these are different—"

Her whistle was shrilling. Her voice was dismayed and urgent: "Take cover. Everybody, please—"

Something struck with a shower of earth among the flower beds.

"Oh, the poor flowers," cried Mrs. Cherril. She ran toward them, carrying a long-handled spade and began to poke at the thing, trying to roll it out of the bed.

Paralysis descended on the scene in the garden. People stood in frozen attitudes with staring faces. Sam was the first to shake it off. He began to run. He had won the high hurdles at his college, he had a spring and a stride, but now he felt like a slow-motion picture of a man running.

He stretched out his arm, he felt Mrs. Cherril's body bent over it with the force of his rush. He slanted away, he felt his heels digging into the turf like the hoofs of a turning horse. *Get your legs under you . . . move, move, move . . . get some drive into it. . . .* He knew the bomb was going off, his mind seemed to turn toward it as his body arched away from it . . .

HIS room was filled with flowers the next day and people kept dropping in, trying to thank him without actually talking about it. Mrs. Cherril, he learned, was pretty well, some shock but no burns. He himself had a bad headache which wore off, and a burn on one arm where a fragment had nicked it. In the evening, Sylvia came in with a book, some apples and more flowers.

"Thanks. Gosh, Barbary Square certainly goes in for flowers."

"Perhaps we feel that you deserve them." She put her face against a fragrant sheaf. "These are lovely."

"Violet brought those. She's a great girl—Violet. I'm strong for her. She and Ferdie must have had a hot time on the roofs last night. Ferdie was telling me about it. One of the new ones—a daisy-buster he calls them—got stuck in the steel netting and they slid down and pushed it into the street. It went off and blew in a garage door.

"I get a big kick out of Ferdie; he's as cool as a cucumber. And do you know something? The Cherrils used to live in a village on the south coast and they were bombed a lot and one day the bombs got the school. Mrs. Cherril can never forget about it and sometimes at night when she can't sleep, it calms her to sit on the stairs. Violet told me all about it—she said she hoped they hadn't disturbed me sitting there one night. She's a great girl—Violet. It's tough on her being tied down here, but the way she figures it, she has to be with her mother at this time, no matter what she wants to do herself."

"What a lot of news!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Was Colonel Tenchley in to see you?"

"Sure, he spent the afternoon here. We'll have to go down and smoke a pipe with him some night, Sylvia. The old boy is lonely. He's spent half his life in the Burmese jungle; he's almost forgotten how to get along with white folk."

"People aren't so queer when you know them, are they?"

"Queer? These people aren't queer. We've got a great gang here in good old 44 and we're going to have a lot of fun. I like this town, it's an exciting place to live. Gosh, you're beautiful."

She jumped. "Do you always say things like that—bang without any introduction?"

"Build-up, we say. Yep, I like this town with its barrage balloons and its gardens and its lovely Miss Sylvia Cromer. A great town for a love affair."

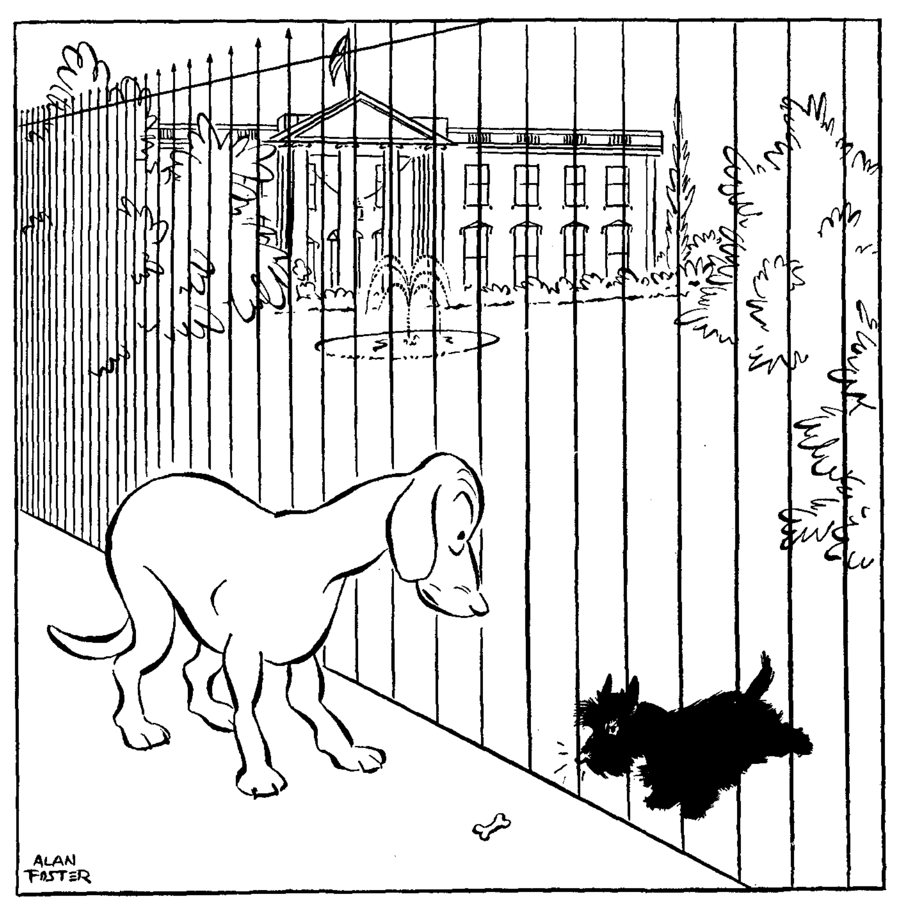
She was going, she gathered up her gloves and purse. She stood upon her shapely, stockingless legs and took one of his flowers for her buttonhole. At the door she stopped and gave him a little salute. She looked young and gay.

"I shall observe your progress with the greatest interest."

THE END

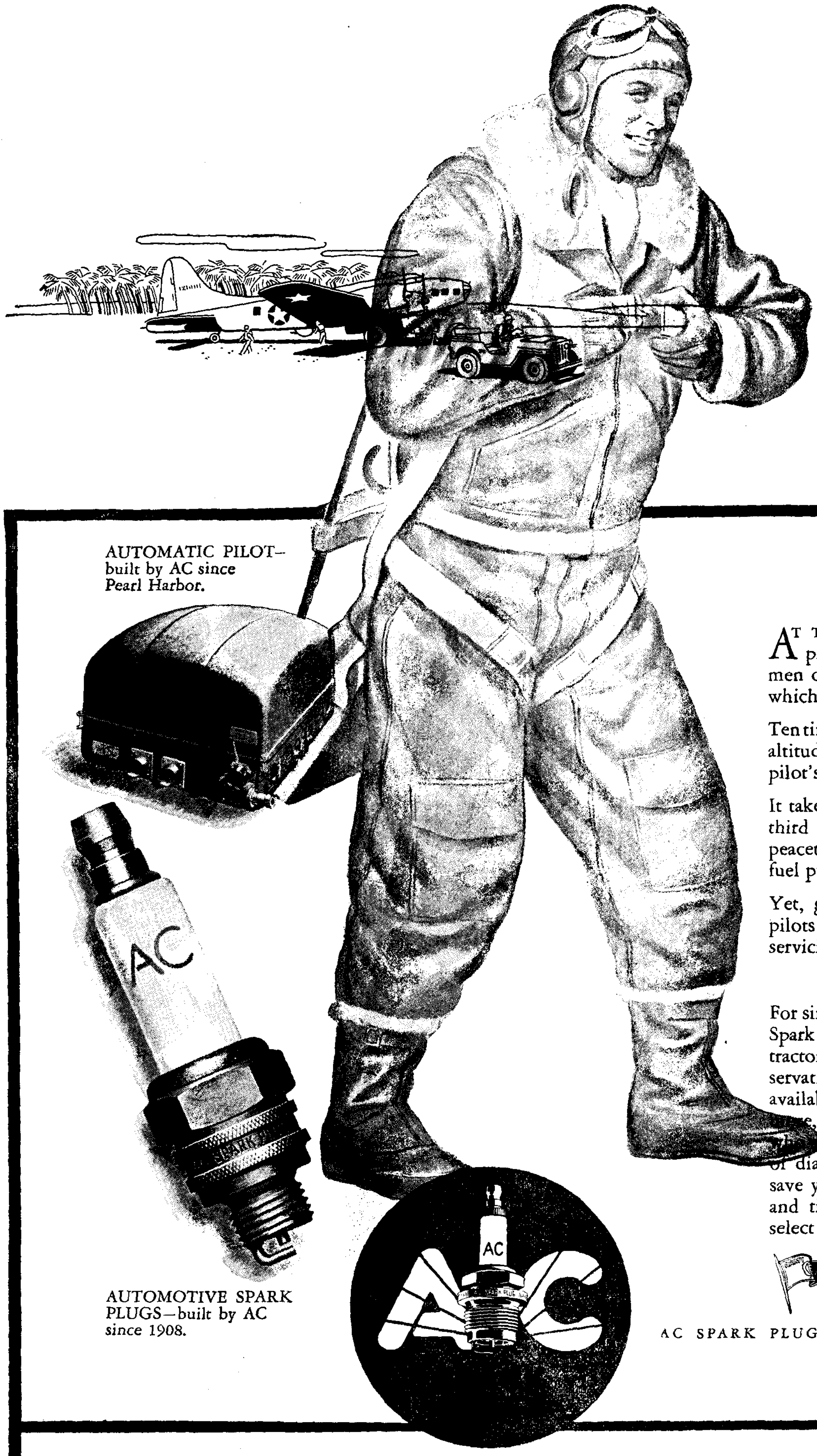
MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



"You might try mixing it with macaroni"

3rd Pilot



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Your "Ground Crew" is Ready

For similar reasons, you should take the best of care of the AC Spark Plugs and other AC products on your car, or truck, or tractor. That is why we urge you to make full use of the Conservation Service which America's mechanics are giving. It's available—coast to coast—wherever repairs are made. Furthermore, it is now being augmented by trained AC field men who are carrying to all service organizations the latest methods of diagnosis and repair of all AC products. This service will save you time and money. And it will conserve gasoline, oil, and tires. Use it regularly. When replacement is necessary, select AC for complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION — GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, which causes increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

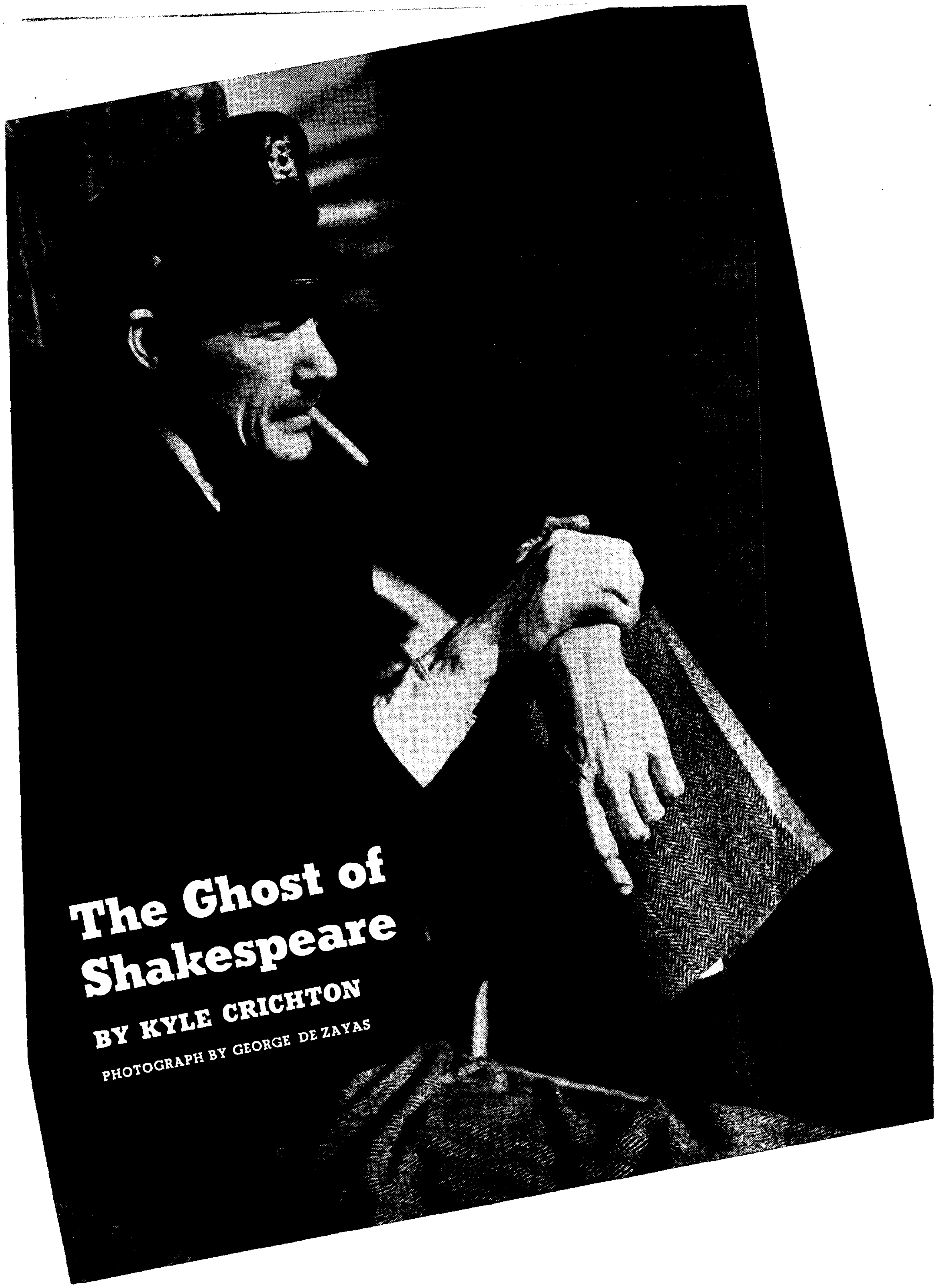
SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS



The Ghost of Shakespeare

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Portrait of John Carradine, a movie actor with an abiding faith in the arts—except, of course, those of Hollywood

IN THE days when the late John Barrymore was living in his mortgage-plastered castle on a peak in Hollywood, his dinner was disturbed by the ringing of the doorbell.

"Attend at the portcullis and see what benighted churl dares disturb the master at his fodder," John bellowed at his butler.

After a decent interval, the butler returned, purple in color.

"Didst see yon benighted churl, et cetera?" asked John.

"Didst," replied the butler, "and have a message. Said churl bids me notify my illustrious lord that he wouldst have discourse with him anent the Immortal Bard, Shakespeare, of which my illustrious lord knows nothing."

Barrymore arose roaring and charged toward the front door, a napkin in one hand, a chicken leg in the other. The door was open, and the light revealed a man at least eight feet tall and looked to weigh all of seventy-five pounds. He wore a patched cape, and his hair hung over his eyes.

Barrymore paused on the threshold, leaned against the doorjamb, and said, "A strange and gruesome spectacle!"

The visitor said nothing.

"Knowest aught of Shakespeare?" roared Barrymore at last, upon which the apparition opened his mouth and in a voice twice as loud and three times as resonant as Barrymore's began to act the part of Caliban in The Tempest.

"Come in!" cried Barrymore.

At three in the morning, they had reached a point in their friendship where they were lying on the grass in the yard, soaked with the dampness of the fog and pleasantly alive with mountain dew. They were now doing the Sonnets.

"You take the first line; I'll take the second; you take the third . . . like that," Barrymore was explaining to John Carradine, for it was he, no less.

This was in the days before Carradine became famous for his work in The Grapes of Wrath (the preacher), Mary of Scotland and dozens of other movie successes. His latest portrayal is of Reichsprotector Reinhard Heydrich in Hitler's Hangman.

In a town where eccentricity is supposed to guarantee cinema fame, Carradine spent five years getting his first job. When it came, it was something he could scarcel avoid. Cecil B. De Mille was making Th Sign of the Cross and was having castin difficulties in a region not overpopulated with martyrs. With his beard and his lean and hungry look, Carradine had the appearance of one who had spent his life being gnawed on by lions.

Once on the set, Carradine knew exactly how to act. Whenever the assistant director urged the martyrs to make noises of distress, Carradine elongated himself to his full limit of desiccation and roared in a voice that lifted De Mille out of his puttees.

"Get that man up here!" ordered De Mille, and Carradine was eventually used for his voice alone, "dubbing" his rumbling tones into the mouths of other actors.

"Not death, but victory!" he bellowed, as his fellow extras were led out to the animals.

Sound and Fury

This phase of his career almost ruine him because no director wanted to see hi but all of them wanted to hear him. De Mille used him again as a voice in The Crusades, and 20th Century-Fox became so enamored of his dulcet tones that they had him doing President McKinley's stirring lines in A Message to Garcia. Even these juke-box appearances were far between, and Carradine filled in the intervals by the usual dishwashing and by fleeting dashes into the drama along Hollywood Boulevard where, for a time, desperate actors would collect a few flats of scenery and sundry moth-eaten pairs of tights, and give a week of Shakespeare.

"The best week I ever had there was eighteen bucks," says Carradine bitterly.

This was utterly insufficient to satisfy either his hunger or his love for the Great Poet, and at nights he would go up to Hollywood Bowl at the witching hour of three and bellow Shakespeare to his heart's content on the pitch-black stage.

"Fifteen thousand seats," explains Carradine, "and not a critic in the house!"

His first real movie chance came when John Ford picked him for the villainous prison guard in The Prisoner of Shark Island. He is now one of the highest-paid character actors in Hollywood and owns a high-priced foreign car and a yacht.

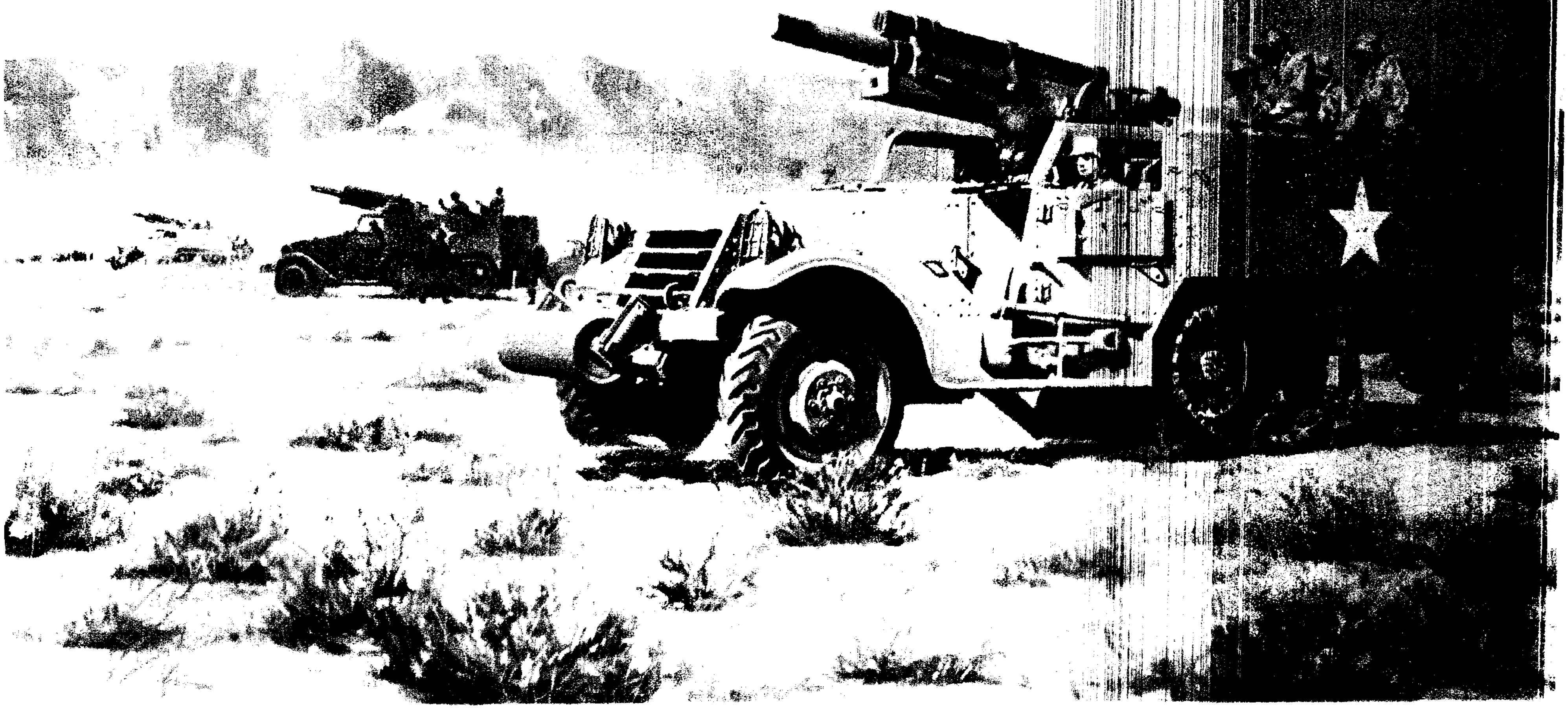
He was born in Greenwich Village, New York City, and educated in Philadelphia. His real name is Richmond Reed Carradine and he is the son of a newspaperman who was stationed in London for the Associated Press for many years and a mother who was a physician. His grandfather, Doctor Beverly Carradine, founded the Holiness Methodist Church.

"Known as Holy Rollers," says Carradine; "and it will be very boresome if you try to explain me by that."

His experience in life began with a job on a farm on the New York State side of Lake Champlain and by degrees brought him to Shreveport, Louisiana, where he set himself up as a painter. He was doing well with this at the rate of $2.50 a portrait until he began to run out of Shreveportians. At the same time he accumulated a slight matter of two hundred dollars in arrears at the Y.M.C.A., where he was living, and had to work it out by conducting hiking trips for the young men.

(Continued on page 76)

DIAMOND T



Diamond T 105 millimeter "tank-destroyers" at the recapture of Sened oasis in Tunisia—a painting based on photographs officially released by the War Department

"The Guns that Go Anywhere" depend on DIAMOND T stamina!

CANNON-CARRIER, man-mover, trail-blazer, the amazing Half-Track is proving one of the most versatile weapons of this war. As shown in the picture, the mobile howitzer is a form of "tank-destroyer" that has brought consternation to the blitz-battlers of the Axis.

It is only one of Diamond T's contributions to the fighting power of our armed forces. As prime mover, wrecker, ponton and general cargo carrier, the 4-ton six-wheel-drive Diamond T is giving vital support in every major theater of war. And giant Diamond T "tank-recovery" units are shuttling shell-torn General Shermans and British medium and heavy tanks to base repair echelons, to be returned to battle with front-line performance renewed.

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THE SIMONIZ COMPANY • CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ GIVES CARS LASTING BEAUTY

The Song of Michael Shawn

Continued from page 27

"You've got to talk to 'em," Michael Shawn said to the old hostler, and came easing up the walk with the riverman's lightness of foot. "Easy, darlin's," he said, and laid his hands on them. "Easy, my pretty, pretty darlin's."

When the girl came out of Jacobs' Jewelry Store, she came walking straight to Michael Shawn and the bays. Her hair, high-piled, was old gold, and her mouth was wide and ripe-lipped. Drawn up tight to style, still she had an easy walk, the walk, almost, of a rebel; and her eyes were a bit too straight on Michael Shawn for conventional demureness.

"Easy, darlin's," Michael Shawn said. "Let the lady in." And while his voice soothed them, his hands kept them moving, swinging the buggy. "Friend," he said to Jo-Gee, "will you hold them while I help the lady?"

She smiled, in a proper, genteel fashion, when he came toward her, moving as though he found music in her eyes. He slid an arm around her waist, and an arm behind her thighs; and she swallowed her smile.

THE daughter of Old Studs Phillips was accustomed to nothing like that. Her eyes spread at the touch of his hands, her face close to his. And he held her as though her bones were bubbles, taking his time with the rich warm feel of her against him, before he set her on the buggy seat.

As her father and Coleman came out of the saloon she was still looking at him, her face undecided. Coleman said quickly, something more than official concern in his voice, "Botherin' you, Miss Phillips?"

"Oh, no," she said immediately. "He was quite . . . respectful." Michael Shawn grinned shamelessly; for he and she and his two hands knew better.

Old Studs roared, "What the devil you doin' with my team?"

"Thinkin' of buyin' 'em," Michael Shawn said. "What'll you take?"

The girl looked at him, startled; and Old Studs bellowed: "You damn' lumberjack! You got a better chance of stealin' these horses than buyin' 'em. I'm not a horse trader! I'm Hughitt R. Phillips!"

"All right," Michael Shawn said, and he stood there pulling the ear of the off bay. "You need a barnman, then?"

The girl said, "He had them very quiet when I came out."

"I'm gettin' a nigger," Old Studs said, and climbed into the buggy. "Rudge, learn this man some manners before I get back."

Coleman said, his eyes on Letty again, "I'll take him in the livery barn for a little talk, Mr. Phillips, and glad to."

Old Studs gathered up the reins, slipped the buggy whip from its socket, and swung. It was not a brutal blow, but it shocked the bays; for they were obviously not used to the whip, and their nerves were raw. So, the off bay, then the near bay, went crazy, plunging and kicking like a couple of well-bred harridans in hysterics. Old Studs kept swinging.

Michael Shawn dived for their heads, pushing Jo-Gee away, and heaved to bring them around and so cramp the buggy's front wheels. He called, "Get out of there, darlin'!"

Coleman ran forward to help the girl, but she had jumped to the sidewalk before he could reach her. Michael Shawn shouted, "Take that whip away from him." The buggy top was down, and Old Studs was taking a full-arm swing. When Michael Shawn hollered, the whip was poised on the back swing, within hand's reach of the girl, and obediently she reached and snatched it.

It was soon over, then. From the battered buggy, Old Studs glared at Michael Shawn; Rudge Coleman waited.

Michael Shawn said, "I hate to see this team ruined by your whip."

Old Studs' voice was thick with rage: "I'll ruin you, you . . ." Anger jammed the words. He said, "Who took my whip?"

"I did," his daughter said.

"Go home!" Old Studs said. "Go home! Rudge, throw this man in jail."

"Without a good barnman," Michael Shawn said, "you're goin' to lose your investment in this team."

Old Studs' chin went down on his chest and his eyes narrowed as his mind went to work. Investment was a holy word to bankers in those days; Michael Shawn had made a point. Studs got out of the buggy. "All right," he said, "I guess I can use you till I get me a new barnman from the city. Take the bays home—I'm due at the bank right now. You know where I live?"

Michael Shawn slid his eyes in the direction of the hill where the girl had just turned the corner. "I can find it," he said, and stepped into the buggy.

"You can't miss it," Old Studs said, and his voice took on its usual importance—a very real importance in Crystal Falls, too. "Biggest place in town."

Old Jo-Gee brought out the fiddle and handed it up to Shawn. "My thanks, friend," said Michael; and under his breath, Jo-Gee said, "I seen you put that busted E string in that bay's ear, you dang' young fool!"

AS THE team turned off Main Street, they stepped higher, their necks arched haughtily enough to ignore the girl completely; but Michael Shawn eased them back with a steady pull, as her face turned up to him, her eyes wide with surprise. He said, "Can you get up, or can I lift you again?"

Her lips tightened, and then the tip of her tongue broke their straight line; and she laughed, flustered, and came up beside him, mounting with a strong smooth thrust of her leg.

They tore around the curve and up the brow of the hill, through the residential section where the frame houses sat behind their fences in wide yards. "The big house on the corner," she said.

He gave her a sideway look. "Can't stop 'em," he said.

As they went by the big house with the cupolas and the fancywork at eave and porch, she said, "This will be something else for my father to hold against us. He doesn't just roar and get over it. He remembers and gets back at you in some complicated way later on. He'll remember that you called me darling when you told me to jump. You hadn't better stay."

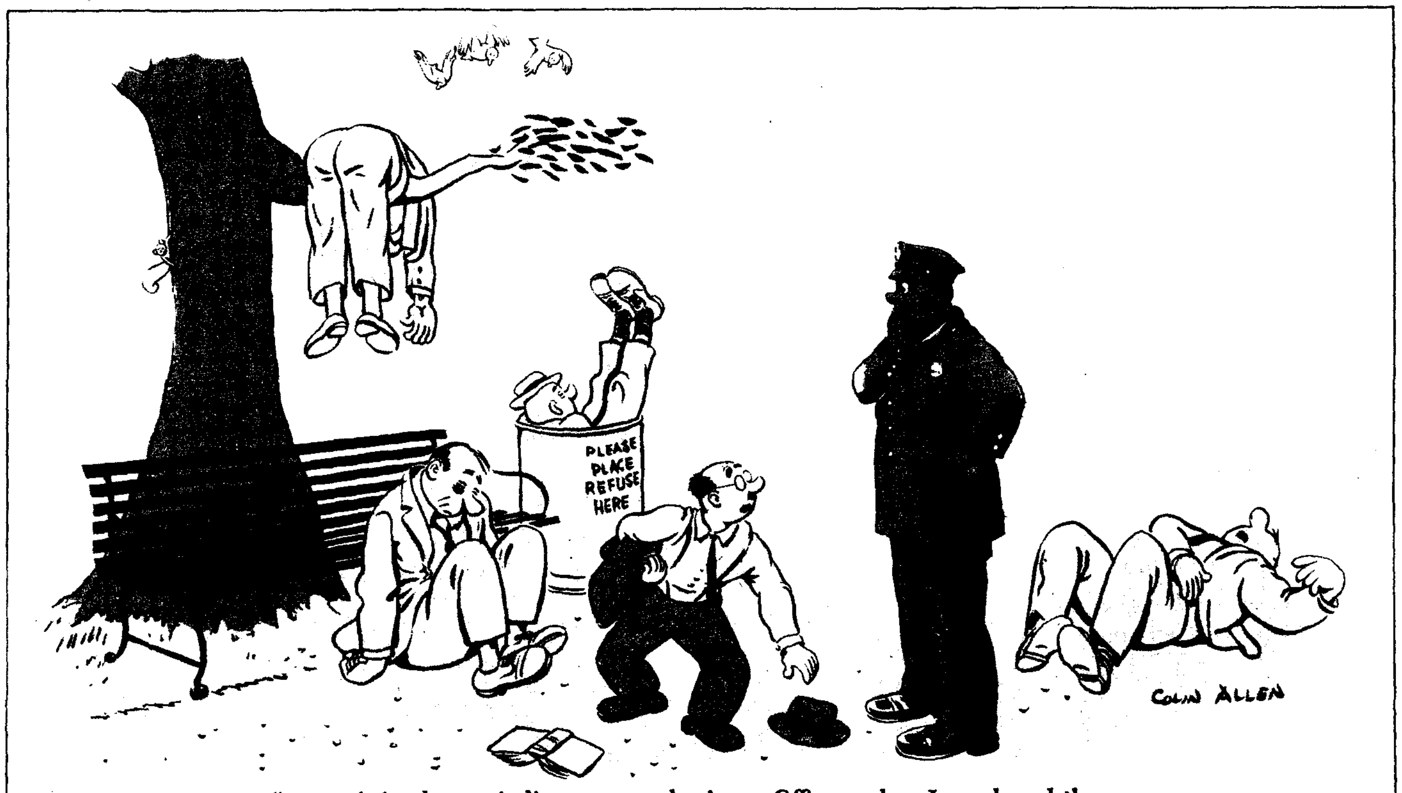
"I'm stayin'," Michael Shawn said. "These are the only horses I ever wanted to own—and you're the only woman I ever wanted to do more than look at."

"You shouldn't talk like that," she said.

"And why not? You know I mean it."

"Yes," she said. "I think you do." And there was wonder at him in her voice—and at herself, too. "I think I believed you when you looked at me there before the saloon. Maybe it was the song you were playing."

(Continued on page 46)



COLLIER'S "I was sitting here minding my own business, Officer, when I overheard these characters discussing the Brooklyn Dodgers in the most derogatory terms" COLIN ALLEN

Hope Chest... '43 Style!

HERE is the "hope chest" of Nancy Jones.

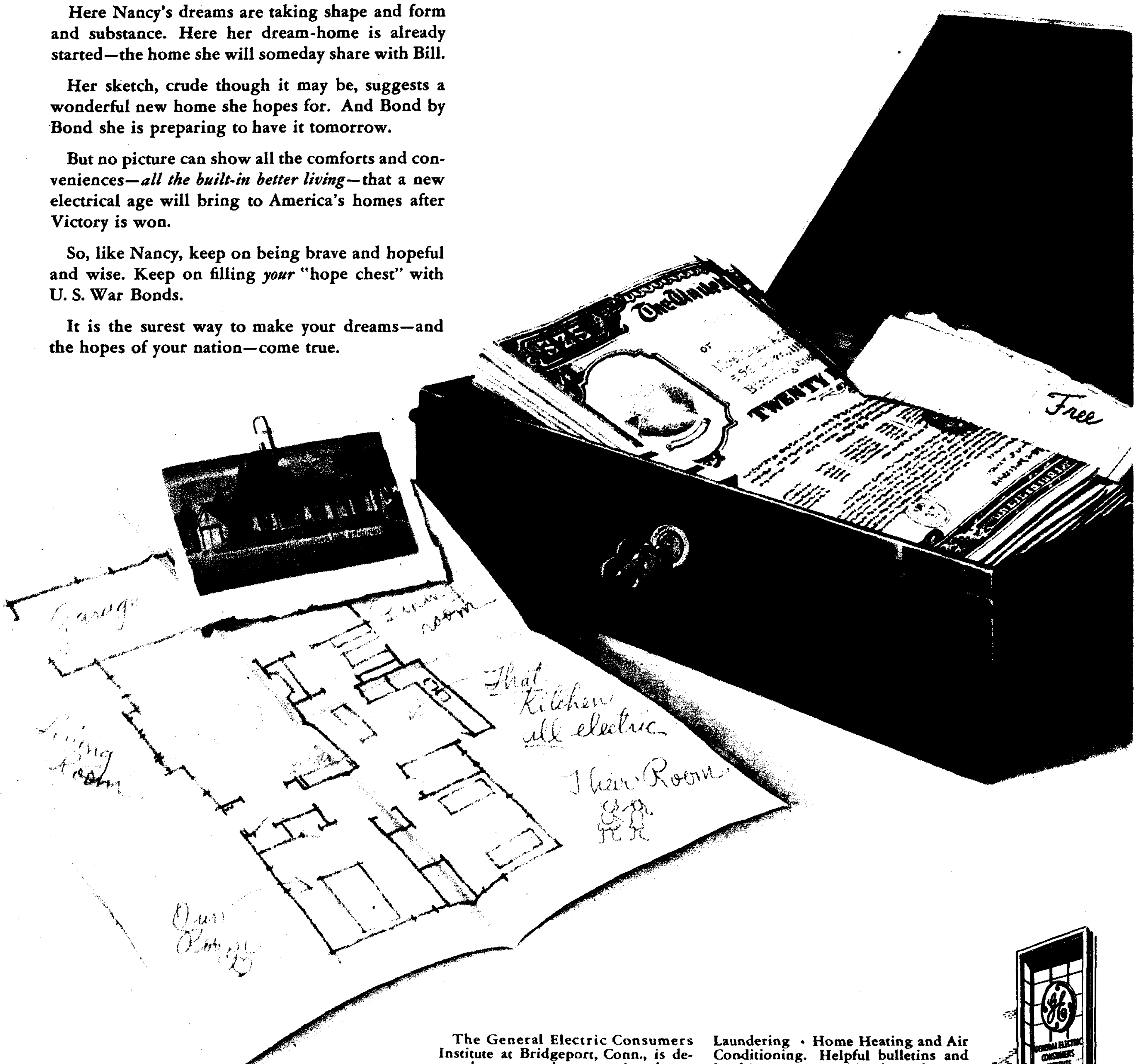
Here Nancy's dreams are taking shape and form and substance. Here her dream-home is already started—the home she will someday share with Bill.

Her sketch, crude though it may be, suggests a wonderful new home she hopes for. And Bond by Bond she is preparing to have it tomorrow.

But no picture can show all the comforts and conveniences—*all the built-in better living*—that a new electrical age will bring to America's homes after Victory is won.

So, like Nancy, keep on being brave and hopeful and wise. Keep on filling *your* "hope chest" with U. S. War Bonds.

It is the surest way to make your dreams—and the hopes of your nation—come true.

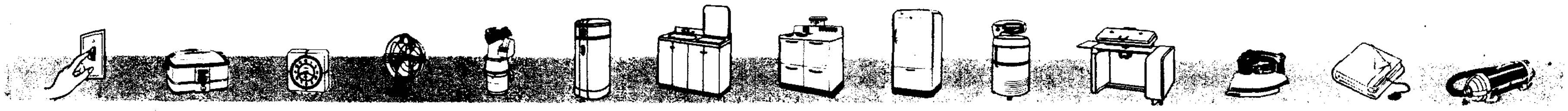


The General Electric Consumers Institute at Bridgeport, Conn., is devoted to research on wartime home problems such as: Nutrition • Food Preparation • Food Preservation • Appliance Care • Appliance Repair • Laundering • Home Heating and Air Conditioning. Helpful bulletins and booklets are available through your General Electric Appliance Dealer, or direct from the General Electric Consumers Institute, Dept. C5-3.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CONSUMERS INSTITUTE

APPLIANCE AND MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Tune in General Electric News Time Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm," over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.

Home

f the Brave

It's a simple home, one of uncounted thousands very much alike.

An unpretentious place, with a bit of well-tended garden in the summer, and yellow light streaming ready welcome from its windows at night.

It's a home that once rang with the noise and tumult a healthy boy can make, a home pleasant with fragrant kitchen smells and comfortable with the worn hollows of familiar and friendly furniture.

It's a home where hope has been born, where suffering has been met, where great plans have been laid and achievements, big and little, have been celebrated.

Now, suddenly, over it a shadow falls.

The time has come when the brave flag with the star of blue on it must come down, so that one with a star of gold may take its place.

This is war, and war is striking home.

Striking at the simple, the peace-loving homes where live those who must now be the bravest of the brave.

What can you say to those whose hearts bear the aching burden of this conflict?

That their sons have died in a noble cause?

That the nation mourns with them in their bereavement?

That these men shall be avenged, that we shall see to it that they shall not have died in vain?

No, you can't say these things and have them really mean anything.

You can't say anything—you can only do.

You can only bend a bit more grimly to whatever task is yours in these stern times.

You can only try, a little harder than you thought you could, to make sure that no boy, yours or any other's, falls because of anything you do or leave undone.

You can only pull tight your belt, and buy to the limit of your ability the War Bonds it takes to equip our fighting men.

You can only fall in line with friend and neighbor and, through scrap drives and conservation campaigns, play your part as fully as you can, as every good soldier on the home front should.

You can only remember that every helpful act, no matter how small, not only hastens Victory but does its share to bring more boys back before their blue stars turn to gold.

AMERICA MUST BE FIRST IN THE AIR

Unless and until America is the most powerful nation in the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not again be what they have been in the past.

P W Litchfield

Here at Goodyear we have a service flag of our own.

Already it is beginning to show a tinge of gold.

Because it is, everything we build—every airship, every plane, every life raft, every barrage balloon, tire, wheel, brake, bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tank and fuel line—is built with something more than just the thought of building *all* we can as fast as we can.

It is built also with the idea of doing the *best* we can—that fewer gold stars shall hang in the simple homes of the brave.

GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
AIRCRAFT

HELP!
CAR ON FIRE
7896

Metal cooling system parts you can't replace are being BURNED UP by RUST!

There's no smoke and flame to warn you, but within your car's cooling system water plus air are steadily doing their destructive work...oxidizing and "burning up" irreplaceable parts made of iron, brass, copper and aluminum.

WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER

Stop "rust fire" **NOW!** First, free your cooling system from accumulated rust and scale with **WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER**. Then safeguard all metals from further rust formation with **WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR**. Do it today—at your nearest service station.

WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR

REPAIR LEAKS!

quickly . . . safely . . . permanently—with **WARNER LIQUID SOLDER**

CARS KEEP COOL FROM COAST TO COAST

—WITH—

WARNER-PATTERSON

COOLING SYSTEM PRODUCTS

(Continued from page 42)

"It's an old Irish song," he said. "A song of lonesome wanderin'. I'll play it some evenin' to get it set in your mind, and I'll play it again before we leave, you and I."

They were in the hardwoods, then, at the edge of the Tobin mining location, and the light was cool and green, and the trees came close around them, enfolding them in privacy.

He pulled the bays to a stop. She turned to him, ready to question. He handed her the lines and went to the bays' heads, unsnapped the checkreins and snugged them down. When he got back in, her eyes were on him, wide and brown, waiting for his move. "We'll try it that way," he said, and took the reins. His hands were high, steadying the bays who trotted a little unevenly without the accustomed restraint to the checkrein.

Close to town, the bays smoothed out their trot, for they'd sweated out their nervousness and there was an understanding hand on the reins. "I'll have to teach 'em the joy of runnin' without a harness at all," Michael Shawn said. "And you, too, darlin'—for your father's got you checkreined tight as these bays."

"It sounds indecent," she said, and laughed in the back of her throat. Then her laugh stopped, and she said warningly, "Rudge Coleman!"

Coleman leaned against the fancy cast-iron fence that enclosed the house of Old Studs Phillips; and Michael Shawn swerved the bays and stopped before him. "Lookin' for somebody?" Michael Shawn said.

The girl said, "Aren't you off your beat?"

Coleman said, "This is my beat now, Letty." He turned his hard sure eyes on Michael Shawn and said, "I'll be waitin'!" and he walked off.

The girl said thoughtfully, "He's not as respectful as he was." And when they drew up under the porte-cochere at the side of the house, she said under her breath, "I'll be waiting too—for that song."

THAT evening, on the porch with her parents, Letty Phillips heard The Wild Geese Are Flying, that old sad song of the Irish exiles of long ago who flew, like the wild geese they were named for, so far and high, lonesome in the night. But as Michael Shawn played the song it had lilt, a promise of things to come.

And even later that night she lay, her flesh warm in her barely rumpled bed, listening.

Before the barn, Michael Shawn dreamed with his fiddle and he thought, not only of the daughter, but of Old Studs, too—and of the future. When the town had gone to sleep, he laid aside the fiddle and went off in the dark upon his own business, leading the off bay of the team. And from her window, the girl saw him go.

The next morning he was at the grindstone with the woodshed ax when Old Studs came out in his shirt sleeves and said without preamble, "Got a telephone report you were walkin' the railroad tracks down by the river."

"They get up early in this town," Michael Shawn said. "It was first daylight when I was down there. A river jack gets lonesome for the river."

"Let's get this straight," Old Studs said. "I don't like the idea of a no-good lumberjack comin' in here an' tellin' the biggest man in town off. When my nigger barnman gets here, you're done for. But in the meantime you're workin' for me, and don't start walkin' those railroad tracks for Florence."

"No danger," Michael Shawn said.

"Another thing," Old Studs said. "Don't talk to my daughter again. She's no pickup chippy to call pet names on Main Street or take ridin' in my buggy."

Michael Shawn grinned at him and went back to the ax. Lumberjacks have a feel for an ax. He spent the bulk of the day thinning out the blade for chopping, in plain sight of the house; but he didn't see the girl.

He got flashes of her only in the following days, and never a word, though he was conscious of her always. But ever since that first evening, Rudge Coleman had appeared regularly, walking by at least once a day, his footsteps slow and deliberate on the boardwalk.

THEN came the night before the Masons' big summer dance. Old Studs had driven to the Masonic Hall that evening and Michael Shawn sat later than usual with his fiddle. The night was dark, and deepened by the soft, faraway sounds, and maybe some lonesome footsteps on the sidewalks. Michael Shawn listened to those steps, silencing the fiddle, for Rudge Coleman had not yet made his daily round.

Letty came to him at that time. He heard the screen door close, and saw the whiteness of her dress grow brighter as she crossed to him, the sharp gravel grating under her feet like gossips' teeth. She passed, without stopping, into the blackness of the barn, and turned. "The new barnman is coming," she said. "You'd better go away."

"I'm waitin'," Michael Shawn said. "Waitin' for the time to go."

"Is it a girl?" she said. "A girl you go to see every night, taking one of my father's horses?"

"There's no girl but you," he said. "You should know that. You hear me playin' every evening."

They stood there in the barn with its deep and secret darkness around them, and the sweet scent of the hay. The light was soft on her dress and her face and shone in her eyes, wide up at him. "I don't care," she said. "It's crazy and I'm a hussy. But I don't care. When we were kids, the girls used to play with boys in the barn, and kiss them sometimes. But I never did. Is it so terrible if I do it just once?"

"You're not a kid," Michael Shawn said, and his voice rode on deep breaths. "And I don't feel like a weak-boned boy."

She said, "I've been lying in my bed listening to your fiddle, and thinking, and I'm used to the idea now."

"I meant not to," he said. "I meant not to until the time came."

The fiddle made a little moan when he laid it on the oatbin, and the girl's breath echoed the sound when his arms went around her. Her lips were hard upon his, strained, the lips of a girl who had not practiced kissing, and he could feel her fingers in his shoulder muscles and the depth of her breasts against his chest, as she tried to give him everything, to answer the song of his fiddle, with one kiss.

He was the first to withdraw for he could stand the tension no longer. She stood back, her hands pushing his shoulders. "That's all," she said, almost fiercely. "That's all!"

He said, simply, "It's not all, darlin'."

She passed him, and then stopped. "Tell me again," she said without turning. "It isn't a girl?"

"There's no girl but you," he said.

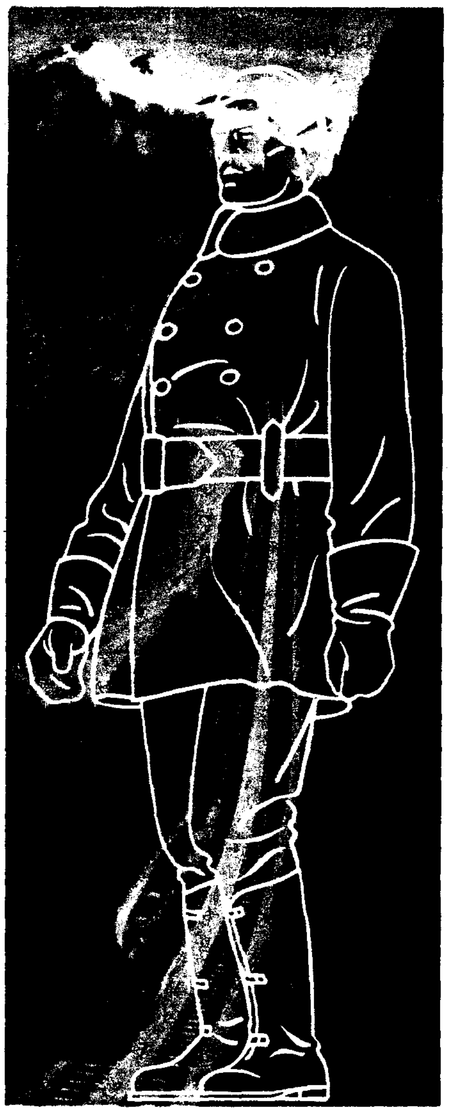
He heard her breathe once, fast and uneven, and then she went out. He stayed there in the darkness for seconds until he heard the voice of Old Studs in the yard.

The girl's dress was white in the night. Rudge Coleman stood beside Old Studs. Out in the street was the buggy and team where Studs had left them so as to approach the barn more quietly.

Michael Shawn said, "I'm comin', Coleman."

Old Studs said, "Be still!" and his voice was low and thick with the anger that charged him.

Coleman swung his shoulders, moving in on Shawn, but Old Studs caught his arm. "None o' that! No noise!" and Coleman said with angry surprise, "I didn't bring you up here to have you stop me finishing this."



Rolling through the Rockies

Your uniformed sons and daughters, traveling over America on the Great Northern Railway, cross the Continental Divide almost without knowing it. The train follows a natural route—easy as a game trail—through the scenic grandeur of the Montana Rockies. That is Marias Pass!

At the top of the pass—at Summit, Montana—they see a statue of its discoverer, John F. Stevens, who still is living. In December, 1889, Stevens found a broad, natural corridor through the Rockies, which provided the lowest (5,213 feet) and easiest railway pass in the northern United States.

Stevens' discovery not only gave Great Northern its low-altitude pass through the mountains, it also led to establishment of Glacier National Park—the only national park on the main line of an American railway.

Manpower, firepower and supplies for America and her allies are rolling through the Rockies faster and on time because Marias Pass affords swifter, safer handling of trains.

Marias Pass helps make Great Northern dependable—a vital artery to Victory.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

ROUTE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDER—BETWEEN THE GREAT LAKES AND THE PACIFIC

"I don't want people hearin'," Old Studs said.

Michael Shawn said, "Then get him out, Phillips, or I'll kill him in your back yard—though the time's not here."

Coleman turned on Phillips again, his voice like a tensed muscle: "You think I'm goin' to watch her from the street, while you let her visit a lumberjack in your barn?"

"Watch your big mouth!" Old Studs said. "You'll have your turn, Rudge. Now, get out—and don't come back tonight." He didn't put a word or look on Michael Shawn, but followed Coleman down the drive, holding his daughter's wrist.

THE next morning, Old Studs climbed into the waiting buggy without looking at Michael Shawn. "I want the white team in the carriage tonight to take us to the Masonic dance. You drive! Mind now, I said the white team."

That night, Michael Shawn lighted the carriage lamps and drove up to the side door and stayed in the driver's seat.

Letty came out a step ahead of her parents. She wore flowers in her hair, and a white dress, and her arms and shoulders were bare. She said, low-voiced, her face turned into the dark, "It's tonight. A whole bunch of men, and they'll have rifles. I heard him say so."

Michael Shawn said, "The time's here. Tonight I really kiss you."

"Oh, don't be crazy!" she said, and then her father came out and pushed her into the carriage, and then his wife, and got in himself, still ignoring Michael.

Down its black-shadowed length Main Street was marked with the spaced white cones of the arc lights at the cross streets. In the light from the windows of the Masonic Hall, rigs crowded, and people crowded around the covered stairway entrance to the hall, and light flowed out with the dance music, making lively the shadows there. But there was no sign of Rudge Coleman. And all up and down Main Street, there was, in the yellow-touched shadows before the various saloons, the quiet that meant no loungers.

"Wait here!" Old Studs had said when he got out, shepherding his women before him. So Michael Shawn waited for Old Studs to make his move, as he had waited since that first day.

After a while, Old Studs himself came back out, big cigar in his mouth. He stood in the doorway and made a business of lighting it, and men drifted around, easing in, and Old Studs' voice went out, easy and affable now, and he talked there, smoking, looking over the heads, looking beyond Michael Shawn to the runway of Schooks' saloon.

Finally, he raised his voice so the whole street could hear his words to Michael Shawn. "You!" he hollered, and it was as though his voice were released. "Get your belongin's outa my barn! You're fired!"

There was purpose behind that. Michael Shawn looked at the dancers and the kids before the doorway, and he felt their animosity turned obediently upon him. But the answer wasn't there, for not a man among them would come within jumping distance of him.

"Will you sell the bays?" Michael Shawn said.

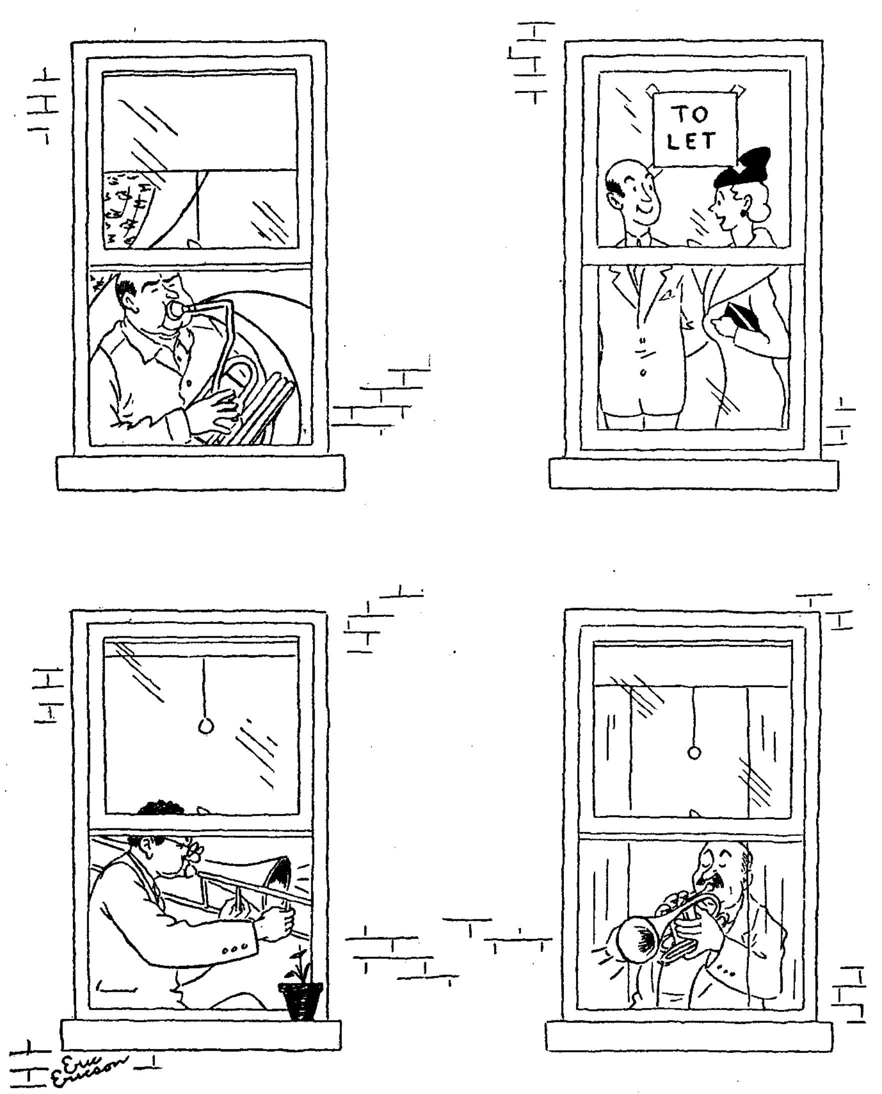
Old Studs roared to the world: "You'll have to steal 'em."

Across the light and shadow, Michael Shawn said, "Are you darin' me?"

"Get 'em over the state line," Old Studs hollered, "an' I'll send you a bill of sale! That's a sportin' proposition, ain't it, gentlemen?" He looked around him. "Let's get back to the party, gentlemen."

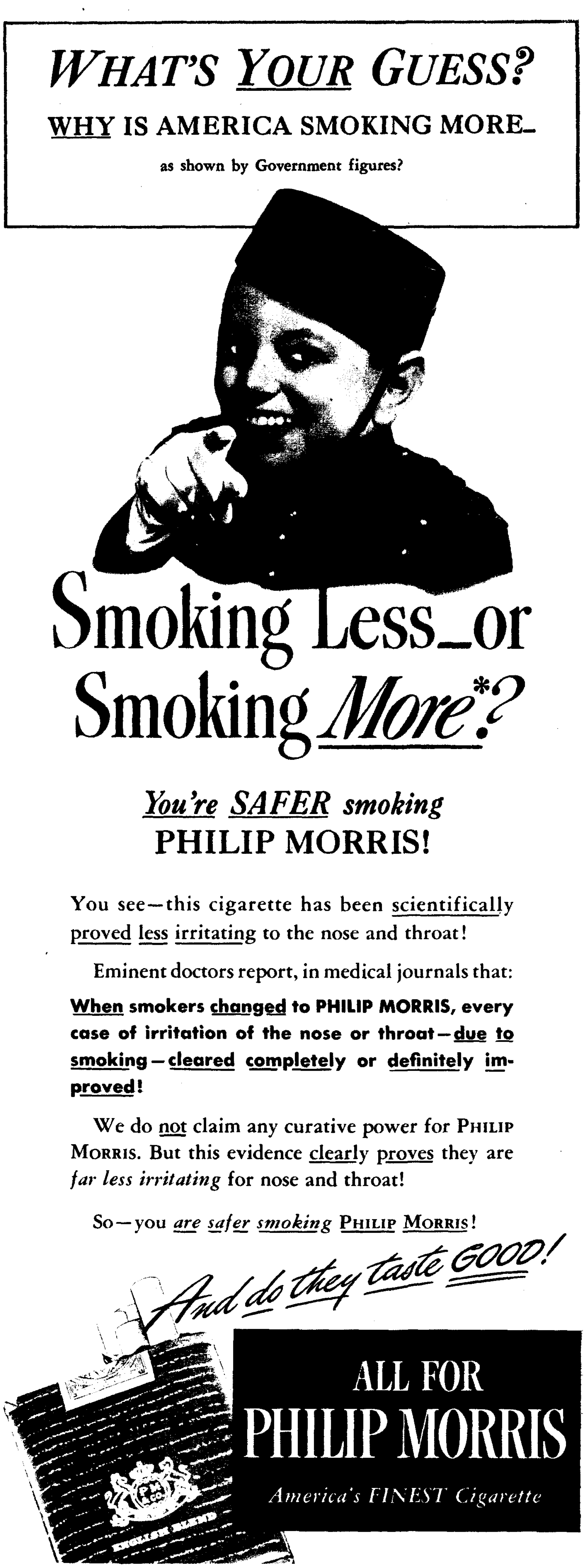
Docilely, they dribbled up the stairs; and the kids and the hangers-on started backing off into the shadows. "Come in as my guests, everybody," Old Studs said grandly, and waved them in. "Come in off the streets."

"Now, the devil take him!" Michael



"And as for the neighbors, I think we'll all get along—my husband plays the drums!"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON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WHY IS AMERICA SMOKING MORE—

as shown by Government figures?

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You're SAFER smoking PHILIP MORRIS!

You see—this cigarette has been scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat!

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When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared completely or definitely improved!

We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence clearly proves they are *far less irritating* for nose and throat!

So—you *are safer smoking* PHILIP MORRIS!

And do they taste GOOD!

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Tomorrow command your own
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WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

All three Chris-Craft factories fly the Army-Navy "E" Burgee for "Production Well Done."

Shawn said, and looked up and down the empty street.

In the shadow of Schooks' barn, a man stood without motion, and Michael Shawn left the white team and walked toward him.

It was the old hostler, Jo-Gee. "Them bays are down there in the stable," he said, as air from the deep warm darkness of the barn moved outward around them.

"Ah?" Michael Shawn said, staring into the blackness for movement. "Who put them there?"

"Ain't s'pose' to say," Jo-Gee said, and tittered in the dark. "Ol' Studs told me to get them bays outa his barn an' bring 'em down here after you took out the whites. Then I was to tell you where they was. But not another word, Ol' Stud says. Wants you to think you're gonna be jailed for stealin' 'em, I guess."

"He figures like a banker, all right," Michael Shawn said. "I'm supposed to go in and really steal 'em now, just to show him. Who's waitin' for me in there, besides the bays, Jo-Gee?"

"Rudge Coleman," Jo-Gee said. "Ol' Studs don't know that, though. Another thing Ol' Studs don't know . . ." He gestured with his head. "I brung your pack an' your fiddle when I brung them bays. Used to play the fiddle myself before I give it up, an' I tried a little piece on 'er. Not bad, neither."

The packsack and the fiddle were sitting there in the dark near by. "I'll try a little piece on 'er myself," Michael Shawn said. "You're really a friend, Jo-Gee," and he tuned the fiddle while the music in the hall ran on like a parade beer wagon over the slither of the dancers' feet.

WHEN the orchestra stopped, leaving only that drone from the crowd, Michael Shawn stood up, and the fiddle thrust out from his lifted shoulder, and the bow went up with a practiced passionate stroke, like the hand of a man on a wife he's loved with the whole of his heart for years, strong and sure and vibrant as a good man's body.

He walked to the middle of the street, and the song of The Wild Geese went up, piercing as the keen of a woman, wild as the howl of a wolf, and sweet as moonlight on the river.

"You're a grand fiddler!" dirty old Jo-Gee said. "She oughta be proud to hear that! Now let's get out of here, young feller."

"She'll be comin' in a minute," Michael Shawn said. "Hide her until I finish. Old Studs'll be right behind her. Tell him she's followed me downstairs."

He turned back into the barn and walking the length of the carriage room, between the livery rigs with their shafts and tongues raised clublike in the dark, his Jefferson logger's boots were like slow, solid fists on the calk-chewed floor.

At the rear runway leading down to the stalls, the echo of his feet tightened and shortened as he went down the slope, stepping from cleat to crosswise cleat. He stopped at the bottom, where the sleepy sounds and the calm feel of the horses were warm in the air, and he said, "Light a lantern, Coleman. I've come for that little talk you've been promising me for so long."

To his right, he heard the stomp and nervous shifting of the bays when they recognized his voice. To the left, where the stable door opened on the alley, a light jumped from a match and then died to almost nothing, spread again in a lantern's softer stronger light. Coleman said, "I been waitin'," and pulled off his shirt.

Overhead, the heavy floor quivered faintly as though tickled by the girl's lightly striking feet. And then she stood in the lantern's light, her skirts held shamelessly high, staring at the two half-naked men.

Coleman's great chest swelled out as he looked.

Michael Shawn said, "Go back upstairs, darlin'. It wouldn't be nice down here if Coleman licks me."

She let her skirts fall and stood straight, and the lantern's light, reaching up, was shining from her eyes. She said, "He won't lick you, darlin'."

Coleman laughed, the laugh coming shaky from his big chest. His hard face was light and almost handsome with his anger and his great desire for her. He said, "You'll sing a different tune in a minute, Letty."

He crouched and set the lantern on the floor, far to his side, and his right arm swung from there, with the light behind him and his great legs moving smoothly into the blow.

Michael Shawn shouted, "Grab the light, darlin'," and his voice was like a battle song.

So she grabbed the lantern and she held it high, standing on the oatbin. She was a woman, that Letty Phillips. It took a woman to watch that fight, a woman of a wild and passionate heart. For the power there in the barn was the power of stallions, the vicious wildness and the great muscles, the teeth flashing in the light, and the wild sounds and the whistling from their chests, and the meaty, splitting sounds of their fists. That small space was filled to straining with their crashing bodies, and when Old Studs came down he stood there helpless, unable to get to his daughter.

THE flame of their fight burned a chunk out of time. They fought, from the first almost to the last, with the same wild speed and power, even, matched, the same wild beat. Until Coleman lost for a half beat the surge of the fight. He tried again to mount it, but he'd lost it. And Michael Shawn, with the flame still in him, burned him down and beat him until Coleman fought with his fists only, tired in his heart. Shawn beat him still, battering Coleman's great body as a steel maul chews chunks out of a burled birch too tough to split clean.

The final blow was clear and distinct. Michael Shawn swung like an axman. Clean and straight as the swing of a four-pound blade, he hit the sodden Coleman, and Coleman bounced outward from the upright timber of the wall, falling straight like a tree into the dirt of the barn floor.

Old Studs' voice was like a sheep's blat at a storm's end: "Letty! Go home!"

"It's beyond you now," she said, and went straight to Michael Shawn where he leaned, his head down, sucking air.

Jo-Gee joined them then, and he and Michael dragged Coleman to a box stall; with him they locked Old Studs up, threatening loud. With stiff and battered hands, Michael Shawn tossed a wad of money in with him. "For the team," he said.

"You fool!" Old Studs roared. "I got men with rifles coverin' every road outa town!"

Old Jo-Gee said with new alarm, "That's so, I'll bet! Ain't nobody around the saloons. How you think you going to get out, young feller?"

"We'll ride the bays bareback," Michael Shawn said, so Old Studs couldn't hear him. "Ride 'em down the railroad tracks to the river."

The girl said, "Ride them? They're harness horses."

"Not entirely," Michael Shawn said, and grinned as well as he could with his face all battered. "Those nights you asked about, I was teachin' 'em to run without a harness, an' me on their back. An' those nights, too, I threw a few big pines into the river and made us a whopper of a raft for the time we'd be leavin'."

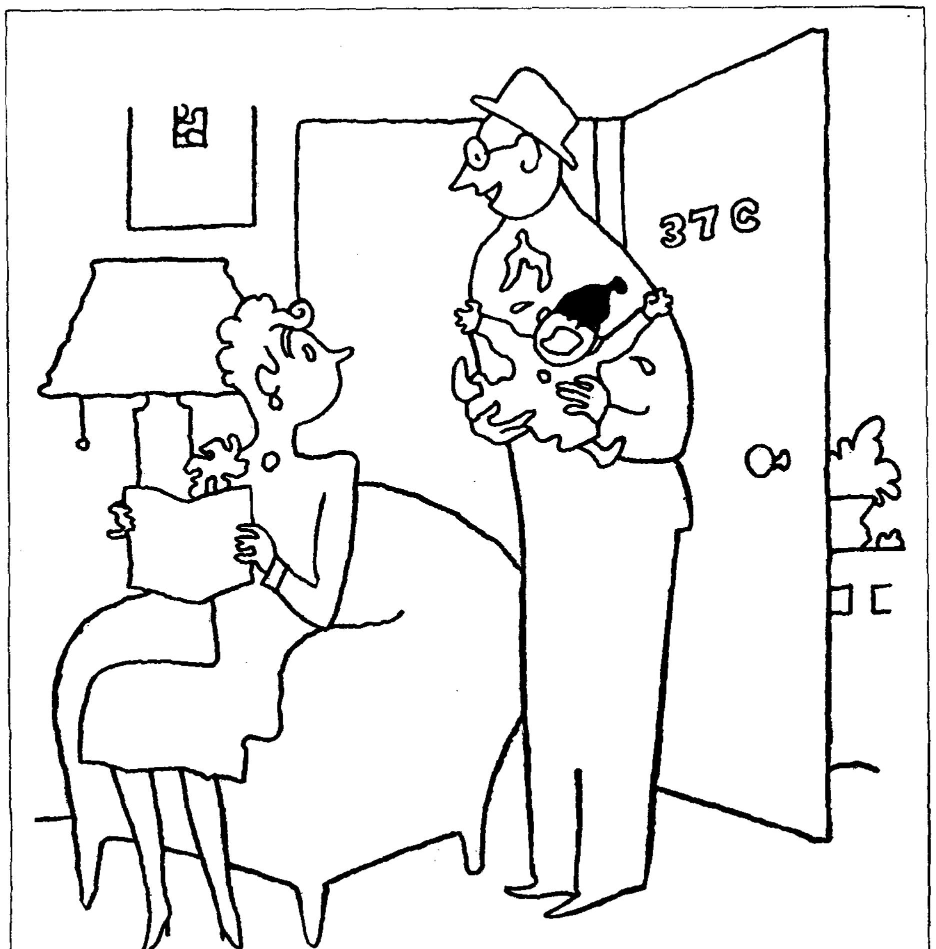
"Down the Paint to the Brule!" Jo-Gee said and tittered. "Nobody but a lumberjack'd think of that. How about me comin' too, Shawn?"

The girl laughed in her throat. She said, "The time's here?"

Michael grinned, painfully, trying not to move his lips. "Not quite," he admitted. "Jo-Gee can take care of fiddlin' the weddin'; but the kissing I'll have to set by until my mouth's in shape."

"Until that time," she said, and came close with that easy walk of hers with the promise of wildness in it, "I'll take care of the kissing."

THE END



"I've never seen the bus so crowded! I started out with a brief case and a pound of peanut brittle—and look what I ended up with!"

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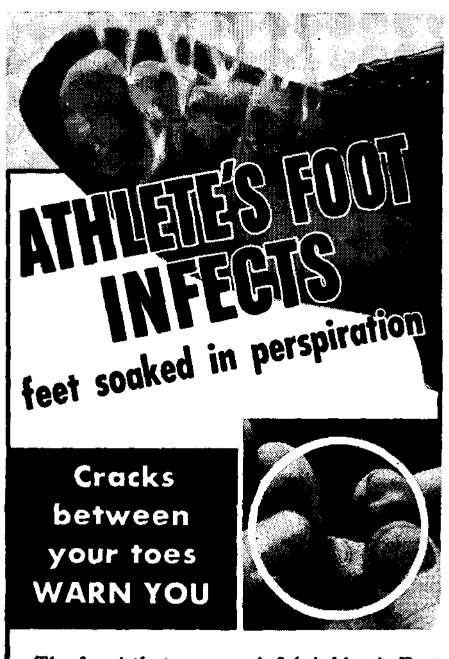
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INFECTS
feet soaked in perspiration
Cracks between your toes WARN YOU

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2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
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4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201J Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

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QUICK-ACTING "BC" for HEADACHES

neuralgic and muscular pains

10¢
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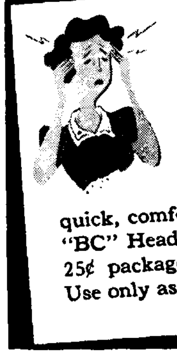


Headache tip to WOMEN

When that dull, headachy feeling adds misery to a trying day . . . and you want quick, comforting relief . . . try a "BC" Headache Powder. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 25

Alec was the only person she wanted to see tonight, the only person she could bear to talk to. Tomorrow she would find out where Mr. Hayes wanted her to report. But tonight she needed help.

The plane was refueling at a small port in Newfoundland when Pamela sent off her telegram to Alec and when it was gone her feeling of loneliness lifted. Now when the airship took off again, rising to its smooth high course, her thoughts flew in the same direction. Back to her work, back to her usefulness, back to someone who believed in her, who would help her adjust. If Alec had said all that to Kip in the beginning, he must never have believed that the marriage was right.

ALEC would love this flight, she said to herself. He has too little happiness. What was that Kip had said of him? That Alec liked to be loved as well as anyone.

She suddenly was ashamed of the drift of her mind and told herself not to be ridiculous. What was she doing, trying to compensate herself for having lost her lover?

The ship began to toss about and the light flashed on to tell them to fasten their seat belts. She strapped herself in and soon the passengers stopped trying to read or even to talk coherently, for they had run into a storm that lashed at the windows and seemed to be trying by every violence to rid the sky of this toy flying about in it.

"Not frightened, are you?" a man across called to Pamela.

She shook her head.

"It's just a squall. We'll run right through it."

"I don't mind it," she assured him.

Some of the other passengers did. Some were sick if not afraid, and for a few minutes they all had to be conscious of frailty, and height, and of the insolence with which they risked their lives against elements of nature.

"I wish I didn't know so much about these planes," grinned Pam's seat mate. "I suppose this makes you think of the man you spoke of when we hit weather like this."

"Yes," she said, her mind turning instantly to Kip and to the many storms he must weather in the course of his days. But she hadn't been thinking of him until she was reminded. She had been remembering that Alec had been afraid that she might not be safe, and that he had been worried because the flight was dangerous. Alec knew more about planes than this man beside her, almost certainly. He could take them apart and put them together. He believed in flying. And yet he had been almost frightened about her coming. That was dear of him.

If this plane should crash, she thought, Kip would not hear at once. But Alec would know tonight. She almost regretted those telegrams.

A drop of water fell on her hand. She touched it and looked up at the roof of the plane. Another drop. There was a leak somewhere.

The man beside her picked up a newspaper and spread it on her lap.

"It doesn't mean a thing. Some little break. Would you like to change seats?" he asked.

"Oh, no—it doesn't matter."

But she felt the eyes of the men noting those drops of water. The lights were dim against the black stormy sky outside. Every face was serious and every man seemed to be putting something in order mentally. We're very helpless, thought Pam.

The sound of the motors changed. There was less noise. She could feel the growing tenseness, the stillness, as if every man was obedient to the hush of danger or crisis.

The man across muttered, "Sounds as if two motors had failed—how old is this ship, do you know?"

"Old enough to weather this little blow."

The rain on her hand was cold. It would be cold and sudden if anything happened. A mess. But it wouldn't be long. It mustn't be. They would be terribly sorry she had come, and that she had tried to come back. Mother is used to living without me, thought Pam. She'll be all right. They'll all comfort her. Lucky Kip has Eve. Lucky I talked to her. I shouldn't have sent that word to Alec. It will be horrible for him. But he'll know at least that I wanted to see him, that—

"They can take a lot of punishment, these ships," said the man beside her. "I'm afraid you're getting pretty badly soaked—"

As he spoke, the plane lurched and the lights in the sockets went down to a hardly visible gleam. Somebody cursed and it sounded angry. Then to every strained ear there came a sound of louder motors, a reassuring, steadier roar.

Mrs. Scrooge, Housewife

Time was when I would file a can
Of peaches in the kitchen closet,
But nowadays I trust no man—
I keep it in the safe deposit.

MARGARET FISHBACK

"Well, what do you know—" breathed a man in relief.

"Sounds all right again. Good boys. You all right, Miss Neill? You certainly are a Trojan," the talkative man said.

"A wet Trojan," she said, "if any. But don't worry about me. I help make these things. I know what they're good for." Then she told him about Kip.

"Your aviator friend certainly built up your nerve," the man said. "Or was it always that way?"

"Don't let me fool you. I've been terrified."

"There wasn't a sign of it."

"That's where lipstick comes in, covering up the ashen lips," she laughed. It felt good to laugh, and suddenly she realized that for days she had been possessed by dread and then by a resolution that was grim, too. When she took her place in this airship, the world had seemed empty, as if she had poured everything she wanted out of it.

That wasn't true. She was alive and going back to her country and to her work, and instead of seeming a burden or a failure, living suddenly became a most prodigious piece of luck. It was an unexpected gift.

She must tell Alec all about this tonight. It was a long time since she had had a good talk with Alec. She felt it ahead of her like something welcoming and warm and happy.

THE blackness was changing outside. They had run through the storm. It was twilight and soon a white half moon was hung in the sky and below they could see a string of little villages, neatly set against the coast line.

"We'll be at La Guardia about on time. Lucky we land there instead of Baltimore," the man beside her said.

I won't keep Alec waiting, thought Pamela.

The plane seemed to move like a bird flying home. It was not long before it saw its harbor and circled down over it, coming down at last near the mooring and settling as if it deserved rest and praise. But the passengers took its competence for granted now and hurried off and away as fast as possible. In the waiting room at the terminal, where a long table was spread out with refreshments, the reporters and cameramen were watching for celebrities, strangers were identifying themselves, and relatives and friends were meeting with happy exclamations.

Pamela's eyes sorted out the crowd for Alec and found him almost at once, coming through the crowd toward her, his smile familiar, welcoming, already teasing her. He was thinner, she saw at once, but there was the same look of strength about his leanness that always made him noticeable, on the street, in his laboratory, on a dance floor. She was aware all at once of his natural power, his clarity and keenness, and that she was going to tell him that Kip had found a girl he wanted more than herself. Would Alec think less of her for that? Had he guessed all along? Did he think her telegram had been an effort to get hold of him now or to plead a case for herself? Had he met her because he wanted to come or because she had practically demanded it?

"Hello, bird-woman! How are you? Aren't you back ahead of schedule?"

"I was called back. Ordered back. Something big seems to be breaking in Washington. I thought maybe you might know something about it."

"Not a thing until I got your telegram. I hoped maybe you couldn't live without me."

"It was hard but I managed fairly well. But nothing went according to plan—"

"Did you see Kip?"

"Oh, yes—"

"How is he?"

"He looks marvelous!"

SOMEONE interrupted: "Pardon me, is this Miss Neill? I'm from the Associated Press. Can we get a picture, Miss Neill? And a few comments on England?"

"Oh, please"—she made a face in Alec's direction—"should I?"

"You've got a public now, my girl," said Alec. "Don't be coy."

He watched them take the picture he would not need to see to remember how she looked tonight. He knew that daring lift of her chin, the open friendliness of her glance, the way her hair grew, the shape of the slim body that was so girlish and yet like that of no other girl. Alec knew that he had been a fool during the last hour. He should have known better than to take that telegram seriously, and to imagine that she was eager to see him personally, that perhaps she and Kip had called everything off for some reason and Pam was turning back to him.

She had only sent the message for fun or excitement. Perhaps she had sent other messages, to celebrate whatever this new thing was which had called her back. It must be something that Hayes was cooking up. So Hayes couldn't stand it to have her out of reach. He was losing his head. Pam shouldn't fall for that sort of thing. Or was the publicity and glamor getting her, too?

She was handling those publicity men as if she had done it all her life, saying goodby to them with a pretty gratitude.

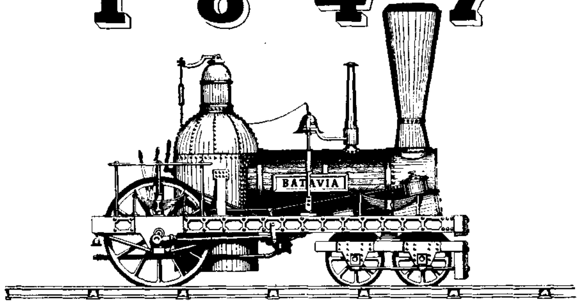
"Sorry to hold you up, Alec."

"That's all right. What can I do for you?"

"I'll have to go through the customs,

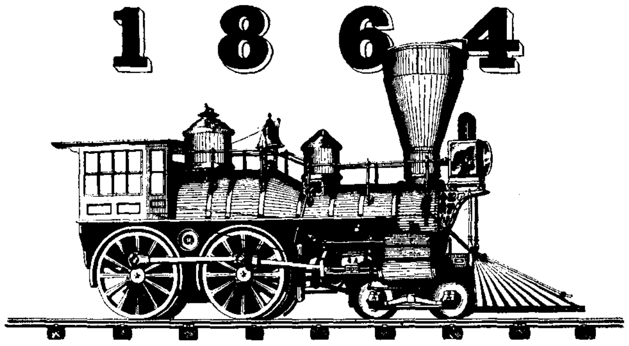
THEY SERVED IN 5 WARS
on the Water Level Route

1847



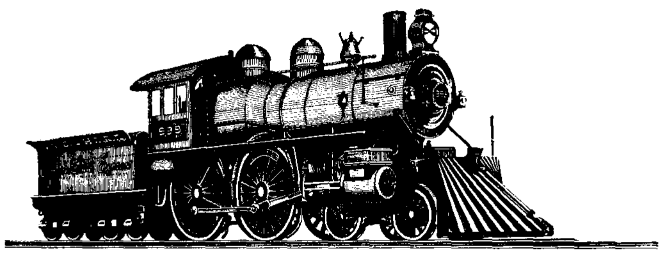
The little, cabless "Batavia" puffed along wood-and-strapiron rails . . . rails that led through the level Mohawk Valley to join the Great Lakes and the Hudson River. The Mexican War seemed far away. And only an occasional soldier "took the cars" over this pioneer link in New York Central's Water Level Route.

1864



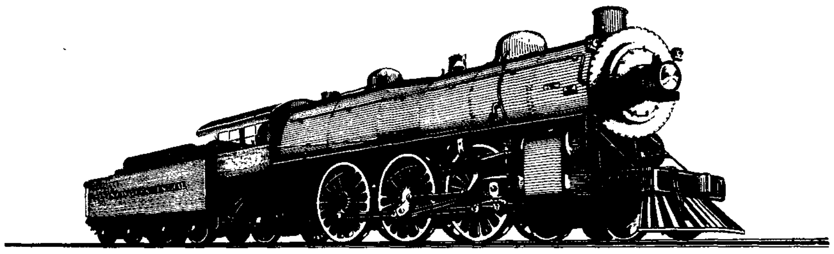
This time, the Water Level Route was at war in earnest. New locomotives, burning coal instead of wood, hauled food from the West for Grant's army. And at the old mines and foundries in the Hudson Highlands, flatcars loaded armor for the Union fleet of iron-clad Monitors . . . dreadnaughts of their day.

1898



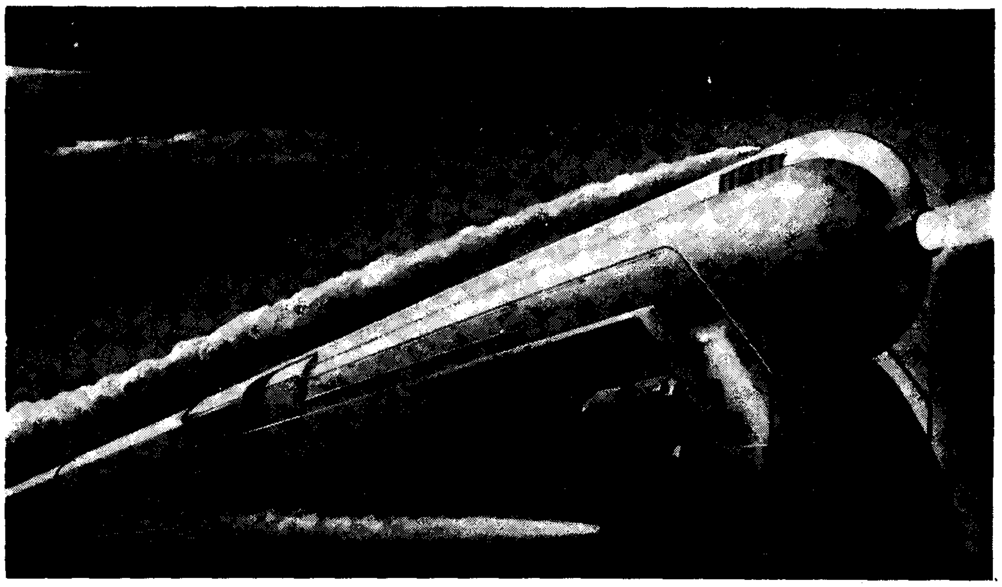
The Spanish War. Cowboys shouting, "Remember the Maine!" raced east to join Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They got the first thrill of their great adventure when they boarded the Empire State Express . . . made famous by Engine 999, then holder of the world's speed record, 112½ miles an hour!

1917



Behind the big Pacifics, troop trains were rolling again over New York Central. This time they carried men by the hundreds of thousands . . . men who sang "The Yanks Are Coming" and "K-K-K-Katie!" . . . men whose four-mile-an-hour tanks and fragile, fabric-winged planes were then the world's deadliest weapons.

1943 Today, more than ever, the Water Level Route is an American lifeline. For in this total war, it's not only the trainloads of men and weapons that spell Victory. It's the 70-car oil trains, roaring America's answer to the U-Boats. It's the mile-long food trains, thundering eastward to load the convoys and feed the war plant workers. It's the passenger trains . . . shouldering much of the highway load . . . maintaining civilian mobility so vital to the war effort.



The 125,000 men and women of New York Central . . . like all who serve in America's vast transportation army from coast to coast . . . are dedicated to Victory. They're getting the war traffic through . . . despite storm and flood . . . despite even the war-born shortage of new equipment. Daily they're devising short cuts, and operating efficiencies. And when Victory's won, they'll draw upon these wartime lessons to provide still finer rail transport for the America of tomorrow!

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE—AN AMERICAN LIFELINE

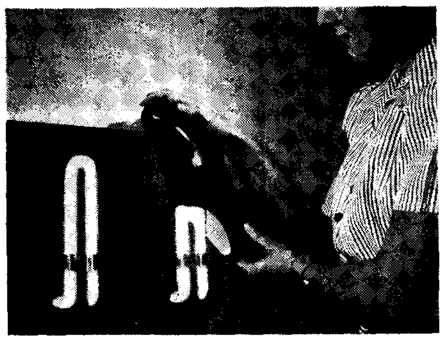
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

INVEST IN VICTORY—BUY WAR BONDS

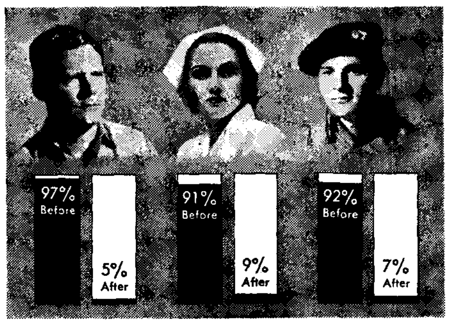
KEEP
AMERICA
MARCHING
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIROPODISTS

NEW SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT HELPS KEEP AMERICA MARCHING

EVERY American should keep his *feet* in most perfect condition, to keep working and marching to victory. *But* over 70% of adults, including war workers, are infected with *Athlete's Foot*, at some time each year. Fortunately a new fungicidal powder—*Quinsana*—is scoring great successes against the disease. Quinsana action is based on knowledge that the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot cannot live under definitely *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings, as well as on feet, creating a vicious circle of *re-infection*.

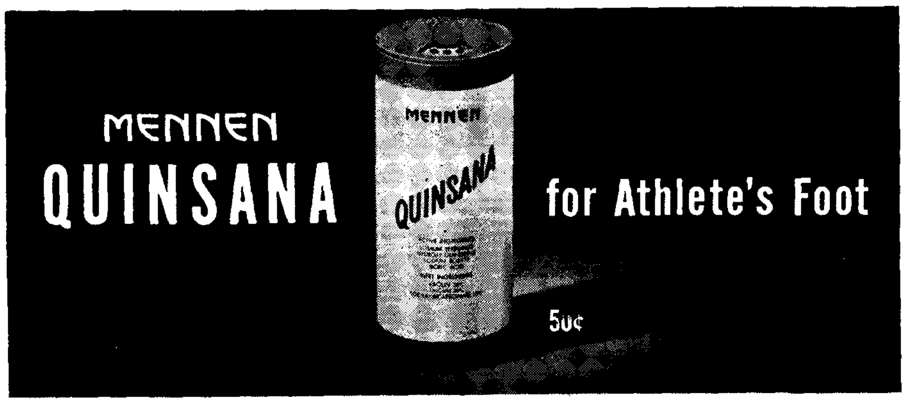


ABSENTEEISM due to Athlete's Foot is fought by war plants. Some use rays of powerful Westinghouse Sterilamp to combat re-infection from fungi in shoes. You can't do that at home, but you can use Quinsana in *shoes* (absorbs moisture, reducing chances of re-infection); use also on feet. Watch for usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot—chronic peeling between toes, cracks, soggy skin, itching. Even mild cases may suddenly become serious.



AMAZING SUCCESS among thousands of persons is shown above; note incidence of Athlete's Foot before *(left)* and after *(right)* 30-days *Quinsana treatment. Quinsana is also excellent* for excessive perspiration, foot odor.

2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana should be used daily to help *prevent* and relieve Athlete's Foot. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana regularly). Quinsana is fungicidal, bactericidal, non-irritating, absorbent. *Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*



but I'll leave my material there and come back later for it."

"Shall I nail one of these taxis for you? Are you going back to your apartment?"

"I can't. It's rented for six weeks. I thought I'd go to a hotel."

"That was a smart telegram," he said. "I gathered it meant you were arriving, not necessarily dining at La Belle Meunière."

"You're not supposed to mention arrival. It was my personal code. No, I haven't any special plans except to get organized for tomorrow. I suppose I should let Mr. Hayes know I'm here. He was the one who sent for me. Is he in New York, do you know?"

"If he is, he's at the Waldorf."

"Then I'll go there, I think. For a few days anyway until I see what's happening."

"Is that sense?"

"Sense? Why not?"

"You should know."

"Oh, don't be stuffy, Alec," she said. "Wait just a minute until I get these things through customs."

HE WAS very cool when she came back. Very much under control now and so was she.

"I've probably broken up your evening," she said, "with my silly telegram."

"You have not."

"Didn't you have a date?"

"Nothing that won't keep till later on. Till I get you settled."

Her admirer on the plane went past them. He stopped to shake hands once more.

"I've enjoyed meeting you, Miss Neill. Give my respects to the aviator friend."

So she had told him about Kip, thought Alec. I suppose she is proud of him.

"So Kip is fine?" Alec asked. "This war is just pie for him."

"Pie à la mode," she said, "and everyone makes a fuss over him. He took me down to Eve Kennedy's house. He knows his way about over there."

"He didn't want you to come back, I suppose."

"Well, we had some time together. All that week end—it was something. It was enough."

They were waiting for a cab now. They were in one, and nothing right was being said.

"Look, Alec, where are you going?"

"I'll take you to the hotel."

"No—that's crazy, if you have a date. You were grand to waste so much time coming down. But I have to unpack and get adjusted."

And call Hayes, he thought.

"Where were you going?"

"Drop me off at Park and Sixtieth, then," he said.

"All right." She knew what that address meant. That was close to where Jinx lived. How could he go there tonight, when Pam wanted so much to talk to him?

Perhaps he'd told Jinx that he'd be there as soon as he could get rid of this obligation.

"Are you glad you went to England, Pam?"

"I couldn't be more glad."

"Nothing went wrong?"

"No—everything worked out beautifully."

He thought: This coming back is a letdown for her. But he was glad. She was safe, anyhow, back, out of the sky. That was something. Why couldn't he talk?

"Here you are. This is the right corner," Pam told him.

"This is it."

"See you at the plant. And thanks a million times for coming down to meet me."

"It was an honor to be in at the show. See you in the papers."

He had left her alone. That was all she felt for a minute and then suddenly she was mortally tired, dizzy from motion, as frightened as if the storm were beating around her again. The pain she had fought back and covered up was all loosed and there was no one to shield her from it, no one to share it. Kip's desertion, his lack of need of her, the strange dramatic changes of place and outlook, the noise of the factory machines, the meeting with Alec that had been no meeting, the entrance into the strange hotel ahead all bore down on her. The cab swung through streets that she didn't know, scurried across town and down through the cautious dim lights of Park Avenue.

"Just the two bags," she said to the doorman as she discovered that Alec had paid the driver so generously that he wouldn't take anything more. She went quickly through to the desk, and registered. Her face appeared in a mirror beside her. It was pale—ugly, she thought, even as a man stared back at her admiringly. She took the room the clerk offered without question and only when the bellboy was gone and the door locked did she release her thoughts.

Why had she taken it for granted that Alec would want to spend the evening with her? Why did she think that men cared for her when they didn't? Not that Alec had ever cared as Kip had once thought he did. But Alec had been a close friend, my very best friend, she thought. She had believed one night that he might be falling in love with her. I'm that kind of girl, she thought, torturing herself. There are girls who are always believing that men are in love with them and the men have to break away.

Was Alec in love with Jinx? Not Jinx—she wasn't good enough for him. Jinx had no mind, never an impersonal thought. She was nothing but a beautiful body and a good dancer. But you don't know what men like, she told herself cruelly. They don't know themselves until they get the right girl. Not Jinx for Alec. He'd never be happy. Or would he? What was that Kip had said about him? "Alec likes a little love as well as anyone."

What had he said about Jinx? "It takes a man to appreciate Jinx."

PAMELA lay there for a little while, flung against the green silk coverlet of the bed, tired as she had never been before, knowing that sooner or later she must lift herself out of her weariness and *do it alone.* But later would be time enough. Not now. Every move and every thought was a hurt.

The telephone was ringing but the call couldn't be for her. No one knew she was here except Alec. And he wouldn't be calling. Or perhaps he might, if he hadn't found Jinx at home. I'll not see him now, she thought, not tonight.

"Hello."

"There you are, Mr. Hayes," said the operator.

"Hello," said Jerome Hayes. "Well, what do you know? I had a hunch when I found out that you were on that clipper that you might come here to the hotel. Alec said your flat was let. I thought you'd want to hear what was going on and why you were brought back. How are you? Pretty tired?"

"Not very."

"I went down to the airport but all the clipper passengers had gone by the time I got there. Couldn't make it on time. I ran into the captain. I hear you had a touch of bad weather."

"A little. It wasn't so bad."

"You were the only woman on board, the captain said, and very game."

"I really didn't mind it."

"You wouldn't tell if you did. And how's England? Did you get a chance to see everything?"

"It was marvelous."

"I suppose you're too tired to talk things over tonight."

She hesitated.

"I know you must be," he said.

"No, I'm really not. I'd like half an hour to get organized."

"It's a free evening for me—that's why, if you could, we could go over things right off."

"Of course I can."

"Where shall I meet you?"

"Anywhere you say."

"Would you come up to my apartment? I'm not in the same one. This is very pleasant."

"Yes."

With a doubt in his tone he said, "You don't mind coming up? My wife's gone west. The heat was a bit too much for her. I mean, if you'd rather, we could go down to the Wedgwood Room."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Can I order you something to eat or drink?"

"I'm hungry, I think."

"Good. I'll take care of that. In half an hour?"

"I'll be there."

HE HAD taken care of everything. The supper was ready when she went in, with a flame bubbling under a chafing dish. He had prepared even his manner with obvious care and dignity, and the papers laid out on his desk indicated that this was conference and not a rendezvous.

"So you're back safe," he said, but as his eyes traveled over her they became grave and concerned.

"Why, they've taken pounds off you in this short time!" he exclaimed. "And you didn't have any too much to lose in the first place."

"Do I look awful?"

"You look—beautiful," said Hayes, "even more beautiful. But you're so thin. What have they been doing to you?"

"Nothing. I've been busy."

"Sit down," he said almost tenderly, "just rest a bit. We can talk later after you've had something to eat."

She felt a little choking in her throat. "You're much too good to me, Mr. Hayes."

"I'm not good to you. You need a little care taken of you. But that 'Mr. Hayes' sounds terribly stiff. For a friend. Don't you think, considering that everyone else does it, you could try my first name? Or am I too old?"

"Why, you're not old. You're just important. You should hear what they say of you over there. Everyone's so curious about what you're like and everyone knows what you are doing."

"Don't butter me up now."

"I don't use butter "

"Tell me about yourself. That's what I want to hear."

"I did cover a good deal of ground in the time I had. I've dozens of notes on things they do that we could try over here. And they told me what worked out and what didn't. It really will be very useful."

"I knew you'd go to town. And come back with the goods. Now let me tell you what's up. This woman stuff has come off the social page right onto the front one. There's going to be a manpower conference in Washington next week and manpower means womanpower these days. I thought you should sit in on it. You're just back from the other side and that fact lends weight to what you've done over here."

"I haven't had a great deal of experience, Jerome."

"You've had enough. The thing is that we don't want a lot of old-timers messing around. In one way, experience is a deterrent. Sets people in their ways. Young people are going on these jobs and what's needed are young people in key spots. Now I don't anticipate that you'd have to give up your job at Metallo. This other work ought to feed right into it. But we'll get you an assistant and expand the Metallo job and use it as demonstration and proof of what can be done, just exactly as we're doing with Fraser's work. Does Alec know you're back, by the way?"

"Yes. I let him know." She said it coolly. "How's he getting on?"

"Seems to be fine. He works too hard."

"He knows how to have fun, too."

"I guess so. I've seen him sometimes with that Jinx girl, dancing. He needs relaxation. But about this setup for you, I can't promise that anything definite will come out of it. What it amounts to is a chance to meet some of the biggest people in production and to see policy being made. Maybe you'll have a hand in making it. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, I would." She tried to make the words ring with enthusiasm. It was a wonderful chance and she knew it. Tomorrow she could appreciate it. Tonight nothing seemed to lift her or to energize her.

"I'll do my best. I can learn anyway, and I'll try to justify what you're doing for me."

"Don't bother about that," said Hayes. "You've opened my eyes to a lot of things without your knowing it. You've changed my views in a lot of ways. Not by arguing. Just by what you've done. By what you are."

"Are you buttering me up now?"

He laughed. "I guess there are plenty of other fellows to do that better than I can. Tell me—did you see the boy friend while you were over there?"

"Kip—yes, I saw him." She brightened her voice deliberately.

"How is he getting on?"

"He looks wonderful."

"Is he mixed up in these big raids?"

"He couldn't tell me so. But I'm sure he is."

"Where did you see him? In London?"

"Yes, and then we went down into the country. It was the week end and I didn't have any appointments."

"You didn't come back married, by any chance?"

"No."

"I thought maybe you would. It was one reason why I hesitated over that cable. But I knew you'd figure out the thing to do."

Be honest, she told herself. Don't cheat him. He's been too good to you.

"I'm not going to marry Kip," she said.

IT WAS harder to say than she had thought. Hayes was staring at her quietly, his brows knit. So that fellow had let her down. He had suspected something like that might happen from the time he had heard that Kip had been held in Baltimore and hadn't tried to contact her. No wonder she was thin. She'd gone over unexpectedly and found Galloway up to some didos. Living with some girl, maybe. A man like that aviator, sure of nothing, took things as they came along. Maybe he had to. But what a fool he was!

"That's too bad. Maybe—"

"There's no maybe."

"It's hard on him," he said with a little question.

"No—it's better. It wasn't a quarrel, you see. He likes me all right. We didn't actually break up. But I just know I'm not going to marry him. He'll know, after a while."

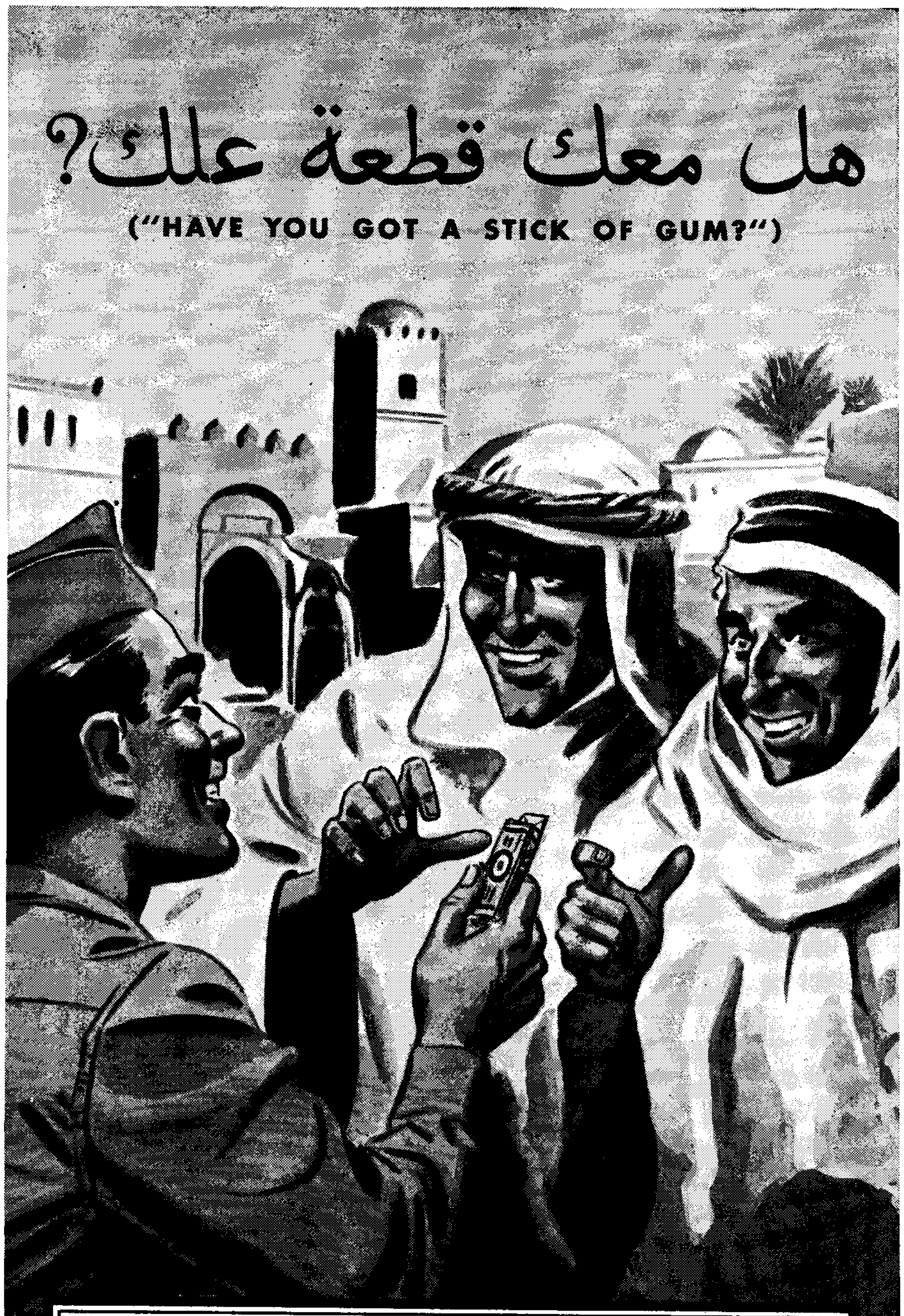
"Sometimes we're well out of these things," said Hayes after a long minute. "He's a handsome fellow but from the one time I saw him I didn't think he was good enough for you."

"Oh, good enough—" she said mockingly.

Hayes said very soberly, "It would be hard for a man to be good enough, Pamela."

She felt the tears start in her eyes. She had needed to have someone want her. Kip didn't. Nor did Alec.

(To be concluded next week)

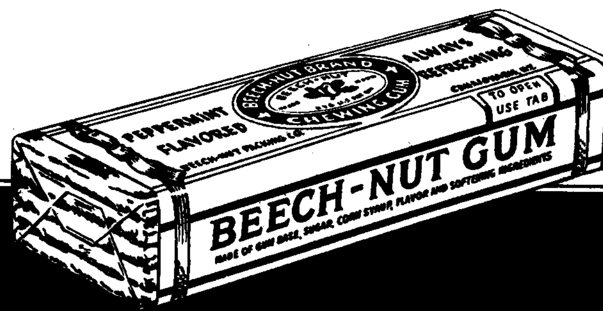

هل معك قطعة علك؟
("HAVE YOU GOT A STICK OF GUM?")

AN OLD FAVORITE MAKES NEW FRIENDS!

Yes...in the Arabic language, too, there is a way to say, *"Have you got a stick of gum?"* America's fighting men in North Africa are hearing it every day! And answering, "Sure!"

Because everywhere they go, the Yanks are discovering that a simple friendly gesture like sharing a package of delicious Beech-Nut Gum is a real help in winning the confidence and good will of natives in foreign lands. For it means, "We're your friends," in a language everybody understands.

Not only that... the men in the Armed Forces enjoy the refreshing goodness of Beech-Nut Gum themselves, too. And because their needs come first of all, at times *you* may not be able to buy all you want at home.



Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

FIGURE IT OUT

By Judith Chase

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

Here's a handful of formulas—some are old almanackia, some tricks of the trade, some just plain tricky and some are good solid common sense. We won't promise that they'll make you get rich, but we wager you'll find them useful some time

How Deep Should You Plant Your Seeds?

Don't turn your Victory Garden into defeat this year. Food's too precious. Here's a good general rule for planting:

Measure the thickness of the seed you're planting. Multiply it by four. Plant the seed in a hole as deep as the answer.

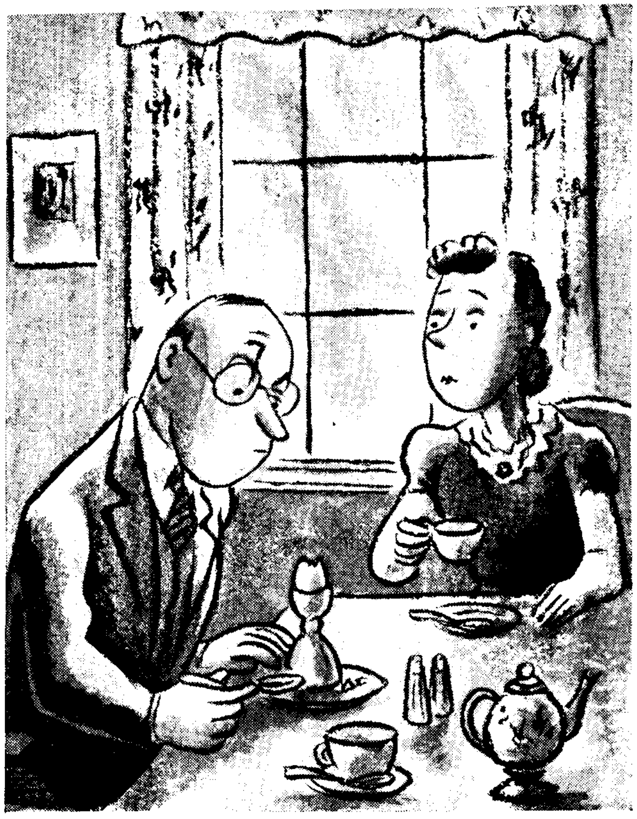
How Long Have You Got to Live?

Here's a way to find out how many more years you've got coming to you, according to your normal life expectancy:

Subtract your age from 80 and multiply the difference by 7/10.

Planning to Paint a Room? Here's How Much Paint You'll Need:

Multiply the width of each wall by its height. Add them together and divide by 600. The answer will be the number of gallons you'll need for 1 coat of inside paint.



How Old is the Egg You're Having for Breakfast?

Here's an experiment with eggs and geometric angles. Better to find out whether your egg's fresh before you eat it, than afterward. Put your egg in a solution of $\frac{1}{3}$ cooking salt and $\frac{2}{3}$ rain or distilled water and you can tell its age this way:

If the egg's fresh (1 to 36 hours old)—It will lie horizontally in the bottom of the pan.

If it's from 2 to 3 days old—It also sinks—but just below the surface of the solution, with larger end rising slightly.

If it's from 4 to 5 days old—There's more tendency of the larger end to rise.

End of the 5th day—The long axis of the egg (imaginary line drawn through the center lengthwise) will stand at an angle of 20° from the horizontal.

End of the 8th day—The egg's angle is about 45°.

End of 14th day—Egg's angle is about 60°.

End of 21st day—Egg's angle is about 75°.

Four weeks old—The egg will stand at a right angle (small end down), from the bottom of the pan.

Planning a Victory Garden?

Here's how to figure out how many people your Victory Garden will supply with fresh and canned vegetables for a year (exclusive of potatoes):

Let L = Length of your garden plot in feet.
W = Its width in feet.
N = Number of people it will feed when correctly planted.

The Formula: $\frac{L \times W}{1{,}000} = N$

How to Find the Day of the Week on Which Any Date Falls:

What day were you born on? When will your next year's wedding anniversary fall? What day will Christmas be next year? Here's how to find out, according to mathemagic by Royal Vale Heath:

Take the last two digits of the year, add $\frac{1}{4}$ of this to it (disregarding any fractions). Add the month number from Table A. Add the day. Add the year number from Table B. Divide by 7. Look up the remainder on Table C and you'll have the day.

Table A—The Month	
January	add 1
February	add 4
March	add 4
April	add 0
May	add 2
June	add 5
July	add 0
August	add 3
September	add 6
October	add 1
November	add 4
December	add 6

Leap Year	
January	add 0
February	add 3

Table B—The Year	
1900 to 2000	add 0
1800 to 1900	add 2
(Sept. 14) 1752 to 1800	add 4
1700 to 1752 (Sept. 2)	add 1
1600 to 1700	add 2

Add 1 for each century you go back.

Table C—The Day	
Sunday	1
Monday	2
Tuesday	3
Wednesday	[illegible]
Thursday	5
Friday	6
Saturday	0

Example: What day did August 4, 1856, fall on? Take the last two digits, 56. Take $\frac{1}{4}$ of this—14 (disregarding all fractions), add months, (Table A)—3, add day—4, add 1800-1900 (Table B)—2, Total is 79. Divide by 7 (no. of days in week)—11 + 2. Note this remainder on Table C and you will see it is Monday.

Suppose You're Lost During the Day, Could You Find Your Way?

If not, here's how:

If you can see the sun, hold your watch flat and poin your hour hand in the direction of the sun. Midwa between the hour hand and the 12 o'clock mark wil point due south, that is, if you live north of the equato

If you live south of the equator, point the 12 o'cloc mark toward the sun. North lies halfway between th 12 o'clock mark and the hour hand.

Note: If Daylight Saving is in operation, your hou hand is one hour ahead of true time, so correct for this

Suppose You're Lost at Night, Could You Find Your Way?

(They teach our soldiers this.)

If the night's clear enough, look up into the heaven for the Big Dipper, shaped like a giant ladle of stars. line through the two stars of the Dipper's end (Meral and Dubhe) point at the North Star (Polaris). If you liv north of the equator, this is true north.

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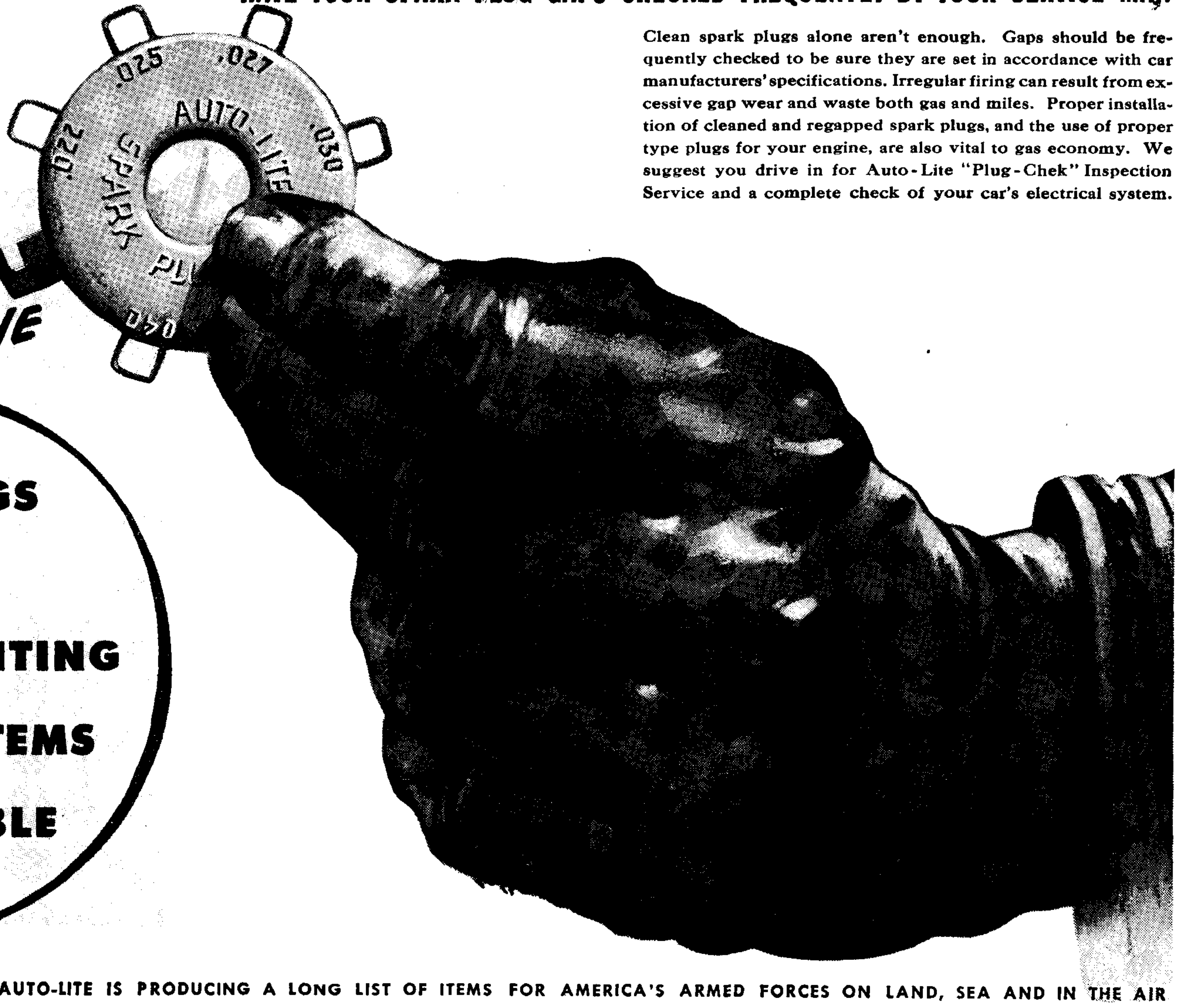

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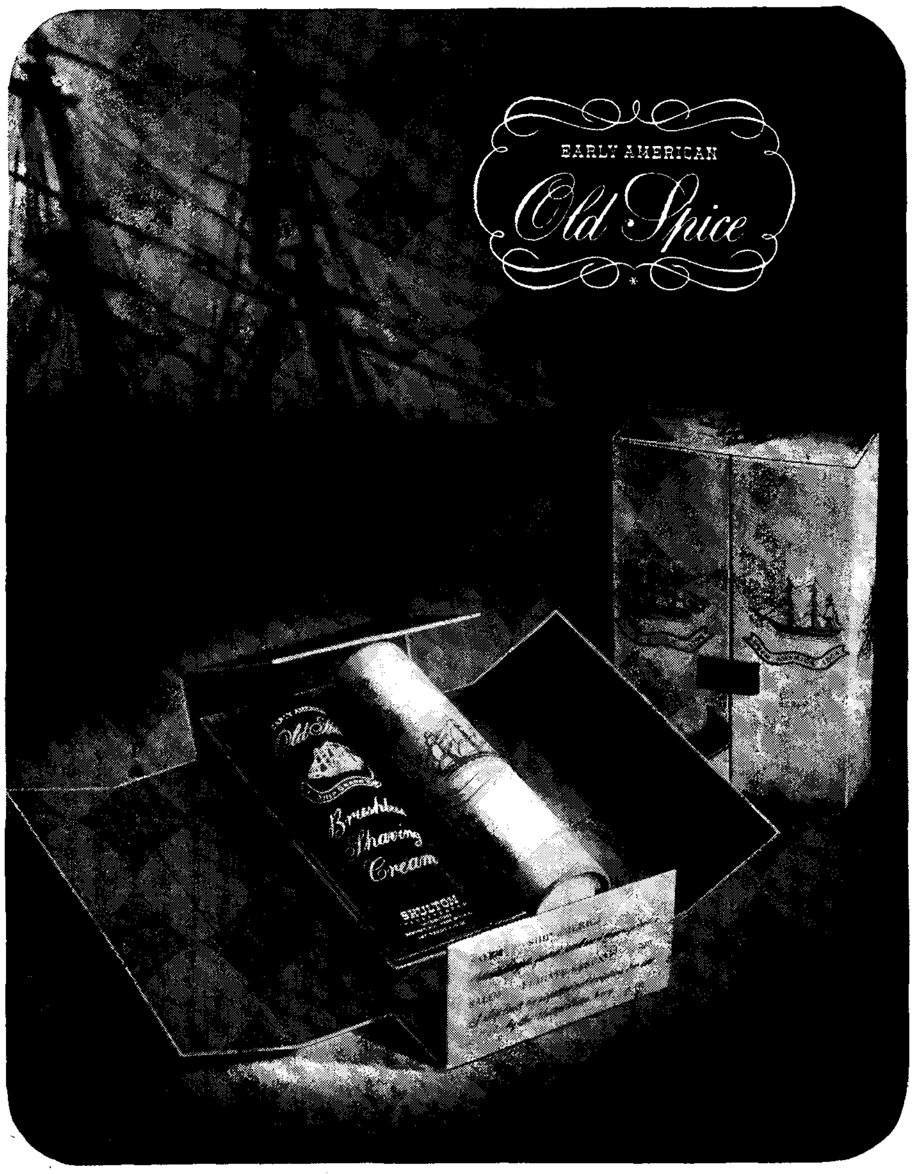

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Sweet and Low-Down

Continued from page 17

her. "Your voice is Dinah Shore, your personality is Maxine Sullivan, your delivery goes back to Helen Morgan. You're goulash."

He got to his feet in dismissal, but she stood up to him. Her chin slid out and her hands curled into fists at her sides. But the guard was down in her eyes. They were wet and woeful.

Three years ago Sandy had walked into this room with the same mixture of timidity and belligerence. He had listened to her, hired her, and after five months he had married her. Where was she now? Hollywood.

He went on patiently, ignoring the eyes: "Your voice is pitched too low. You have a tendency to flat. You crowd the tempo. Your phrasing is stilted. You have personality but it doesn't come out."

Her face looked thinner and her eyes went bleak. Her lower lip pushed out in a bud, making her childlike and appealing.

"You mean I'm corny?"

"Not corny enough."

Her eyes showed bewilderment.

"There is corn—and corn," Tod said. "Good corn makes the world go round. The best songs ever written are full of corn."

"I could change," she said, leaning a little toward him. "If you'd just give me a chance, I'd work for you. I'd really work."

HE KEPT his face straight, but he knew what was coming. *Help me! Teach me! Just give me a chance and I'll repay you with hard work. Undying loyalty.* The old familiar, treacherous words. They all said that. Sandy had said it.

He opened his mouth to say, "No," but what came out was: "Have you a white evening gown?"

He was surprised at himself and faintly angry. Suppose he taught this child all he knew, all the subtle, simple tricks, then what? Then she would forget loyalty and she would move on. She would use him and move on.

Eagerly she said: "I have a white evening gown."

"You'd do all right in white. But not to limousine."

He told himself he was crazy, he was leading with his chin, he was a sucker for helpless dames. Dames who looked young and vulnerable and woebegone. He said: "Rehearsal at five."

"I'm hired?"

"I'll see how you work with the band."

Her eyes lit up and that soft underlip trembled. "Thank you, Mr. Fenway," she said. "You won't be sorry."

"I will be," Tod said, "but don't let it worry you."

He dropped his head into his hands again. The ache was beating now like the kettledrums in a Sibelius overture.

"Are you ill?" she asked gently.

"Just a lousy headache."

"I'm so sorry," she said, as if she meant it, and Tod heard her tiptoe to the door.

He heard her high heels click briskly off down the hall, and then he heard them come clicking back. The door opened.

"Mr. Fenway," she said, "the rain's stopped. It's a nice crisp afternoon. Won't you come to my apartment? I know a cure for headaches—very strong hot tea with milk and sugar. Come on."

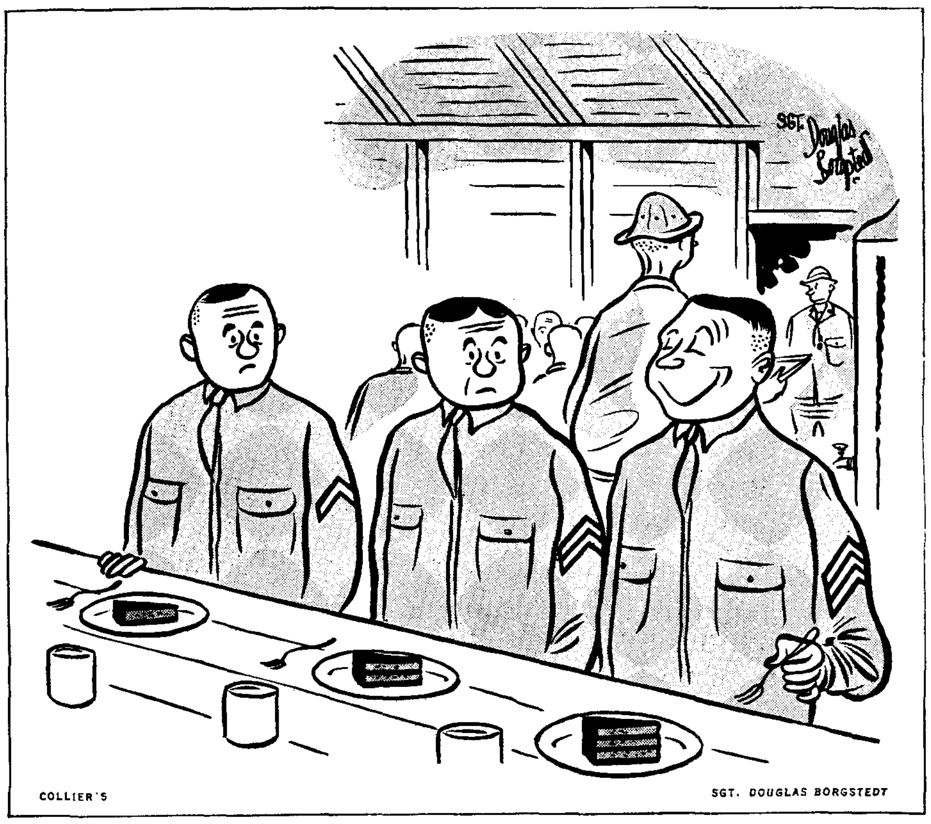
She had got her break, Tod told himself, and now she was being properly grateful and kind. But after Sandy, kindness grated. He looked up and suddenly he hated this child, hated her for her round young breasts and her curling brown hair and the triumph in her blue eyes.

He wanted to yell at her: "You little hypocrite—get out!" But she wasn't a hypocrite; she was just another little girl climbing a ladder and he was a rung in her career. So he squinted against the throb and said: "Tea? No harm trying."

His first look at her apartment proved once more how cheerless his own place was with Sandy gone. Then Coralee vanished into the kitchen, and her living room began breaking up into details. Tod scowled and shook his head. Each detail seemed to be Tod Fenway. His photograph stood in a silver frame on a mahogany tip table beside the piano. There were stills from his two pictures, rotogravure prints of him with and without band, portraits from Sunday supplements and fan magazines, and one large photograph in which he was smiling at someone who had been cut out.

He remembered that one very well. There were palm trees and breaking waves in the background. It had been taken at Waikiki on his honeymoon.

Coralee came back with a tray and he



COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

said: "Wouldn't you like a snapshot of me howling in my tub—aged three months?"

She lifted her chin in an odd way, looking him eye to eye. "Three months?" she said simply. "I'd adore it."

Tod laughed, but it hurt his head.

She eyed him gravely and said: "You'll find out one thing, Mr. Fenway—I'm not coy. I've been in love with you for years. It's silly, I know, but I can't help it."

He stared at her.

"Don't let it bother you," she said. "It's harmless—like the love of the beggar maid for the king who passed by in his golden coach. It won't hurt my work." She sat down crisply behind the low table. "Drink your tea while it's hot, Mr. Fenway."

She was corny, all right, Tod decided, but she was nice. A couple of years from now she'd know better than to give herself away. She'd grow up and grow claws, like all the rest of them. Like Sandy. But now she was naïve and honest and nice. Tod drank his tea and felt the muscles in his neck relax. Why hadn't anyone told him about tea?

Coralee was quick and willing, but Tod found her hard to teach. Obviously she adored him and she was eager to learn. But somehow her voice always slipped back to its lazy insinuating ways, and after a bit her delivery began to affect the band. Instead of good corn, some of the boys gave out with just corn.

Tod knew he should let her go, but somehow he couldn't. Maybe she'd never catch on, but what could you do when a girl admitted that she only wanted to sing in the Fenway manner because it kept her close to you. Of course, he wasn't in love with Coralee, although he would admit that she appealed to him, but she was naïve as ever about her own feelings.

"If you should ever fall in love with me," she said after a month, "and if you decided to do something drastic about it, like marrying me, the first question for me would be Home versus Career."

Tod grinned: "I know—a girl's career comes first."

"I'm not a career girl," she said indignantly. "You know that. I want a husband and a home and babies. It's what every normal girl wants, and I'm normal."

Tod laughed at her. Still, it got a little under his skin. He was almost 35, and one of these days the draft would scoop him in, but he'd thought about marriage and a couple of kids. It was something to look forward to.

"You aren't in love with me," Coralee said, "but someday maybe you will be. You go back to That Girl and I'll shoot you both."

Her frankness made him a bit uneasy, but it pleased him too. She was young and lovely and for all her boldness she had a strange quality of innocence. One day, if nothing happened, he would probably marry Coralee.

THEY were working over a new song the afternoon Sandy strode in on her long legs and said: "Hello, Tod."

When her rich sweet voice hit his ear he turned slowly to stare at her, and he was pleased. Not because she was still his idea of what a woman ought to look like, for all the faint shadows under her eyes and a new trace of tiredness around her mouth, but simply because he was glad to see her. That had worried him. He knew he'd have to meet her again sometime, and he'd been afraid that it would hurt.

He went over and titled her chin with a forefinger and kissed her lightly and said: "Honey, this is swell."

She smiled up at him: "I kept wondering if you were really as beautiful as I remembered you."

He laughed: "Tell me I ought to be in pictures." Then he said: "This is Coralee Sherman."

Sandy held out her long nervous hand: "I've heard you often on the air, Miss Sherman—it's a lovely voice."

Coralee was excited. Her blue eyes had a glint in them. "Thank you," she said. "I adored you in Tulip Time."

Tod looked from one of them to the other and wondered how two girls could be so alike and still so different. He tried to put a mental finger on the difference, but it eluded him. Maybe it was just that Sandy had more directness, more drive, that she was older and surer of what she wanted.

He asked: "What brings you to town—personal appearance?"

She shook her head and frowned.

"I'm supposed to be on vacation. I was going to New York to see the shows and buy a new hat. But Mark Bingham wired me to stop over here and wait for him."

"Poor dear," Tod said. "Pursued by producers."

"It's something about a new contract."

"You must be thrilled," said Coralee.

Sandy looked at her for a moment: "It will be your turn soon. Your coloring—your eyes—you're perfect for pictures. They'll be after you—Mark Bingham or someone like him." She paused, and asked: "Would you like to meet him?"

Coralee looked at Tod and he stepped in quickly: "Tell your Mark Bingham to take a long walk on a short dock—this little one stays with the band."

Sandy shrugged and shook out her yellow hair in a familiar tossing motion. "How *is* the band?"

"So-so."

"No headaches?" she asked quite casually.

"The usual quota." Tod met her eyes, saw a question in them, and evaded it. "We play our dates."

THAT shut her out, and Tod saw her put on her public personality, saw her become the Sandy Ruggles whose face had been on a thousand billboards. The gray eyes misted over with politeness and the smile on her good wide mouth went professional.

"I'll run along," she said. "You two want to work."

"Rehearsal at five," he told her lightly. "Stop back and give the boys a break."

"I'd love to," she said, and made an exit, lithe and jaunty.

Coralee's eyes stayed on the door after it had closed. "Tod . . ." She hesitated. "Tod, she's really something."

He sat down to the piano and rolled a chord in the bass. "Yeah—Sandy was always pretty wonderful." He caught up the melody with his right hand. "Come on—let's take another chorus."

The boys were glad to see her again, except Tom Corcoran, the tenor sax man, but Tom never seemed to like anyone, not even himself. She sang a couple of her old numbers, for Auld Lang Syne, and the band backed her up so that her voice stood out like an emerald on red velvet. This was it, Tod knew, this was Music With the Fenway Flair, music with a sort of shimmering nostalgia. She fitted in; she sang his way.

When she was through she thanked everyone, and turned to Tod: "That felt good."

"It sounded good," he said. "You've got all the old tricks and a couple of new ones. You're still way up there."

"Tod," she said quickly, "could you come out for my new picture? The studio bands don't help me here." She touched her heart, and then added: "I've spoken to Mark Bingham."

He shook his head. "Sorry, honey." He beckoned Coralee up to the bandstand. "Come on, sugar. We'll give Sweet And Simple another run through, and this time let's sell it."

The boys wouldn't give for Coralee—wouldn't or couldn't—and Tod wished Sandy would get out before she realized

the
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that when she went away she had taken some of his lift, some of his shimmer with her.

But next day he saw her having lunch with three of his men—Weary Wilson, the trombone; Biff Land, the drummer; and Niles Anderson, the best trumpet this side of Jericho. After work that night he saw her again, this time in a waffle shop, talking with his oboe man and two of his string section. It irritated Tod vaguely, but there was nothing he could do. He just hoped she'd get out of town.

Next day at noon his telephone jangled him out of bed and there she was again: "Tod, do me a favor."

He yawned and said: "Sure, honey—just name it."

"Bingham's due this afternoon. I want to talk to you before I see him. Drive me out to the lake—will you, Tod?"

TOD came wide awake. The lake had been their special place, a place overgrown with memories. There Sandy had pulled his head down one night and kissed him so hard she bruised his lips. He could walk blindfolded to the exact spot where he'd asked her to marry him. She'd laughed at him and teased him about taking so long to make up his mind. She'd known she loved him from the first; she knew she'd always love him. The lake was their place to be together, to talk to each other quietly, to settle all their problems.

Tod said: "The lake?"

"Yes—do you mind?"

He did, but he couldn't say so. He said: "I'll pick you up in half an hour."

While the electric razor buzzed around his chin, he tried to figure it out. Probably it was Mark Bingham and the new contract, but that didn't make sense. Sandy had always known more about fishhooks buried in fine print than he ever would, and when it came to money she had an uncanny instinct for what the traffic would bear. It must be Coralee; somehow Sandy must have a hunch about him and Coralee.

She was waiting for him, done up in something very Santa Monica and sporty which made her look loose and leggy. She got in beside him and when they were out on the road she pulled off her hat and let her yellow hair blow.

The lake hadn't changed. Sandy slid out of her door, threw back her thin square shoulders, took a breath and held it for a moment. Then she hooked an arm through Tod's and they went off down the hard-packed beach, their shoes crunching in the sand.

After a bit they sat on a rock and she said: "Can I still talk to you, Tod?"

"Why not?"

"Well . . ." She let it hang and then said briskly: "About the band, Tod—you know it stinks."

THAT caught him unawares, and he opened his mouth to protest, but suddenly he knew that she was right, that she was only saying something which had lain nagging in his mind for a long time. He watched a wave curl in and break. So he had lost the Fenway Flair.

"Yeah," he said. "It stinks."

"It's Tom Corcoran," she went on. "I've talked to some of the other men. Corcoran's got it in his head he ought to be running the band. He's bucking you. You'll have to fire him."

Tod set his teeth and waited.

"You can get Gus Romberg. He's a better sax than Corcoran, and the boys tell me he's free."

"I'm no good at firing people," Tod said.

"You'll learn," she said. "Because you're going to let your little Miss Sherman go too."

"Coralee?" Tod stared at her.

"She's worse for you than Corcoran."

Tod didn't know whether to laugh or get sore. Just who did Sandy think she was, dropping in from Hollywood for a couple of days and telling him off?

Sandy went on in her round firm voice: "Coralee isn't your dish, Tod. She's too sweet and low-down. She's a jump-band girl. She can't sing your way—and you've got the band off beat. You'll have to fire her."

"Fire her!" Tod bounced off the rock. "I'm going to marry her."

He stood over the yellow-headed girl, glaring down at her, wanting to give it to her straight just this once, wanting to tell her a few of the things that had been piling up on him since she sold out. But she wouldn't look at him; she kept staring out over the water.

"Tod," she said at last. "Why don't you grow up?"

"Why don't I—"

"She'll never marry you, Tod."

"She loves me."

"She's using you."

"Look!" He was shouting. "She's not like you. She doesn't want a career. She doesn't care about meeting heels like your Mark Bingham. What Coralee wants is me. Can you understand that? She wants to be where I am."

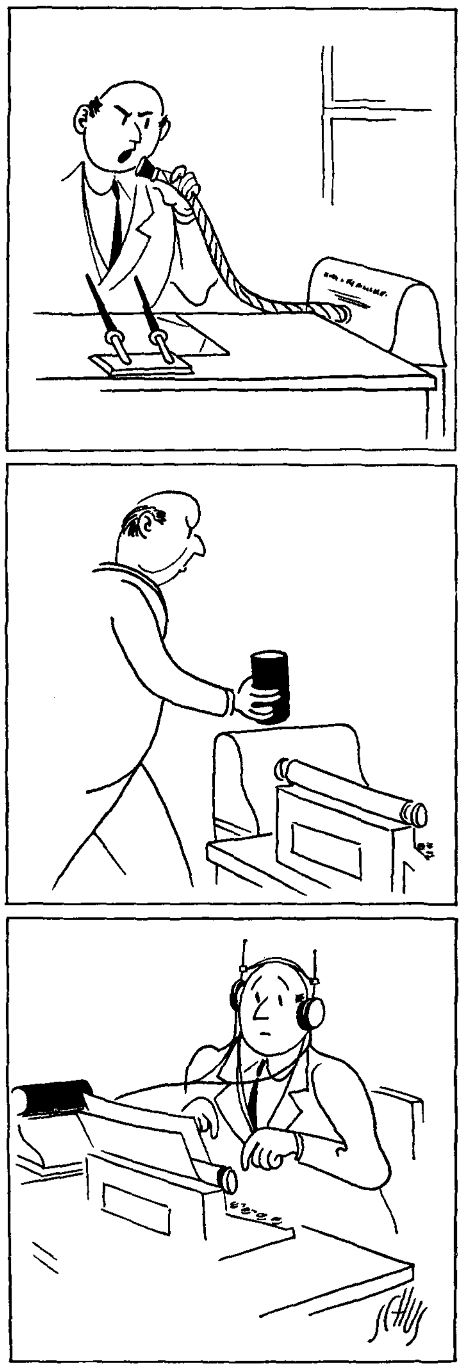
Now Sandy looked up. "I can understand a girl wanting to be where you are, Tod," she said gently. "But not Coralee."

He stood glaring down at her, but the words wouldn't come.

"Tod," she went on. "You're a sucker for women on the make."

"You ought to know," he said, and turned back up the beach. "Let's get out of here."

Tod stabbed the button outside Coralee's apartment and shined a shoe on his pants leg impatiently. Sandy was right, but Sandy was wrong. Now that he saw his mistake he could explain to Coralee and when she saw her mistake, they could pull together and get the jump out of her voice somehow. In no time he'd have the band giving off the old Fenway shimmer.



COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

The door opened suddenly and there she was, eyes blue and shining, underlip soft and coaxing, just as he wanted her. She stared at him a second, standing small and still.

Then she said: "I thought it was Sandy."

"The heck with Sandy," he said. "You and I have work to do." He pushed on by her, into the apartment.

"Tod—wait!" she called, and then he saw it.

IN THE silver frame on the mahogany tip table was an excellent likeness of Mark Bingham. Tod froze cold for a second and then turned slowly, searching the walls. He was surrounded by Mark Bingham. Pictures cut from fan magazines. Pictures from rotogravure sections. Everywhere. He walked over and picked up the silver frame and stared.

"Expensive," he said, and then read the inscription aloud: *'I'll hear you in my dreams. Best regards. Mark.'*" He managed a laugh. "Nice play on words. *I'll see you in my dreams.* A good tune." Coralee came across the room and he watched her. "Mark a friend of yours?"

"Sandy lent it to me," she said and didn't bat an eye.

Tod glanced around the room again. "A nice setup—but don't you ever try another act?"

"Why should I?" she asked.

He mimicked her soft, sultry voice: "You'll find out one thing, Mr. Bingham—I'm not coy. I've been in love with you for years. But don't let it bother you." He frowned and then laughed. "It's harmless—like the love of the beggar maid for the king who passed by in his golden coach."

"It's good corn," she said. "It gets them."

"Like shooting fish in a barrel," he said, and started out.

"Tod," she called after him. "You're a good guy, but you're a sucker for women."

He said, "Ouch!"

"You don't play for fun," she said. "I don't play for fun. No one plays for fun. It's every girl for herself, Tod. You ought to remember."

He stopped in the doorway long enough to wave to her. "I'll remember, sugar. Give my love to Mark Bingham." He shut the door fast.

He was so busy remembering that he didn't catch on for a while. It didn't even register when he saw Gus Romberg in Tom Corcoran's chair at rehearsal.

"Hi, boss," Gus said, but still it didn't take.

Then the band took off on Let's Call It Love and there was Sandy coming down the dance floor toward him, swaying a little from the hips, her yellow hair piled on top of her head, and her voice shimmering above the shimmer of the band, singing to him, singing to him with the Fenway flair. Then he caught on, but he still didn't believe it.

"Bingham. . . ." he said.

She finished the chorus, and said: "Coralee can have him."

"The new contract?"

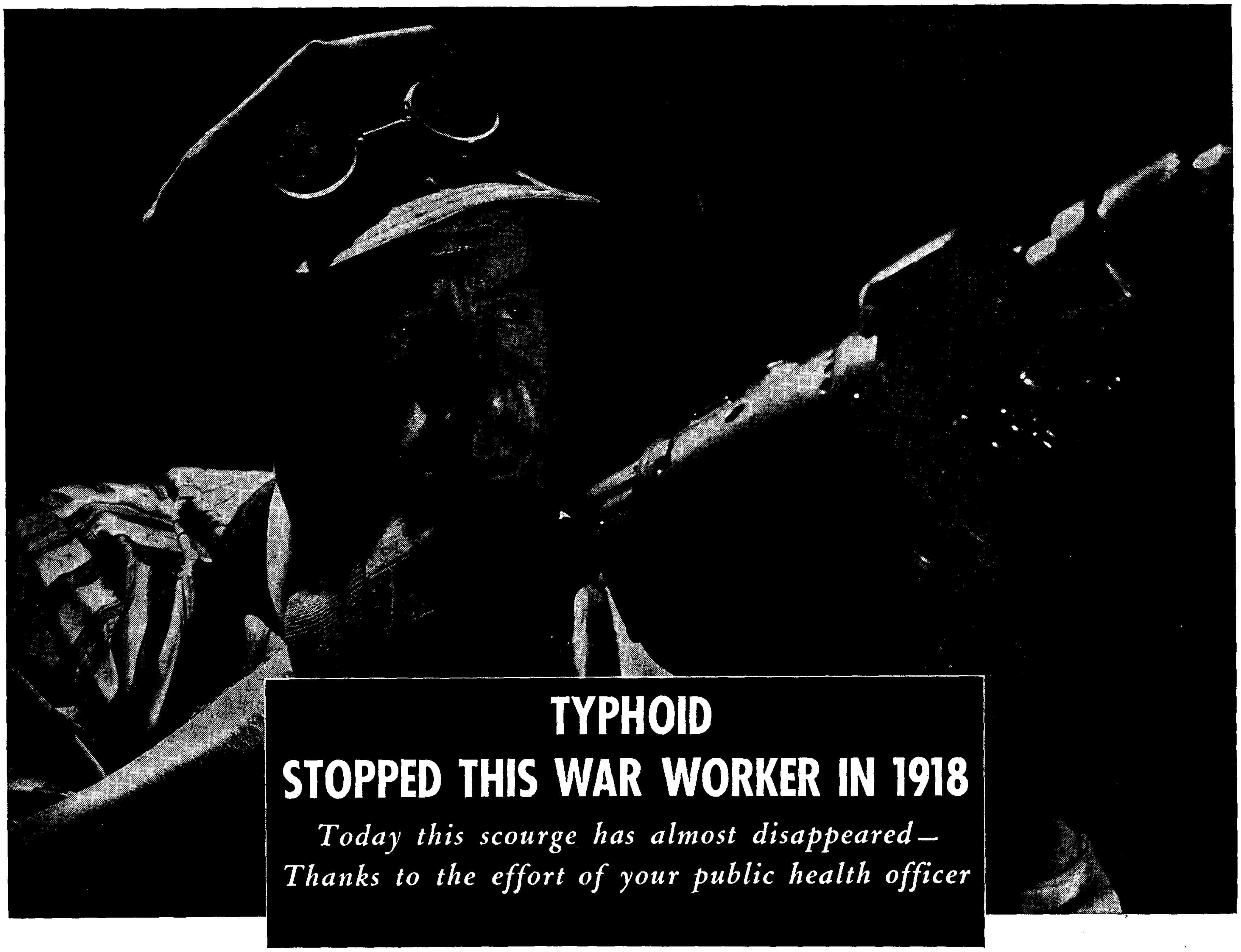
"He knows now that when I say no, I mean it."

"I'm a sucker for women," he said slowly. "It's every girl for herself."

"It's me for you," she said and touched her heart. "When I sing I need something here."

Tod kissed her quickly and shucked his coat. He picked up his stick and turned to the bandstand. "All right, boys," he said. "Let's get to work."

THE END



TYPHOID
STOPPED THIS WAR WORKER IN 1918

Today this scourge has almost disappeared—
Thanks to the effort of your public health officer

YOU don't hear much about typhoid today, do you? Yet twenty-five years ago, it was a common disease that hit almost every family. Today, cases of typhoid fever are extremely rare because the causes of the disease have been brought under control. Through the tireless efforts of the nation's public health officials, drinking water and other sources responsible for typhoid have been effectively policed.

* * *

Municipal water and milk supplies are safe not by accident but because local health officials have maintained close supervision over them, have seen to it that the purity of your water supply is properly safeguarded, that milk is pasteurized and bottled under sanitary conditions. One of the reasons why America is a stronger nation today, better able to defend itself, is that your Federal, State and local health officials have been on the job stamping out and controlling the spread of disease.

Now, as never before, it is important to keep well. Support the program of your public health officer—he is a key man in national defense.

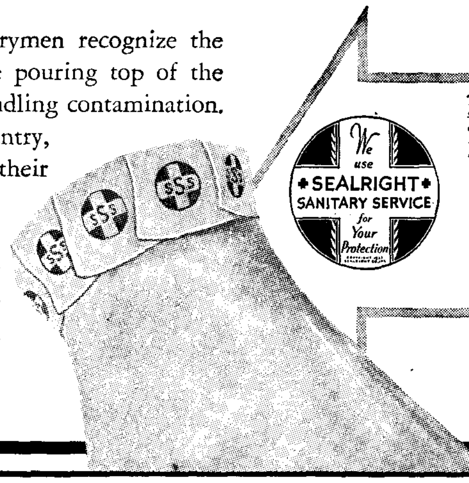
SEALRIGHT

SANITARY PAPER

MILK BOTTLE HOODS

SEALRIGHT CO., INC., FULTON, N. Y. • KANSAS CITY, KANSAS
SEALRIGHT PACIFIC, LTD., LOS ANGELES

Both health authorities and dairymen recognize the vital importance of keeping the pouring top of the milk bottle protected against handling contamination. That's why, in all parts of the country, public spirited dairies are sealing their bottles with Sealright's Sanitary Hood — a sterile-clean, tamper-proof paper closure which safeguards bottles during delivery—a precaution more important than ever, during wartime.



The S.S.S. insignia reproduced on the side pleats of the Sealright hood is the mark of Sealright Sanitary Service, which is also imprinted in the form of this emblem on Sealright containers.

Beware of the Black Market

Continued from page 16

greenhouse, like many other black-market abattoirs, was safely located in a rural area where there wasn't even a local regulation covering meat inspection.

There's a federal law now, stipulating a maximum penalty of ten years in the penitentiary and a $10,000 fine for selling livestock for slaughter without a U. S. license, or for slaughtering without a government permit, whether the meat goes through interstate commerce or not. But as long as there is big money in a racket, there will always be racketeers willing to take their chances, and there is money aplenty in bootleg meat. There is (and will continue to be) a minimum demand by every civilian in the country for half a pound of meat per week that he can't get under rationing. Roughly, that's three billion pounds a year—a palm-tingling prospect to the racket boys.

The ten-and-ten clause in the new federal meat laws, designed to protect the nation's pocketbook and its health, looks good enough on the books. The trouble is that the very medium that brought it about—the war—threatens to make it as ineffectual as was the liquor prohibition law. The manpower shortage is so acute that there aren't enough investigators to run down all the violations.

The Danger is in Bad Meat

The Department of Agriculture is authority for the admission that, up until April 1st, ten million pounds of meat were sold through black-market channels every weekday. Practically all of the meat originated in the great packing plants and came through perfectly legitimate channels until it fell into the hands of price-gouging bandits who distributed it. That's the stuff that is most likely to fall afoul of the government's slaughter-permit and licensing laws, but it's not the meat that concerns us. That was good meat, even though it was in the black market.

We're concerned with the rotten stuff of uncertain origin, an ounce of which can cripple or kill you, and which will be in more demand than ever if good meat gets scarcer in the black market. It originates in the communities where it is consumed. It is produced in comparatively small quantities, but a little of it goes a long way.

The full danger of bad meat manifests itself in the summer months. Ask any doctor what will happen to you if you eat a piece of beef or pork that has been lying in the July-August heat, with the flies getting at it, for a couple of days before the time is opportune to sneak it in to where it is to be sold. Before dwelling on the hazards to life and health, let's take a look at the mechanics of the problem.

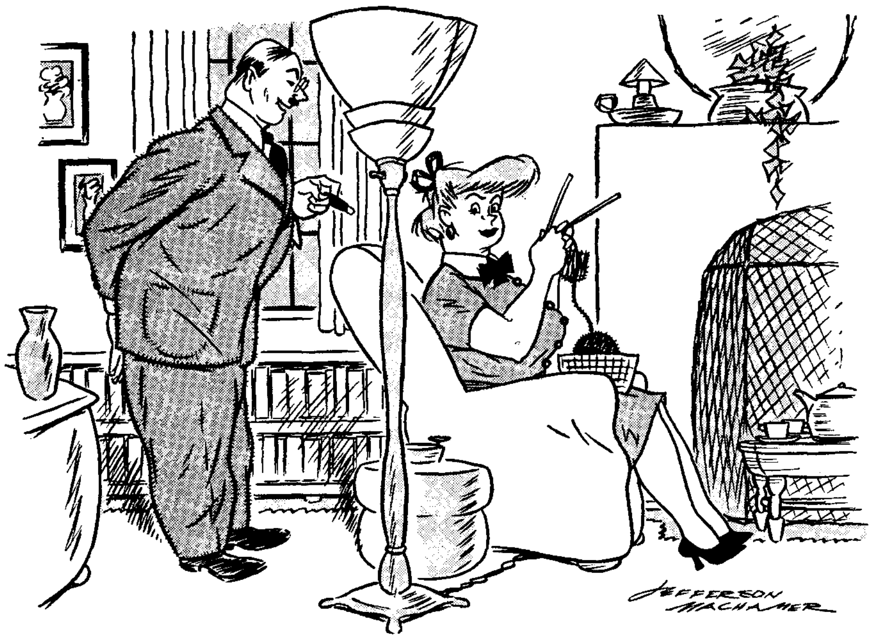
One day recently, inspectors of New York City's Department of Markets were posted along a main artery of travel leading into the metropolis from the upstate farmlands, their eyes peeled for suspicious-looking trucks. They stopped truck after truck—particularly the filthier-looking ones that might be used today to haul a pile of garbage and tomorrow a load of coal. Their efforts were finally rewarded when they looked inside one fugitive from a scrap heap and saw three tons of crudely dressed beef, en route to a butcher shop in the Bronx where it was to have been sold without benefit of inspection of any kind.

The beef had come down from Peekskill, not many gallons of gas distant, without the slightest attention to sanitation. It had just been tossed onto a layer of long-accumulated filth on the bottom of the truck, and some of the outer covering of fat was nearer black than white.

It so happened that, when the filth-covered fat was cut away and the meat itself subjected to analysis, all but a hundred pounds of it was found to be safe to eat. The hundred pounds branded unfit for human consumption was another story. One carcass had been slaughtered and dressed in a manure-stained barn. What would have happened to those who would have purchased that meat might have made a horror story that would have shocked the nation.

A certain type of small farmer, then (the little hand-to-mouth fellow with a dirty barn, a cow or two or a tiny, rat-infested piggery), is another factor in the diseased-meat picture. Many of these little fellows are sore because they're not cashing in on the war boom. They're not in soybeans, corn, wheat, canning crops or other big cash enterprises. But if they've got a single pig on the premises, they're a potential menace. Sooner or later, they may get an offer for the animal from a disreputable butcher—an offer they may find too good to turn down.

A little farmer doesn't need a government license to slaughter for his own consumption. So the pig goes off to the black market. If federal inspectors in the area, who are now counting livestock heads, miss the pig, the farmer can say his family ate it; and just one pig, handled under certain unsanitary conditions, can cripple or kill more than a hundred people. Up until recently, slaughtering has never been carried on surreptitiously. The danger lies in the haste and the conditions that are imposed by any unlawful activity.



"Gad, dear—tonight you remind me of when you were lovely!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Follow-up of the Slaughtered Hog

Now let us follow the pig, slaughtered without benefit of sanitation or inspection, to the butcher shop. The housewife is told that she should demand to see the inspection stamp and also the permit number of the slaughterer on the carcasses in her butcher shop. Here the unscrupulous butcher has two ways of defying the law. In the first place, it is impossible to cover every inch of every carcass with stamps. The fact that a steak or a pork chop doesn't actually have some purple lettering on the fat doesn't mean that it's a bootleg cut. An unscrupulous butcher, then, can insert his unsanitary chops and steaks in among the legitimate cuts. Trying to identify a steak from the carcass it's cut from would be something like trying to identify a toothpick from the tree where it originated. As for loose sausage and hamburger meat, nobody has yet figured out a way to stamp that.

Then there's outright counterfeiting of government stamps and permit numbers. It's a comparatively simple matter merely to reproduce a rubber stamp with some lettering and numerals on it. With about fifty-five million pounds of meat being sold to shoppers every weekday, inspectors obviously can't examine the authenticity of the purple markings on every carcass.

There has been considerable talk to the effect that gangsters, particularly the remnants of the Capone mob, have taken over black-market operations. It doesn't seem to be true. So far, the biggest dealers yet uncovered in the black market are small fry who have had some previous experience with meat. Straws in the wind, as to the desperate tactics to which greed-ridden men will resort, have come to the attention of the American Meat Institute from cattlemen's associations in Nevada, Texas and northeastern California.

Now let us see what health inspectors and doctors have to say about bad meat. In the first place, meat can be bad in varying degrees. It can be so putrefied and odorous that you couldn't get it past your nose; but that's not the kind of meat you stand a chance of running across in the black market. You are likely to find ordinary food intoxication, or food poisoning (which rarely causes death, but just knocks you out for a few days) in a nice sweet-smelling porterhouse, if the slaughtering has been done under unsanitary conditions, such as in a manure-stained barn.

At the most dangerous end of the disease scale, you stand an outside chance of picking up with black-market hamburger a classic malady known as allantiasis, which, medical records show, has been known actually to kill a person as quickly as cyanide of potassium. In between plain food intoxication and the thing called allantiasis is trichinosis. You needn't bother trying to pronounce the word for, if you get the disease, a complication around the larynx will probably prevent you from talking between the seventh and fourteenth days. And if you are one of the five out of every hundred who eventually die from it, you won't be talking anyway.

This trichinosis can be contracted from any meat, but pork is the chief product to watch out for. You're perfectly safe with the pork, as you are with all other meat, if you buy it through reputable butchers who deal only with legitimate packers or distributors. That's because the hogs they deal in have been fed on corn or peanuts, and the piggeries where the hogs come from have been carefully inspected for rats. Rats are carriers of the small worm that is the basis of trichinosis. In the Pittsburgh greenhouse, some of the pigs rooted about in pens alive with rats. Kitchen swill and uncooked garbage, which make up a large part of their diet, are also major sources of the trichinosis worm.

Now, without meaning to alarm you, let us see what happens when you eat a piece of sausage or a hamburger with these worms in it. The worms are so small that it takes a powerful microscope to detect them, and there are many thousands of them in each ounce of the kind of meat we're talking about. When they get to the human gastrointestinal tract, they thrive on their surroundings. They grow up in four days and raise families of their own. The children migrate to the blood stream, and from there to the voluntary muscles.

That's when you really begin to feel awful. Anywhere from ten days to six weeks may have passed since you ate the black-market hamburger, sausage or pork chop, and you wonder what's hit you. If you have strength enough to pick up a phone, it's wise to call a doctor. He can usually fix you up in a matter of weeks or months, unless you're one of the five out of a hundred who are going to die.

Tapeworm and Typhoid Fever

If, several days after eating a rare hamburger sold to you without benefit of a ration coupon, you begin to have abdominal discomfort, lose your appetite and become unexplainably depressed, your doctor may find it necessary to treat you for tapeworm.

Should you, a fortnight or so after sinking your teeth into a particularly juicy porterhouse, purchased after a whispered conversation with your butcher in the rear of the store, find yourself experiencing a dull headache, a cough without a cold, and a temperature that puts a strain on your thermometer, the chances are you have typhoid fever. The flies, which wait until summer to put in an appearance on the black market, are very efficient carriers of the typhoid germ. All they ask for is a day or so in private with a carcass hidden in a hot barn somewhere.

The Department of Agriculture has for years protected the health of the nation by inspecting cows for market, both before and after slaughter, for traces of t.b. What better way is there to pick up the disease than to eat rare hamburger which contains, among other ingredients that you can't identify, the lungs of a tubercular cow?

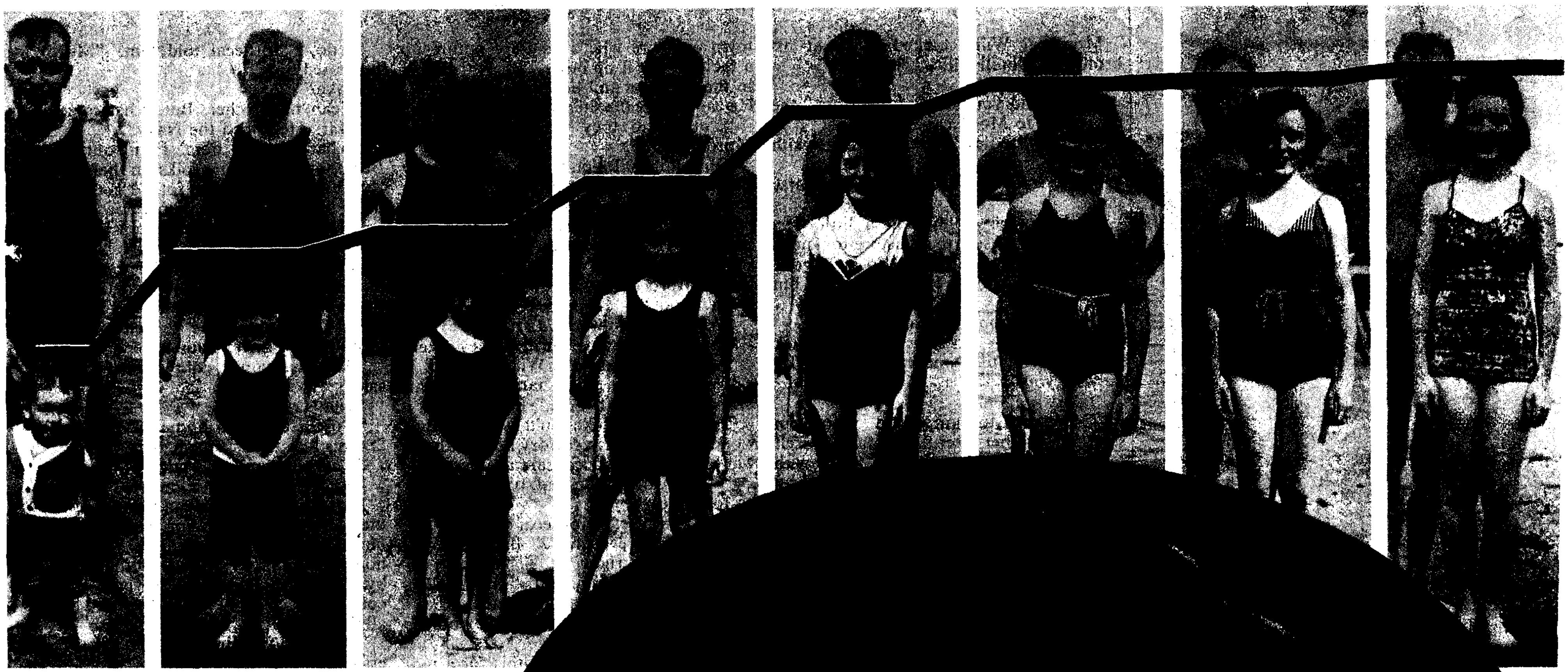
The only way you can be absolutely safe is to satisfy yourself personally that the butcher shop where you deal is above reproach. Fly-by-night butcher shops are mushrooming all over the country. In these shops, you'll be able to get a pound of loose sausage or hamburger no matter how tough things get. These are also the shops that dirty trucks drive up to in the dead of night.

An added danger is to be found occasionally in meat establishments run by employees. Sometimes a dishonest clerk will do some private bootlegging on the side.

If you really want to stick on the safe side, stay within your ration allowance and deal only with a butcher whose integrity is not to be questioned.

THE END

How a Child Grows Up



*In 1922, when his baby daughter, Marion, was just a year old, Mr. Frank H. Chadwick posed with her for a picture. Mrs. Chadwick determined to continue a pictorial record of her little girl growing up. Here you see the results. Aside from their unique human interest, the pictures graphically indicate the course of a child's growth from birth to maturity. It is continuous but not uniform. If the very rapid rate of growth during the first year of life persisted for ten years, a normal child would then weigh about 100,000 pounds—*50 tons! *The growth tempo wanes after infancy, but ceaseless activity continues to accompany physical and mental development. The body always uses dextrose sugar* directly *for tissue formation, body function and health maintenance.*

Today

Miss Marion Chadwick is now 22 years old. Attractive, intelligent, energetic, Miss Chadwick is living proof that sound nutrition and thoughtful parental training produce superior beings.

LIFE begins with a speck of protoplasm weighing 1/150,000 of an ounce. This tiny seed is charged with power to multiply itself 26 *trillion* times until birth.

Growth is continuous but not uniform (see red line above). At birth a baby weighs about 7½ pounds; at 1 year, about 3 times as much; at 4 years, 5 times as much; at 11 years, 10 times as much.

If adequately nourished, a child effects a saving of 2 to 5 years during its developmental span — and yet becomes a taller, heavier, healthier, happier and more attractive being at maturity.

Of prime importance to children are energy-producing foods, vitally needed to maintain continuous growth and to sustain ceaseless activity. These foods (called car-bo-hy-drates) are all transformed into dextrose sugar by digestion before the body can use them for energy. The basic "fuel" sugar of the human body, dextrose is pure white, sweet and cooling to taste.

While dextrose sugar is not sold directly to consumers, it is today used as an important ingredient of many popular foods...cereals, cakes, crackers, soft drinks, canned fruits and fruit juices, candies, ice cream, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams and jellies—and many others.

Look for mention of *dextrose* on the labels or wrappers of the foods you buy—it is your assurance of genuine food energy—at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY

One of the producers of dextrose sugar

• DEFINITION

dextrose is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital, natural sugar—just as the names *lactose, maltose, sucrose, etc.* define other types of sugar.

* all through life

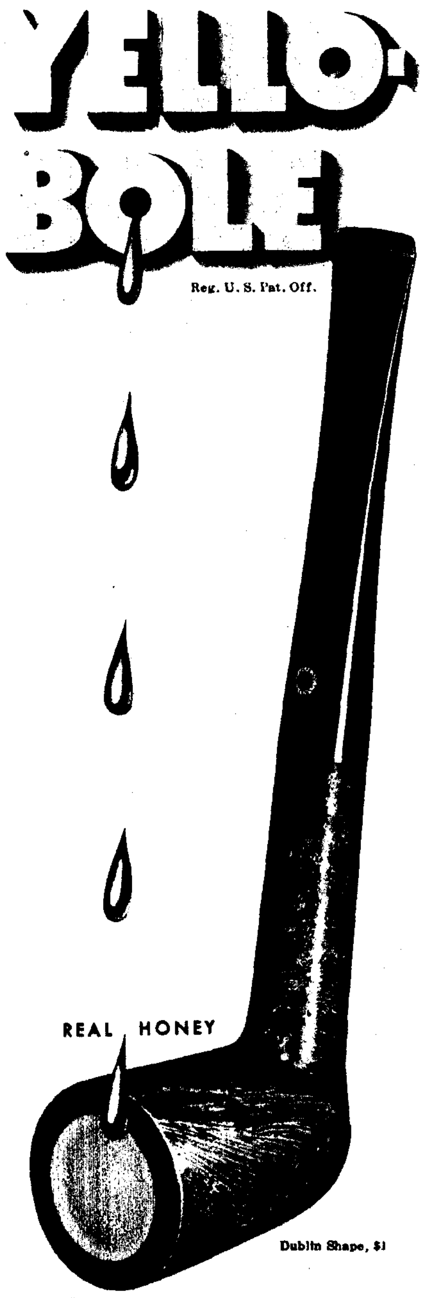
dextrose

is the

SUGAR your body uses directly for ENERGY

ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.



the honey-cured smoke

Look at the bowl of this pipe. It's yellow—Yello-Bole Pipes contain real honey, and millions of men have found new smoking joy and comfort in these famous honey-treated pipes. Never a trace of "breaking-in" with a Yello-Bole Pipe—the honey lining not only "cures" the first smoke, but keeps on curing the bowl so that each Yello-Bole is perpetually and forever sweet-smoking, mild, good-tempered and flavory.

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630 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y.

My Brother Jake

Continued from page 23

Mordecai Wiley looked down at his brother. "I'll tell Hilda I seen you."

"Okay, kid."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go now," the nurse said to Mordecai.

Mordecai Wiley started to move with the nurse.

"You can come back later," the nurse said.

"Kid," Jacob Wiley said a little desperately. "You sow that pasture to wheat, kid. I guess I hadn't ought to have gone on and left you on the farm by yourself but I had to, kid."

"I'm makin' out fine, Jake."

"Kid, if—if— Listen. Don't go back tonight. Wait till tomorrow. Maybe I'll go with you."

"Jake . . . !"

"Come on," the nurse said. "You can see your brother later." She held herself quite stiff walking out of the room with Mordecai then suddenly she put her arm around him and pulled his head against the starched whiteness of her uniform. "How old are you?" she asked muffledly.

"Goin' on twelve," Mordecai Wiley said.

MORDECAI had to lean a little forward when he wanted to look out of the day-coach window. Barney Robertson had a little paunch and Mordecai couldn't see much out of the window when he leaned back.

Barney had gotten on at San Diego, too, and they had sat together for almost two days and nights now but they hadn't said much to each other. Barney was a well-dressed fellow, maybe fifty, with fine-looking hands like he didn't have to work, though he had some traces of grease under his nails. He wasn't a farmer; didn't know wheat from oats and didn't seem to care. He had been asleep beside Mordecai when the train woke him when it stopped the first night.

The train grumbled past some oil wells, past a little station and Barney leaned forward to look at the name of the town. Then he stood up and got his satchel down from the rack above, opened it and took out a bottle. He looked at his watch, a timetable, opened the bottle and took a drink out of it, put the top back on, then took it off again, and took another drink. He put the bottle in his inside coat pocket.

"Won't be long now," he said. He closed up the satchel and put it back on the rack. "Some ride."

"Where you going, mister?" Mordecai asked. He felt he ought to say something.

"Little factory town down the line," Barney said. "I got on at San Diego. You were asleep." He paused. "Been workin' in an aircraft plant."

"I guess you fellows make good money," Mordecai said.

"Peanuts," Barney said. "I'm a dealer, really."

"Dealer?"

"Yeah—I don't deal in nothin'. A dealer in stores, gambling stores."

Mordecai said uneasily, "You deal cards, like?"

"Cards, dice, roulette, anything," Barney said. "I was workin' in Reno, had some trouble, went down to San Diego and got on workin' with the airplane people—some plant they got—I saved me up a stake. I'm gonna open my own place."

"You mean you're fixin' to open you up a airplane factory?" Mordecai said.

Barney laughed. "Uh-uh, I'm gonna open me up a little place where the guys can drop the dough they make in an airplane factory."

"It's against the law, ain't it?" Mordecai said, vaguely troubled.

"I got the fix in," Barney said. "There's a town out here where they are puttin' up a factory; got it up now. I knew the D.A. in the old days and he's gonna let me go. He can handle the sheriff."

"You mean they won't arrest you?" Mordecai said.

"Not unless I don't pay off," Barney said. He took the bottle out of his pocket and took a small swallow. "Their love for law and order," Barney said, pleased with himself, "is skin deep. Frogskin deep."

"I wouldn't think you'd want to do that now," Mordecai said slowly.

"Why not?"

"Well, with the war and all."

"What's your name, kid?" Barney asked.

"Mordecai. Mordecai Wiley."

"Where'd you get a handle like that. Mordecai—some handle," Barney said.

"I wouldn't think you'd want to quit workin' in a airplane factory now, with the war and all," Mordecai said again.

"What's your trade, kid, or do you just go to school?"

"I'm a farmer," Mordecai said.

"And you are farmin'?" Barney asked.

"Yeah, that's right."

"Well, kid," Barney said. "I'm a dealer, see. A gambler. That's my trade. That's what I'm gonna work at just like you are a farmer."

Mordecai thought about this for a moment. "But you was workin' in a airplane factory."

"You think one guy buckin' rivets is gonna make any difference?" Barney asked.

Mordecai didn't answer him for a while. "I dunno," he said finally, thinking about the farm, wondering how the cat and the chickens would make out. He didn't think about the mules. He knew the mules would be all right.

"Your folks gonna meet you when you get where you're goin'?" Barney asked. Mordecai's silence had made him a little uneasy and he felt like talking with the drinks he had taken.

"Naw," Mordecai said.

"They aren't?"

"They're dead," Mordecai said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Barney said. "Who works the farm?"

"I do," Mordecai told him. "Me an' Jake used to."

"Jake?"

"Yeah, my brother. But he had to get in the war. He joined the Navy."

"What are you doin' ridin' out here? Been out to see some folks on the coast?"

"I been to see all the folks I got," Mordecai said. "I'm goin' home, now."

"Where do you live?" Barney asked.

"I live in the Ozarks," the boy said, "'bout four miles from the town." He paused. "Jake wanted me to put the pasture to wheat, said they'd need a lot of bread for this war—he wanted to tell me some things. I went out to see him."

"And now you're goin' home?" Barney said.

"That's right."

"I used to have a home," Barney said. "Seems like a long time ago."

"And now you ain't got one?"

"Nope."

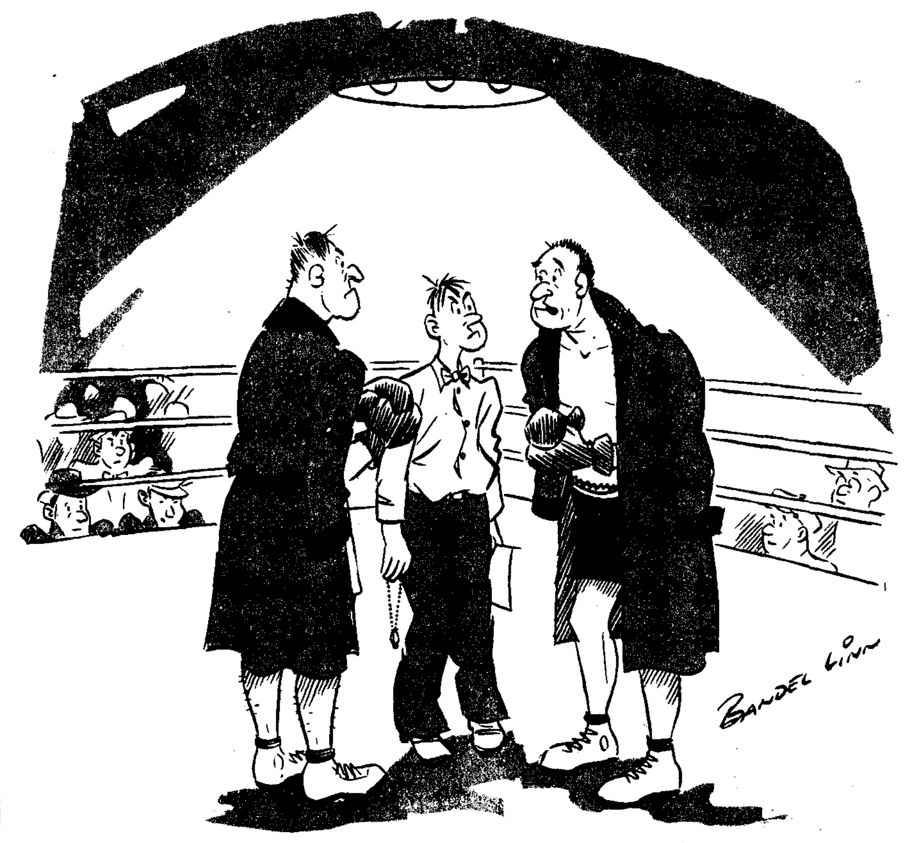
Mordecai thought about that for a minute. He was remembering what Jake told him. "Mister," he said finally, "you got a home—see all that ground out there rollin' by? That's your home. Everybody in this country has got a home and they're home all the time."

"Who told you that, kid?" Barney Robertson asked.

"My brother Jake. That's what my brother Jake sent for me to come see him for," Mordecai said, realizing something he hadn't known before. "He wanted to tell me that. He told me to break the pasture to wheat but it was the same thing, kind of, you see . . ." His voice died out. "You see?" he said again, eagerly.

BARNEY ROBERTSON didn't say anything. He looked at Mordecai with a funny look on his face but he didn't say anything. Finally he pulled his hat down over his eyes and leaned back in his chair. It was getting dark. Mordecai sat and looked out of the window as the country moved past. He could see some hills in the distance.

It was dark outside. The conductor came by and spoke to Mordecai and he straightened up. He felt dirty, tired and small. He



COLLIER'S "As a matter of fact, I don't quite know the rules! Would you mind going over them?" BANDEL LINN

CROSS ROADS OF THE WORLD!

AT MIAMI, Flight 10 is loading passengers, mail and express for points across the United States—for Canada and Alaska—for Hawaii and Australia.

A transport plane in war paint is coming in, with people and cargo from India, Africa and South America.

As soon as some of its passengers are transferred to the waiting ship, Flight 10 will be ready to go.

Today, any airport is truly a "cross roads of the world!"

Its airways feed into a vast, invisible web over which day-and-night Airline schedules carry important passengers and cargo between hundreds of U. S. towns and cities, and to scores of foreign countries.

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THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST . . . PASSENGERS . . . MAIL . . . AIR EXPRESS

EVER EAT RAW SEA GULL?

"We organized little prayer meetings in the evening and morning. Frankly and humbly we prayed for deliverance. Then we prayed for food. If it wasn't for the fact that I had seven witnesses, I wouldn't dare tell this story, because it seems so fantastic. But within an hour after prayer meeting a sea gull came in and landed on my head."

—CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER

THEY ATE the gull raw. Used the innards for bait that caught two fish. Ate them raw, too. Seven of the eight lived, to be rescued, to fight again to help win this war for you and me.

Yet, some of us act as though the days of human sacrifice were over . . . some of us blind as bats to the blood and sweat of men who put their lives in the balance . . . some of us squawking over gas rationing when one of our old tires would furnish rubber enough for a raft . . . some of us belly-aching over shortages when we ought to get on our knees and thank God we're not living on raw gull and ripe fish . . . some of us four-flushing about our contributions, when they couldn't stand examination through an honest microscope.

Take War Bonds, for example. Are you buying your *full* share—not just what you can conveniently afford, but *all* you can?

Let's get this straight. Our very lives are at stake. The least we can do is to put every penny, every dime, every dollar we can into War Bonds—the finest investment we Americans will ever make.

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value: If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

WE'VE GOT TO WIN!
BUY BONDS...AND KEEP ON BUYING

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC, AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

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stretched his back and sat up straight. He couldn't see anything outside.

The train came to a stop. Mordecai looked at the man next to him. Barney Robertson was watching him from under his hat.

"How was Jake?" Barney Robertson, like he knew the answer, didn't want to ask the question, but couldn't help himself.

Mordecai Wiley spoke in a rush: "I went out there and he was hurt in the hospital and he asked me to stay until the next day and I stayed. He died that night and I'm bringin' him home. He's up in the baggage car."

Barney Robertson remembered the old sad song but he couldn't remember anything more than the title.

"I'm gonna bury him," Mordecai said. "They wanted to send him back with a guard of honor but Jake don't need no guard of honor."

Barney stood up and held his hat in his hand where he'd caught it. "You believe about that—that stuff about home?"

"Yeah," Mordecai said. "I know it." He got up and started down the aisle.

BARNEY walked down the aisle with the kid and looked out on the desolate platform. Up the train he could see them unloading the casket.

"I'm gonna bury him up on the hill where the gov'ment land starts," Mordecai said and his voice was even but the tears rolled down his cheeks. "We used to set up there and he said that it was our land, that's why he went away and joined the Navy."

Barney ran back and got his bag and stepped off the train as it started moving out. They had moved the casket into the baggage room and the kid was gone. Barney walked down the platform and back, his feet sounding loud on the boards, but the kid was gone.

Mordecai Wiley walked up the hill. He got to the house and went around and opened the back door. Inside he found the lantern and lighted it and then went out on the back stoop and called the cat. The cat appeared in the edge of the light, walking languidly, bored. Mordecai went out to the chicken house, shone the light in. The chickens looked startled and one of them fluttered down from its perch and scratched in the straw. He went into the tool shed and got a shovel and a pick and, with the cat following him, he started on up the hill. He was very tired and the muscles in his back hurt from sitting so long on the train. At the top of the hill he marked the spot and started digging.

It was a long hard job and when the grave was deep and he couldn't see out, he stopped and leaned on the shovel and sobbed for a moment. The cat's bright eyes glared down at him but the cat meowed companionably and he picked up his shovel and moved the lantern and went on digging.

He climbed out on the shovel handle and took the pick and fished the shovel out and then the lantern. He staggered a little, going down the hill. He was very tired.

In the house he lit a lamp and got out his clean overalls and his other shoes and washed himself off with some cold water and wet his hair and combed it and got a clean shirt. When he was dressed, it was light enough for him to blow the lantern out. He came out of the back door, noticing a pan of food sitting on the kitchen table that had spoiled. He went and got the mules up and harnessed them and hitched them to the wagon. They broke into a hard trot, feeling good, and he had a hard time holding them. He let them trot all the way to town.

Barney Robertson was sitting on the truck. He took a drink out of the bottle that he had in his pocket and lit a cigarette when he saw the boy coming and stood up to kick some life back into his feet.

"Hello," Mordecai said. He climbed down and tied the mules.

"Hello, kid. You gonna have a funeral?"

"I never—I never thought . . ." the boy began.

"Rest a minute, kid." Barney went into the station and then he came out. "Oughta have a funeral," he said.

"I guess I should have told people," the boy said. He was very tired and tears came to his eyes. "I couldn't think of nothing but getting Jake . . ."

"Rest a minute, kid," Barney said, and he sat down on the baggage truck and pulled Mordecai up beside him.

The men came down pretty soon, dressed in their old uniforms. They were middle-aged men but they had gotten into their uniforms. One was dressed like a chaplain. They rolled the casket out and into the wagon and one of them got up to drive the team and Barney carried Mordecai and sat in a car with some of the men. Mordecai didn't wake up until they were going up the hill.

When he woke up, there were a lot of people. It seemed like hundreds and some of them were crying. They had the casket over the grave and they had the flag draped over it and there were the men to fire the guns.

Mordecai watched them, not sure he was awake. "Take it easy, kid," Barney said. "I couldn't get no sailors, but what's the odds?"

Mordecai saw Hilda and he started to say something to her but he couldn't for a minute. Hilda was crying, standing by her father, and her sisters were with her, but not crying, just looking at Mordecai.

He wanted to ask them about helping him with his threshing if he sowed the big pasture to wheat but he couldn't speak. Somebody spoke and somebody played taps.

"Take it easy, kid," Barney said. "Maybe they do it different in the Navy but what's the odds? He can see them hills good from here, what's the odds?"

"Thanks, mister," Mordecai said. "Seems like I didn't think of nothin' I should've."

"You did all right, kid," Barney said.

Some men came and patted him on the head and spoke to him and he answered them but he didn't know what he said. He hoped it was all right.

"Kid," Barney said. "I used to farm when I was a kid. What about me stayin' on a while and helpin' you?"

"Thanks," Mordecai said. "But I won't need no help."

"Naw," Barney said. "I guess you won't."

HE WALKED down the hill, holding Mordecai by the hand. He smelled of whisky and cigarettes and good wool clothes. Occasionally Mordecai would see him turn his head and look back up the hill and beyond the hill. They stood together and watched the people leave.

Somebody had unhitched the team and tied them up. Mordecai hitched them to the plow and drove them out to the pasture. Barney watched him.

He sighted at the mound of earth up on the hill and lifted up on the plow handles and spoke to the mules and the mules went into their collars and a thick black ribbon of sod turned over. It was straight as a line.

Barney sighed, yelled something and waved. Mordecai waved back. Barney went down and caught a ride into the town and got back to the station. He got his ticket and when he got on the train he found he'd have to stand or sit in the aisle. He got out his bottle and took a small drink. The bottle was near empty; it would never last him to San Diego. But then a guy didn't want to get behind a rivet gun with a headache. "Some kid," he said aloud and sat down in the aisle on his suitcase.

THE END

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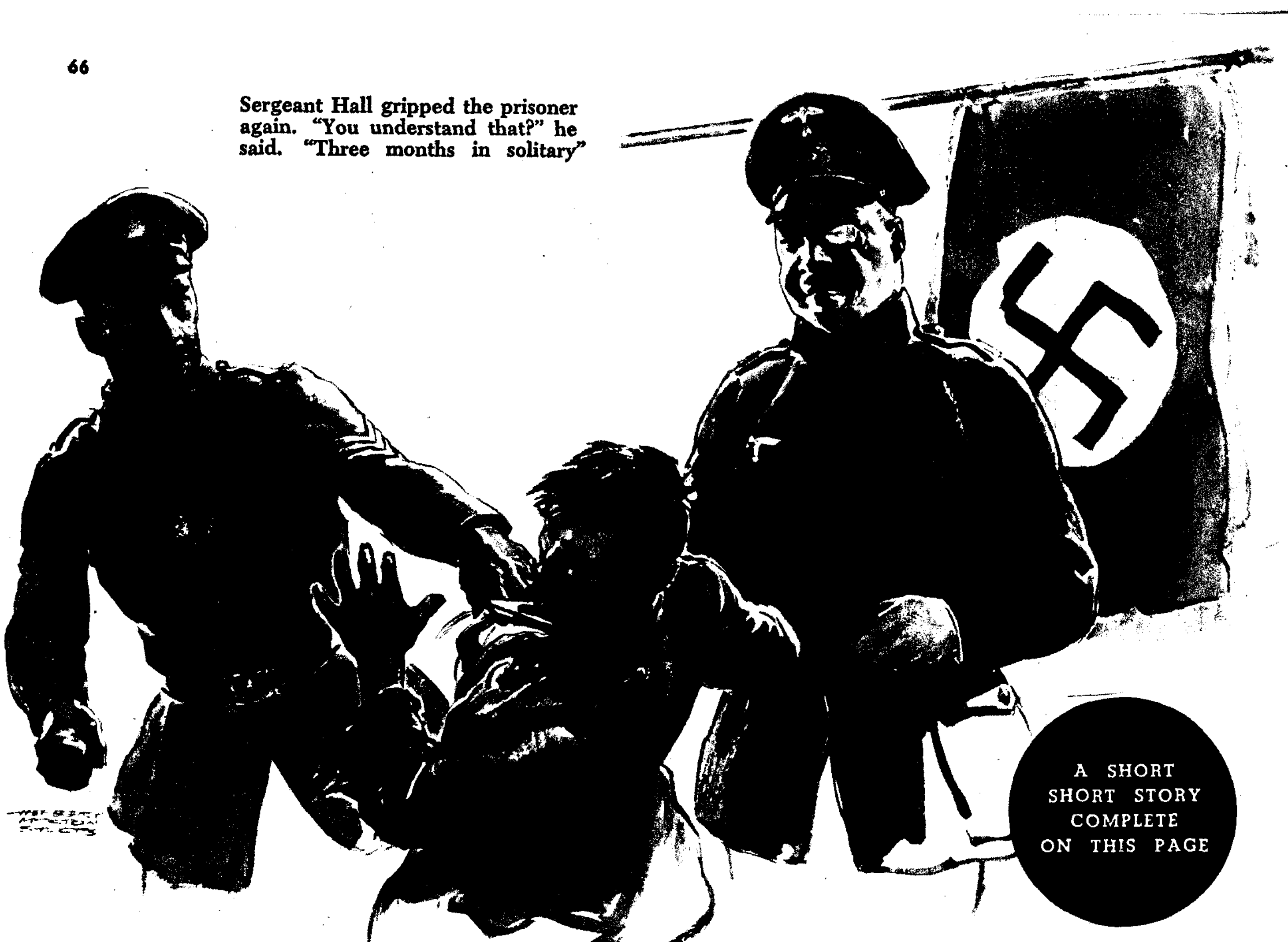
Sergeant Hall gripped the prisoner again. "You understand that?" he said. "Three months in solitary"



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The Collaborationist

By Stanislas Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

THOUGH I saw it happen, this is not really my story—and yet in a way it is; for weeks later, my friend and I reached Nucingheim, thanks to the underground, and no German patrol found us.

I was chopping wood that day, in the little yard behind the office of the camp Kommandant. It was late spring, and the windows of the office were open. Through them I could see the Kommandant, sprawled at ease, half dozing. With his sagging cheeks, his great belly, he looked like a fat old carp stuffed into a uniform. You hated the things he stood for, but the man himself was too stupid, too pompous, to hate.

The man we hated was the Englishman, Sergeant Hall.

Here, chopping wood, I could hear Sergeant Hall's voice roaring on the drill ground. He had a couple of hundred English prisoners there in the hot morning sun. The Kommandant believed in drill; Sergeant Hall did too. He whistled for the English prisoners to assemble long before the regulation time, and he made them march, run, jump, crawl, long after the other prisoners of the camp had retired to their barracks. He rode them, bedeviled them, humiliated them in a thousand petty ways.

There were a couple of thousand of us in the camp—French, Polish, English. Dirty, lice-ridden, ragged, we were all wretched, but the most wretched, I know, were the English. Their rations of old bread and weak soup were the same as ours, so were their barracks—but they had Sergeant Hall.

The Germans had appointed Sergeant Hall chief interpreter for the English prisoners. Perhaps it is a certain look the Quisling has, a certain arrogance or a certain subservience—I don't know; but at any rate we all thought the case of Sergeant Hall proved how unerringly the Germans could pick the ideal collaborationist.

Your ideal collaborationist is either a thickheaded man or a very shrewd one. Sergeant Hall was shrewd. Oh, yes, he saw how the land lay; he saw which side his bread was buttered on. No ragged trousers for him. His massive figure—he was well over six feet—wore good clean clothes. His stomach was full.

He spoke German as well as his own tongue. *"Achtung!"* he would yell at them, his comrades of the past, the English prisoners, when a German officer crossed the yard. "Stand up, you swine! Goose-step! Quick—march!"

And the poor devils would go jerking across the drill ground, kicking out their legs for dear life, while Sergeant Hall stood at attention and the German officer favored him with a smile.

But today, as I was chopping wood, even Sergeant Hall's hateful barking voice did not irritate me. I had another voice in my ear, a remembered voice, a whisper, late at night in the dark in the barracks, the voice of my friend whispering to me:

"A week from tonight . . . the word was passed on to me today. There's a way to get through the wire—"

"But," I had whispered back, "then what? Then where do we go?"

"To Nucingheim. *Nucingheim.* First stop on the underground to England."

I HAD not asked my friend how the word had reached him from the underground. The mysterious, fabulous, wonderful underground—even in military concentration camps it manages to place its agents. And I knew that if my friend said it was so, it was so; for he was a Pole and I was a Pole, and only one thing in the world mattered to us—to get out, to get to England, to fight again.

It was not impossible to escape from the camp. The impossible thing, at least what had always seemed impossible, was to get out of Germany, through Alsace and to the sea. But with this blessed Nucingheim, with friends there to help. . . .

Four men had escaped a few days before. We had thought of nothing since then but their escape; our minds, our very nerves traveled with them; each day we had watched the gates of the camp with fearful expectancy, dreading to see them open, to see the four prisoners dragged back.

I saw an officer enter the Kommandant's office, glance at the old man and cough. The fat old carp in uniform struggled up from his doze, and they raised their arms and exchanged their holy Heil Hitlers. Then the officer spoke and the Kommandant nodded and the door opened again and there they stood, the soldiers and the four men; the very four.

Two Frenchmen, a Pole and an Englishman, their faces bloody, their clothing ripped, their eyes sad and desperate.

I hit the log of wood a swinging blow, and the log rolled closer to the open window. I went to it and pretended to be adjusting it for splitting. Perhaps they would not notice me. This close, I could hear.

None of the recaptured prisoners could speak German. The Kommandant sent for the interpreters.

The French interpreter came first.

"Who helped you to escape?"

No one had helped them, the Frenchmen said.

"The Kommandant says that is ridiculous. It will be very hard for you if you do not reply honestly. You have been gone several days. People have given you food and clothing. What people? Where?"

No one, said the Frenchmen.

As for the Pole, he flatly refused to speak at all.

"Stubborn dogs," said the Kommandant. "Half rations; one month solitary confinement. Get them out. Now the other."

He was a scrawny little man, the Englishman. He was half starved, he had been badly beaten; it looked as if his nerve was gone—and that can happen to any man.

He looked like a little mongrel terrier alongside the magnificent figure that now entered the room, the great swelling figure, so neatly clad, straight as a ramrod, the ominous military figure of Sergeant Hall.

His face was impassive. He clicked his heels in front of the Kommandant's desk.

"We wish to know who helped him to escape, who gave him food, clothes, where he was hiding before our patrol found them in the forest."

Sergeant Hall clicked his heels and turned to the prisoner. He said in English: "The Kommandant wishes to know who helped you, who gave you clothes and food, who hid you."

The little prisoner did not reply. He was breathing fast, licking that swollen lip.

Sergeant Hall's voice took on its brassy parade-ground bellow: *"Will you answer?"*

I was leaning toward the window, the ax in my hand, forgetting entirely how exposed I was. Fortunately at that moment I saw a reflection in the window, of a German soldier nearing the yard. I turned and bent and chopped at the wood. I missed what happened inside, but the soldier passed without a look at me. I glanced back to the window.

"Tell me that, will you!" Sergeant Hall was roaring.

His face was livid; it blazed with fury. His two great meaty hands, hands like mutton legs, were shaking the prisoner's thin shoulders so that the man's head bobbed as if the neck were broken.

"You little guttersnipe! Telling me a story like that! I've a good mind to—"

"But it's Gawd's truth, Sergeant!" gasped the prisoner. "So help me, it's Gawd's truth!"

"What does he say?" asked the Kommandant.

Sergeant Hall swung around.

"A cock and bull story, sir!" he snapped in German. "He says the clothes and food dropped out of the sky—must have been dropped from an airplane, he says. Infernal impudence! But just give me a minute, sir—"

The old man grunted. "Don't waste time on such filth. Three months' solitary; half rations. All right, get him out."

Sergeant Hall gripped the prisoner again. "You understand that?" he said with his thin smile. "Three months in solitary. Three months! Half rations! Think it over!"

THE prisoner was a deplorable sight. He was trembling, sobbing; between his sobs he was spluttering words with a frantic eagerness.

"I tell you it's Gawd's truth! We should have stayed longer, we got lost after we left—but so help me, Sergeant, I swear it's Gawd's truth! An old peasant with a little girl, it was—third 'ouse on the right—place called Narsing'eim, or somethin' like it—I swear, Sergeant, I swear—"

"You swine," said Sergeant Hall. "Give it all away, would you, so no one else can ever get out? You swine!" And he shoved the prisoner at the guards and they dragged him from the room.

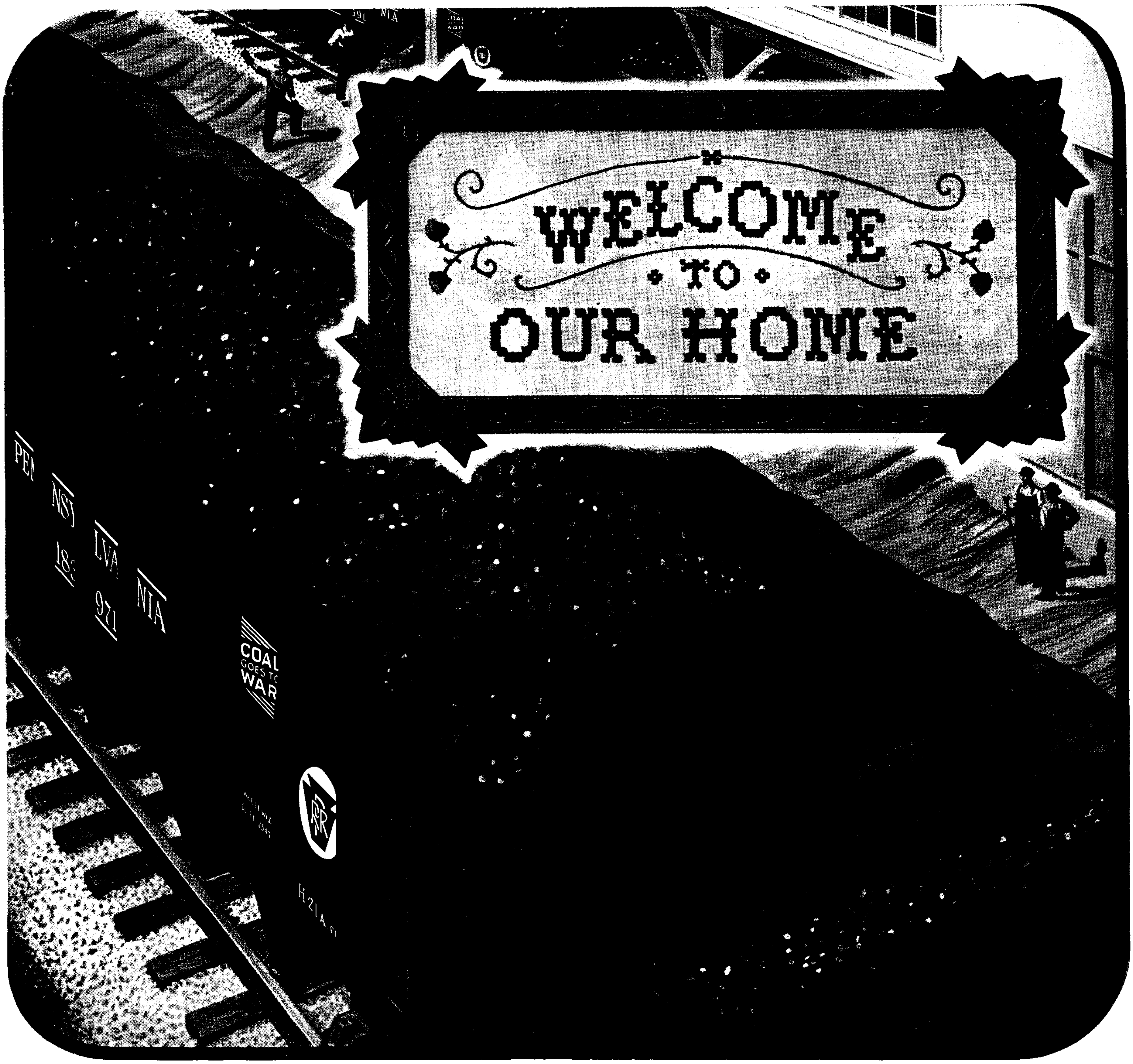
The sergeant made a visible effort to pull himself together. He straightened his tunic, he twisted his mustache. He clicked his heels to the Kommandant.

"I apologize, sir," he said. "The man's impudence made me quite lose my head."

The old Kommandant looked up at the tall military figure, the impeccable salute, the waxed mustache. He smiled.

"I don't blame you, Sergeant. Those underground agents are clever, they are well hidden—apparently there must be one right here in the camp—but with loyal cooperation such as yours, we'll root them out. I must tell you how much we appreciate your service to the cause. You will not regret it."

"Thank you, sir. I am sure I shall not," said Sergeant Hall.



NEXT winter's fuel supply is as much in the public mind as this season's Victory garden—so coal is tumbling merrily down chutes into many thousands of home bins these summerlike days.

People know what's going on. The immense number of furnaces and heating plants being converted to coal can have but one result—*heavier demand for coal.* War is taking away the coal dealer's help. Home deliveries may be slowed, if all want coal at one time. So the farsighted home owner is laying in next winter's warmth and comfort *now.*

All of which is pleasing to Uncle Sam. Because he wants to keep tracks clear in the heavy fall and winter months for the big flow of war materials and troops—the railroads' No. 1 job.

As it is, the railroads have a real task right now to keep pace with industry's enormous coal demands. For please remember, industry relies on coal for power, energy, light and heat. It takes more than a third of all the hundreds of thousands of freight cars the Pennsylvania Railroad has in service just to meet coal-hauling demands. So...

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High in the night over Germany, Allied bombers will search out a prized target.

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Oil is no less vital to us than to Hitler. But the American petroleum industry has seen to it that the forces of freedom will have all they need for war.

The petroleum industry has seen to it, too, that our warplanes have the super-fuel that gives them much of their superiority—100-octane gasoline.

Again, this industry is miraculously producing from oil ever-increasing quantities of a prime material for synthetic rubber—butadiene.

And, ironically, the very bombs that smash at Hitler's oil supply are themselves loaded with TNT—the basic ingredient of which the petroleum industry now extracts from oil.

So this war is largely the war of America's oil industry. The great oil companies have enlisted solidly. They're working together. Where necessary, facilities are pooled, patents and processes are shared. There's a war on.

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Sound of Revelry

Continued from page 20

father stood up. It was the correct thing to do, so they did it.

Judy introduced us, and Mr. Martin asked whether my friend—indicating Claire—mightn't care to join us. I said she wouldn't. I also said I'd only stay a few minutes. That did not appear to make Gregg Martin angry, though he was as cordial as a gentleman should and could be.

I didn't want to like Gregg, but I couldn't help it. Maybe he was Judy's type, but he was a man's man, too. He had the nice habit of looking you straight in the eye when he talked, and while he knew all the little social niceties, you couldn't help but know that if you ever crossed him, he'd be the kind of a lad who would play for keeps.

I'd had two reasons for coming over. One was to prove to Judy that I had her on my mind, whether or not I was sitting with Claire. The second reason was that I was burned up with curiosity—and maybe jealousy—about Martin.

I'd thought maybe he'd been overplaying this father stuff. A guy falls for a girl, and immediately starts flaunting his old man. Well, that had seemed all right for a gesture—a sort of a statement that he was playing on the level—but he appeared to be carrying it a trifle far. Now that I'd met the two men and chatted with them a while, I wasn't sure.

If I was any judge, Gregg Martin was completely loco about Judy. Being in the same condition myself, I couldn't see anything odd about that. The old man, too, evidently approved his son's choice. They looked like class and money. That was tough competition.

We talked generally. The room was loaded with service men and that brought us around to the subject of uniforms, which is something every man is touchy about if he isn't in one. I got it that Gregg wanted in as much as I did, but the government was saying no. He was doing some important research chemical work, and they liked what he was doing too much to shove him into a soldier suit. Judy, knowing how sensitive I was, explained what was wrong with my eyes. Gregg said, "I know how you feel, old man."

"I feel even worse than that," I said. "You're doing a worth-while job. I'm not. I'm just dancing."

Mr. Martin said, "When a country has conscription, no man should feel embarrassed because he's out of uniform. When the Army wants you, it takes you."

"That's good logic," I agreed. "But it doesn't really make me feel any happier."

They were drinking champagne—the French kind. Gregg seemed to know about vintages, which wasn't unnatural, considering he'd been to school in France. The old man, Arthur Gordon Martin, was trying to explain to me that he knew all about show business. He had been European representative for a major film company for twenty years. So we talked about pictures, but all he really understood was the sales angle. Actors were just things that made the pictures sell more readily.

I had an idea that I'd like to take Judy home. The thought of playing protector for her appealed to me; not because I was brave, but because it gave me a chance to stick close. Quite frankly, I didn't think anything else was going to happen in her maisonette. Whoever it was that had paid the informal visit earlier that night had made his play. He'd either gotten what he was hunting for, or he'd convinced himself that it wasn't there. I knew I could be wrong; we may have interrupted him before he'd given the place a really thorough frisking, but sheer common sense told me that he would be slow about coming back.

I asked Judy what she'd be doing when she left the club and she said Gregg and his father had invited her to a private party. Mr. Martin courteously included me in the invitation, but I said I had other plans. I was having them right then. If I wasn't going to be alone with Judy, I couldn't see why I shouldn't be alone with Claire. She knew things I wanted to know. She knew, for instance, why she had helped to kill Jonathan Tate.

I told them good night and went back to Claire. She asked who they were. I said, "Friends of Judy's," and she said, "Especially the young man."

"I wouldn't be knowing that," I said. "I only work here."

She said, "You're jealous."

"He's something to be jealous of. If Judy likes him, I'm not blaming her."

Claire didn't seem much interested in that angle. She said, "How would you like to see where I live?"

I shook my head. "I'm tired. And I have a little headache. I bumped my head against a door."

"I'm good at curing headaches."

"I'll have one for you some other night."

She said, "You're cute."

"And you're crazy. What's the idea, anyway? Just want to see what makes me tick?"

"No. It's a great deal more than that." She gave me a look from under very long lashes. If it hadn't been for the way I felt about Judy, I'd have rolled right over and yelled Uncle.

She kept hammering: "So you won't visit me tonight?"

"Some other time."

"You are intriguing. Maybe I like you so well because you are indifferent. I don't think you are really cold."

"I am, though. Like a furnace."

She said, "Let's go somewhere else."

"Another club?"

"Yes. I'll have a better chance with you if I can get you away from your charming dance partner."

We went to the Stork Club. I never saw so many officers' uniforms in one place in my life. The place was filled with smoke and noise and café society. But it had that certain something which makes it the Stork Club. You can't put your finger on it, but it's there. It makes you want to have a good time.

They must have known Claire, because they found a table for us right away. She spoke to two or three people in passing, but she didn't stop. If she was serious about wanting to be alone with me, she was certainly playing it that way.

We ordered drinks but got up to dance before they were served. The floor was so crowded that you couldn't dance, really. All you could do was stand up, very intimately. People at ringside tables stared at Claire, and I couldn't blame them. She was something to stare at. I did a little staring myself. She didn't seem to mind.

Back at the table, I started asking questions. After all, that was why I'd come along—or at least I was trying to convince myself it was. I said, "You seem to know quite a few people in New York."

She said, "Why not? I live here."

"Alone?"

"Usually." Then she laughed. It was a nice deep laugh with lots of fun in it. "Shocked you, didn't I?"

"No. I knew you were kidding."

"You're curious about me, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen, and because you are making a play for me—a guy who

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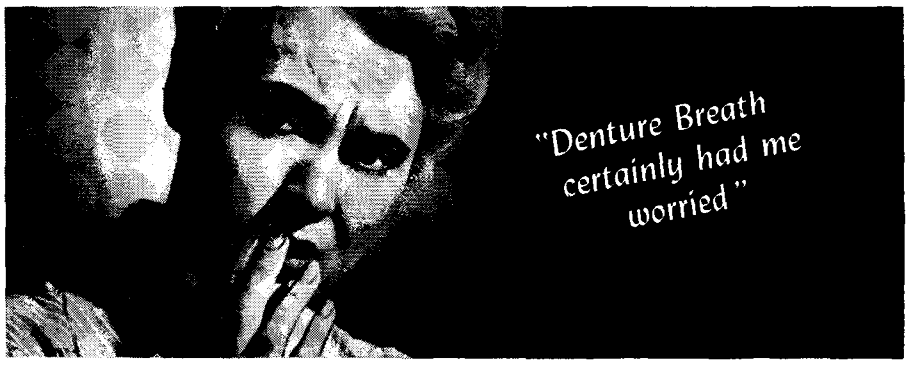
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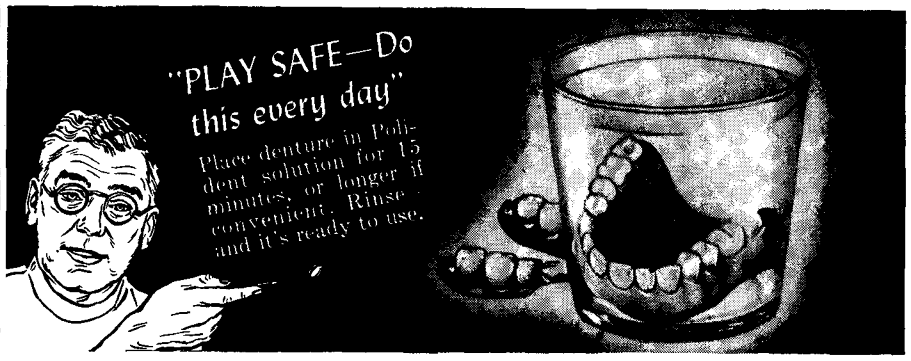
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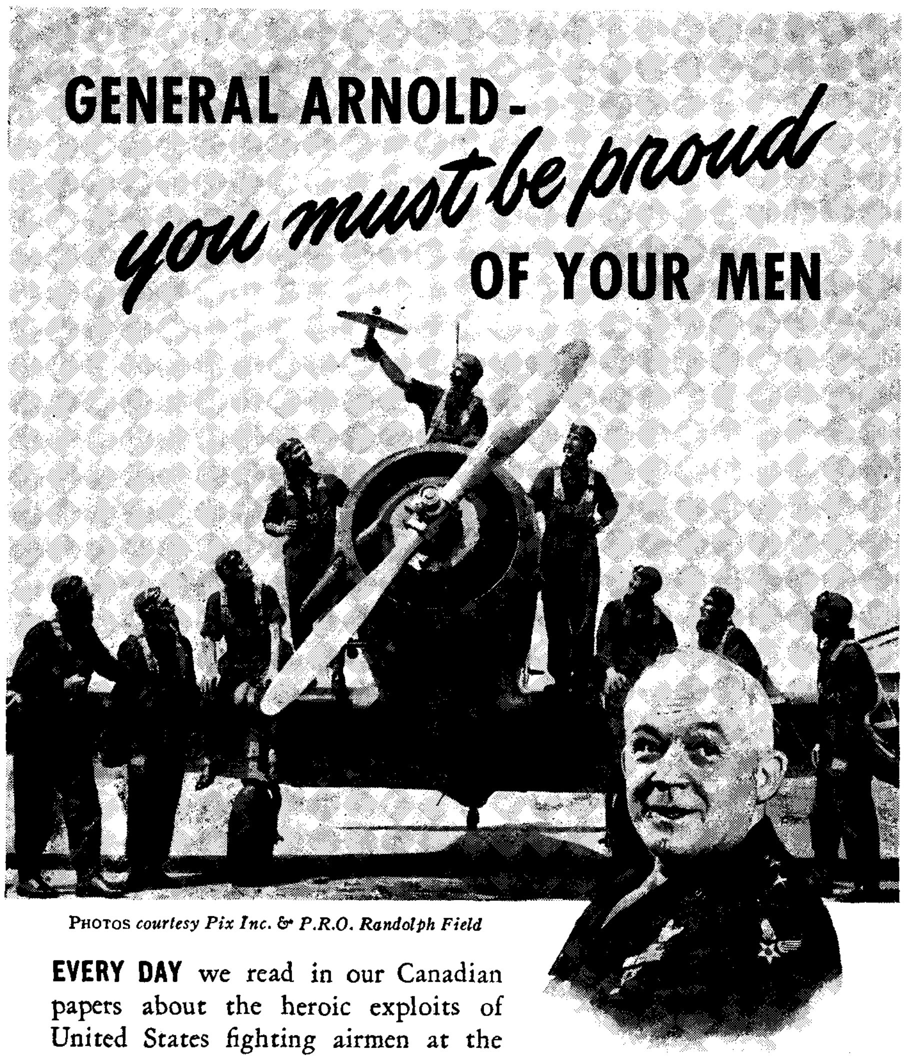

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doesn't belong in your league. It doesn't come out even."

"It would," she said quietly, "if you weren't so modest."

"I figure I'm something in a zoo."

"I've been around zoos before. If you think you appeal to me because you're a novelty, you're wrong."

I said, "Now you've got me blushing. So we'll quit talking about me and get back to you. Have you got a family here?"

"What difference would that make?"

"None. But I was wondering why they let you run around loose."

"I usually do what pleases me. And I haven't a family, anyway. Not here."

"You live alone . . . with a few sable coats?"

"Something like that. And at times I get very lonely. I'm lonely now."

IT WAS nice but it bothered me. There was something behind it that I couldn't touch. So I dummied up, figuring that was the smartest thing I could do. I even made it pretty clear that I'd be available eventually. I felt silly, but if that was the way she wanted to play, I wasn't going to spoil things for her.

We had a couple more dances. A few very late-stayer-uppers were coming in, but a lot more were calling it a night and heading home. Some of them were sober.

A young man left a table across the room and walked toward us. He was a nice-looking young man. He was of average height, well set up, and he had brown hair and light brown eyes.

He came straight to our table and said, "Hi, Claire," and she seemed awfully glad to see him. She said, "Well, of all things . . ." and then she introduced him to me: "Mr. Norden—Mr. Harrison." That was that. He sat down, refused the drink I offered to buy for him, and started making idle conversation.

They seemed to have a lot to talk about, these two. They didn't exactly check me out of the conversation, but I got that feeling.

It was okay with me. I had forgotten my headache, and my brain was working overtime.

This was interesting. More interesting than anything I could have expected. She called him "Bob" and that was the clincher.

He was the same young man who had been with Claire on the terrace the night Jonathan Tate was murdered.

I lifted my glass and looked at them over the rim. I said, "Luck."

It gave me a funny feeling, doing that.

Claire Livingston was a very frank young lady. She told Bob Norden about me in a manner which left little to the imagination. She said, "I keep telling him I like him, and he won't believe it."

Norden smiled. He had a nice, warm, friendly smile. He said, "Claire doesn't say that to many men."

I shrugged. "She's having fun discovering about the other half. I'm it."

"No-o-o." The young man shook his head. "Claire isn't that sort. If she says she likes you, she likes you."

She was taking it all in. It was a sort of a clinic on amour. We were discussing her as though she wasn't there. I admired the way she took it, but then I figured that a girl who could take murder in stride wasn't going to be thrown off balance by a dancing man.

After a few minutes, Bob Norden rose. He said, "I'm getting back to my party. Harriet is with us, and she gets mad easily."

He held out his hand and I took it. He said, "Be seeing you soon again, I hope."

"I hope so."

"If you play around with Claire, I will. We manage to meet in the strangest places."

I wanted to say that I agreed with him, but I skipped it. I made some remark which I imagine was on the stupid side, and he marched back across the dance floor. Claire looked at me. She said, abruptly, "What is it—morals or love?"

"What is what?"

"The coy attitude?"

I grinned. "It isn't morals."

"Phrases become trite only because they're good," she commented. "What has Miss Morgan got that I haven't?"

"Red hair."

"I could dye mine."

"It still wouldn't be red."

I was doing it deliberately now. I figured that it was something new in her catalogue.

She said, "Have you known Miss Morgan very long?"

"A few years."

"Engaged?"

"Better ask her. I'm never sure for more than five minutes."

"But you'd like to be."

"No longer than a few hours ago, I asked her to marry me."

Claire said, "You certainly don't go out of your way to flatter a woman."

"Ise a po' but honest man," I said lightly. "I ain't got a drop of diplomatic blood."

She stuck to Judy. I was still trying to figure why. It seemed as though I was always trying to figure why.

"Are you in love with her?"

"Like crazy."

She picked her words carefully: "You're not the jealous type, are you?"

"Why should I be?"

"We-e-ell . . ." She passed over an awkward moment by lighting a cigarette. "Her inheritance. The recent publicity . . ."

"Oh, *that?* You can't believe everything you see in the papers."

"You can believe some things. This man who left her his money . . . what was his name?"

I said, "Your memory isn't too good, is it?"

"Not for names. I remember faces."

I watched her. "The man's name was Jonathan Tate."

If I expected a reaction, I was disappointed. She merely smiled and nodded. "That's it: Tate. Didn't he leave her all his money and that night club?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you like her better because she's rich."

I moved my head from side to side. "Owning a night club isn't being rich."

"Didn't he leave her everything?"

"That's what the will said. But so far it only totals up to one night club."

"Well, even that is pretty good. The place is always packed."

"Yeah. Business *is* slightly on the terrific side. But you never know about the night-club racket. Some spot comes along that the people like better, and there you are with a good show, good food and an empty building. It happens that way."

SHE stuck to it: "The fact that Mr. Tate left her all his money doesn't make you think things?"

"No."

Claire laughed. She was laughing *at* me. "So you do possess an inflated ego."

"What makes you say that?"

"No man who wasn't egotistical would be so sure of any woman's loyalty."

The debate was reaching the point where I wasn't sure I could trust myself. Logic was on her side, and instinct was on mine. But Claire was strictly a blond babe on the prowl, and I wasn't happy about discussing Judy with her. I said, "Let's stick to important things. You and me, for instance."

"What about us?"

"I don't know about you. But me, I'm tired."

She didn't argue. She beckoned a waiter, and I paid the check. We went outside and the doorman called us a cab and held the door open until I had tipped him. I gave her address. She looked at me and laughed. "And you remember addresses, too."

"I remember everything."

"Why did you remember mine?"

"Take a look in the mirror up yonder. That'll give you an idea."

We stopped in front of a new Park Avenue apartment house. She said, "Pay the driver and come up for a nightcap."

I started to say no, but I changed my mind. I figured I might as well follow through. It didn't matter what ideas she had: What I wanted was all the dope I could get, and seeing how she lived might help.

The elevator boy was sleepy, but respectful. Also, he didn't seem surprised that she should be taking somebody home with her at four in the morning.

SHE let me into her apartment. It was something: Bedroom, living room, dining room, kitchen, two baths. It was seductively feminine. Not screwy at all. Whoever had done the decoration knew his business.

She excused herself and went into the bedroom. I wondered whether she'd reappear in the traditional revealing negligee. She didn't. As a matter of fact, the sheer top of her dinner dress did pretty well by itself.

She pulled a thing that looked like a desk out from the wall and flipped it open. It was the most beautiful and complete little bar I had ever seen. She said, "Help me and help yourself."

I mixed a couple of drinks. I didn't really want any, but it seemed the right thing to do. She opened a silver cigarette humidor and shoved it at me. I relaxed in a big gray club chair and said, "There's no place like home."

She said, "Would you be interested in a duplicate key?"

I shook my head. "That makes me a thorough dope, doesn't it, Claire?"

"Maybe you're smart. You want to be sure you're not just a passing fancy."

I threw back my head and laughed. It was a hearty, genuine laugh. She said, "Why the outburst?"

"It's wacky," I explained. "The whole thing. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen is throwing herself at me—or pretending to. And I'm acting cute. I'm being the little plaster saint. Lady, I assure you it isn't in character."

"Then why are you doing it?"

"I don't know." That wasn't the truth, but it sounded real. "Maybe if I played it any other way, I'd hate myself in the morning . . ." and I started to laugh again. Not because what I said was funny, but because I'd happened to think about Eddie Kane, my brother-in-law, and what he'd say if he could see what was going on. I told her about Eddie. "We grew up together the hard way," I explained. "In Brooklyn. He'd never believe this."

"Neither would I," she said.

None of it made sense, but I told her all about Eddie and my sister, Margie; and about the two kids, Buddy and Muggsy. I felt better after that. I'm sure she was bored, although she didn't say so. At any rate, when I got up to go, she made no effort to hold me.

I walked home. It was a long way and it was cold, but it gave me a chance to think. Of course, the thinking didn't get me anywhere, but there was plenty to think about: Claire, and why she was pretending to have fallen for me; this pleasant guy, Bob Norden, who had killed Jonathan Tate one minute and been calm as an oyster about it the next; Judy, who was holding out on me; Babs Willard, who was dead, probably because she had seen too much; Max Gold, who hadn't been interested in picking up one murderer and probably wouldn't be excited about finding the second.

I fell into bed. I didn't get to sleep for a long time, and when I did—it was strictly with dreams.

The dreams were crazy. But they weren't half as crazy as the facts.

I woke about two in the afternoon. I shut the window, started the coffee percolator, and took a quick shower. There was still a lump on my head. It didn't hurt unless I touched it, so I touched it.

I drank my coffee and smoked a couple of cigarettes. I tried to get interested in the war news, but it was one of those rare days when nothing particular had happened. The Allies were getting along all right in North Africa. We were marking time in the Solomons. The Russians were still shoving the Nazis around in the snow. All of it was good news, but nothing that I hadn't known about the night before.

I read the theatrical pages without any great interest. I looked at the hockey news. I thumbed through the rest of the paper to find out whether they'd lightened the Army restrictions on men with glaucoma. If they had, they'd forgotten to print the fact.

I made up my mind to do as little thinking as possible. I knew it wouldn't work, but there was no harm trying. I hoped Judy wouldn't be sore because I'd gone stepping with Claire. That hope came out halfway. She was sore enough to be polite, but nothing worse than that.

Three days passed. Claire came into the club only once, which was okay with me. Max Gold didn't show up at all, and that was even better. I figured I'd like to run into Bob Norden again, maybe with Claire . . . some time when my head wasn't hurting. Maybe I'd find out something. Then I could lay it on the line for Gold and ask him some straight questions.

But none of those things came out. Nothing happened at all. And when something did start to happen, it didn't mean a thing.

It was on Tuesday night that a woman I'd never seen before came into the club, sat alone at a table, and ordered dinner. I didn't know she was there, and never would have known if Judy hadn't joined her right after dinner and spent two hours with her.

She wasn't Judy's type. She was a bush-league Claire; flagrant where Claire was beautiful; blowzy where Claire was trim. She had faded brown hair and tired brown eyes. She had plenty of figure, but it sagged in the wrong places. Maybe she had once been pretty. She was about forty.

Judy joined her after our dinner show. At eleven, the pair of them were still talking. I had a hunch it was something I'd like to know about. Judy looked worried. Gregg Martin and his father came in after the theater. Gregg waved at Judy and she acknowledged the greeting. But she didn't join him.

I got an uncomfortable feeling that the strange woman spelled trouble.

I was right.

CAME midnight and Judy was still up to her neck in conversation with this strange woman. She looked very serious about it, and very worried.

The woman was doing most of the talking and quite a bit of drinking. She wasn't pretty or refined or well dressed or young. But she was giving Judy an earful of something, and it had held Judy to the extent that she had forgotten it was time to dress for the supper show.

This gave me a legitimate excuse. I walked over to their table and stood there. They both looked up and both stopped talking. Whatever they were talking about, it wasn't meant for my ears. Judy seemed to be annoyed at the interruption.

"Sorry," I said, "but the witching hour is at hand." That was supposed to be cute, but it didn't come off.

Judy said, "Oh . . ." as though time meant nothing. She turned to the woman, "You'll excuse me, won't you?" and the woman said yes, she would. There didn't seem to be very much she could do about

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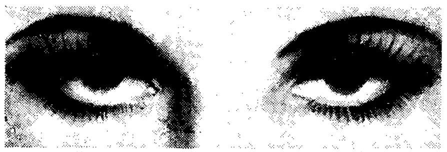

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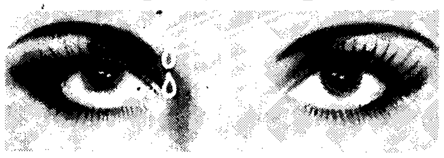

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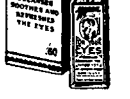

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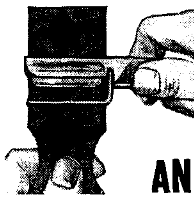

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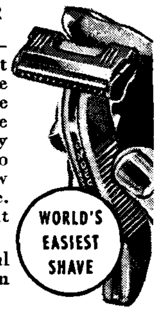

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it anyway, because Judy was getting up.

I said, "I'm Steve Harrison: Miss Morgan's dancing partner."

Judy didn't appreciate my politeness, and the introduction she ladled out wasn't notable for its enthusiasm. She said, "This is Mrs. Grant." I held out my hand and got a limp, damp palm, and an appraising look from the tired brown eyes. Mrs. Grant said, "So you're Miss Morgan's dancing partner," and I said yes, I was. I wanted to say that she seemed to catch on quick, but I choked it back. My airy persiflage didn't seem to be clicking.

"Staying for the supper show?" I asked.

The woman nodded. "Yes." She made it sound as though she didn't expect to enjoy it, but had nothing else to do.

I said to Judy, "You'd better be on your way. You need new make-up."

JUDY waited for me. I took the hint and went with her. I said, "Such interesting people one meets in show business. Known her long?"

"I never saw her before. She sent word that she wanted to speak to me . . ."

"Quite a speech." I was fishing but wasn't getting a nibble. "Anything special?"

"No," said Judy, and I knew that she wasn't telling the truth. But I'd gotten to the point where that scarcely bothered me.

I dressed quickly and went upstairs to the little apartment. Judy was finishing up. I said, "Going to tell me anything about the little lady with the big hat?"

"There's nothing to tell."

"Just another customer, eh?"

"Yes." She grabbed at that angle. "Just a customer."

I pretended to let it go. But I knew better. Judy was worried. She hadn't been worried before she'd started talking to Mrs. Grant, and she was worried now.

We went through the act. Judy was terrible. She was the little girl who wasn't there. If it hadn't been for Gregg Martin and his father, and the hired help, we'd have finished to a silent audience. Judy didn't even seem to notice what kind of a hand we hadn't gotten.

I cold-creamed my make-up off, put on my street clothes and went to my observation post near the rostrum.

Mrs. Grant was sitting alone. She looked as though she'd been too many places and seen too many things. And somewhere along the route she had discovered something that interested Judy. You don't sit for two and a half hours saying "I think your act is swell." Not with Judy, you don't. Especially, when Gregg Martin is sitting a few tables away.

Judy came downstairs. Without her make-up, she looked pale. She nodded at Mrs. Grant and stopped briefly at her table. The two women said something to each other, as though they were checking up, and then Judy continued on to Gregg Martin's roost. I figured that whatever had gone on between her and Mrs. Grant was in the nature of unfinished business. That was the way they acted.

I DECIDED to butt in. I was in the doghouse anyway, so it didn't matter whether Judy was mad, madder or maddest. I shoved through the dancers and pulled up at Mrs. Grant's table. I said, "May I sit down?" and she said that it was okay with her. I sat down.

She was nursing a stale drink, so I ordered her a fresh one. I figured she was a dame who liked her liquor. That suited me fine. I got the brilliant idea of getting her plastered and making her talk.

I didn't mention Judy or anything else in particular. At that stage of the game, I didn't even ask any personal questions. I tried to remember the correspondence course I'd taken in Charm. I turned it on full, and it didn't take me long to find out that Mrs. Grant's name was Mabel and that she was willing to call me Steve. That made everything nice and cozy.

She talked like a broad, but every so often she'd crash through with a hunk of beautiful rhetoric. Somewhere in her career she had been exposed to education, and it kept cropping up unexpectedly. But she seemed more at home in the vernacular.

I tried to peg her. She was better than a tramp and miles below the lady standard. More than anything else, she looked and talked like a woman who followed the races—usually with a boy friend. You know the type—dripping with diamonds and furs one day, and solidly in hock the next.

I tried her out on that angle and it seemed to check. But we didn't talk horses very much, because of all things I don't know anything about, horses come first.

She was friendly enough, and, what was more—she seemed to accept me at face value. I was Judy's partner, and as such it was all right to accept me into the fraternity. I got her to absorb three drinks and then I suggested that maybe she'd like to go somewhere else. She said she would. She didn't crave any particular spot. "I haven't been in New York in so long that they all look good," she said.

I played that angle while we were taxiing across to the Penguin. She'd been out on the Pacific Coast for a long time. A very long time. She had been in Mexico and knew some Mexican words. She said a few of them, and I didn't ask her what they meant.

Things seemed to be following a certain course, and I was getting uncomfortable. I was cold sober, and I was remembering that when Mabel and I left the club together, Judy had flung a look after me that was on the disapproving side.

Mabel grabbed a couple of drinks at the Penguin, but she wasn't happy there. The atmosphere was too rarefied. I took her to a 52d Street place that was strictly low-down. From the instant she walked in, you could tell that this was what she was accustomed to.

The gal could hold it. She was holding it now. She got bright-eyed and genial and talkative. She made her meanings clear, even though her method of expressing herself got embarrassing at times.

I tried to pump her but didn't get halfway to first base. She was named Mabel Grant, she was married to a guy named Ollie, she knew horses and form sheets, she was a lousy dancer, she had once seen better days. That was as far as I got. The only other thing I learned was negative, but it prompted me to stick around.

I found out that—for the second time in a few nights—a woman was pumping me about Judy. It was clear as crystal that my charm act hadn't worked; she had trailed along with me because she wanted to ask me questions.

How long had I known Judy? Was I in love with her? (She played coy asking that one.) How did it feel to be the partner of a famous woman? I said, "What do you mean, famous?" and she reminded me that there wasn't a newspaper reader in the country who hadn't been thrilled by Judy's inheritance.

I was getting good and sick and tired of that inheritance business. Being sole heir under somebody's will has its points; but when you're a pretty young girl and the testator is a middle-aged man, people think things. Things that aren't nice. Things that you can't deny, even though you know they're not true. I got off that subject in a hurry because I knew if I didn't, I'd get mad. Claire had implied several things, and this Mabel was thinking along the same lines. The only difference was that Mabel was putting it in language that any bad little boy could understand. I started talking about the weather.

That subject didn't hold very long but it led to an idea. She was the one who had it. She said she wanted me to meet Ollie. At first the name didn't register; I'd forgotten that I'd heard it earlier in the evening. Then it came back, and I said, "Your husband?"

She played cute: "Would you be shocked if I said he wasn't really my husband?"

"No," I answered. "What *would* you say he was?"

"I'd say he was awful sweet. You'll like Ollie."

I PAID the check and took her home. She was living in a cheap, tawdry, theatrical hotel in the West Forties. It had a faded lobby and three weary bellhops. It was one of those places which advertise room and bath for $2.50 a day, and where you can live for ten a week if you know the ropes. It had a distinctive odor, and you could place the accent on that anywhere you wanted and not be wrong.

She took me up to room 524. That, apparently, was where she and Ollie played house under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Grant. She rapped and somebody opened the door. I couldn't see anything at first because the room was so filled with the smoke of nickel cigars that it looked like a London fog.

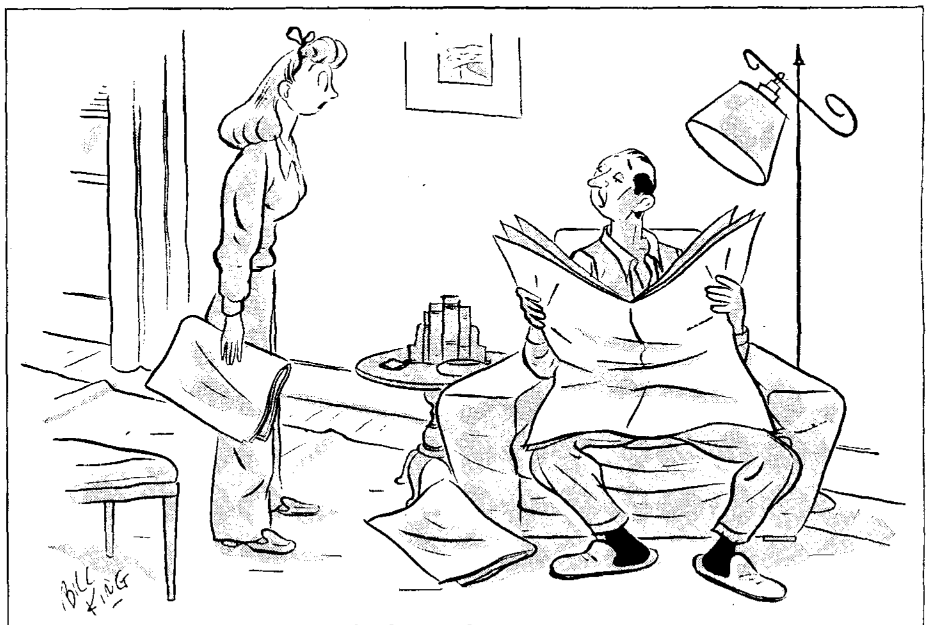
Ollie was a little man. He was about 45, and his hair was sparse. His eyes were like ice, and his manner didn't check with her theory that he'd be happy to meet me. Ollie didn't look like the kind of guy who was ever very happy about anything. He gave me a gander and then ignored me. I just wasn't there any more. He looked at Mabel and said, "Who's this lug?"

His manner didn't bother her. She shoved past him into the room and beckoned me in. I went, though I wasn't very happy about it. I wasn't happy, either, about the way Ollie shut the door—so it didn't make a sound—and stood with his back against it, staring at me.

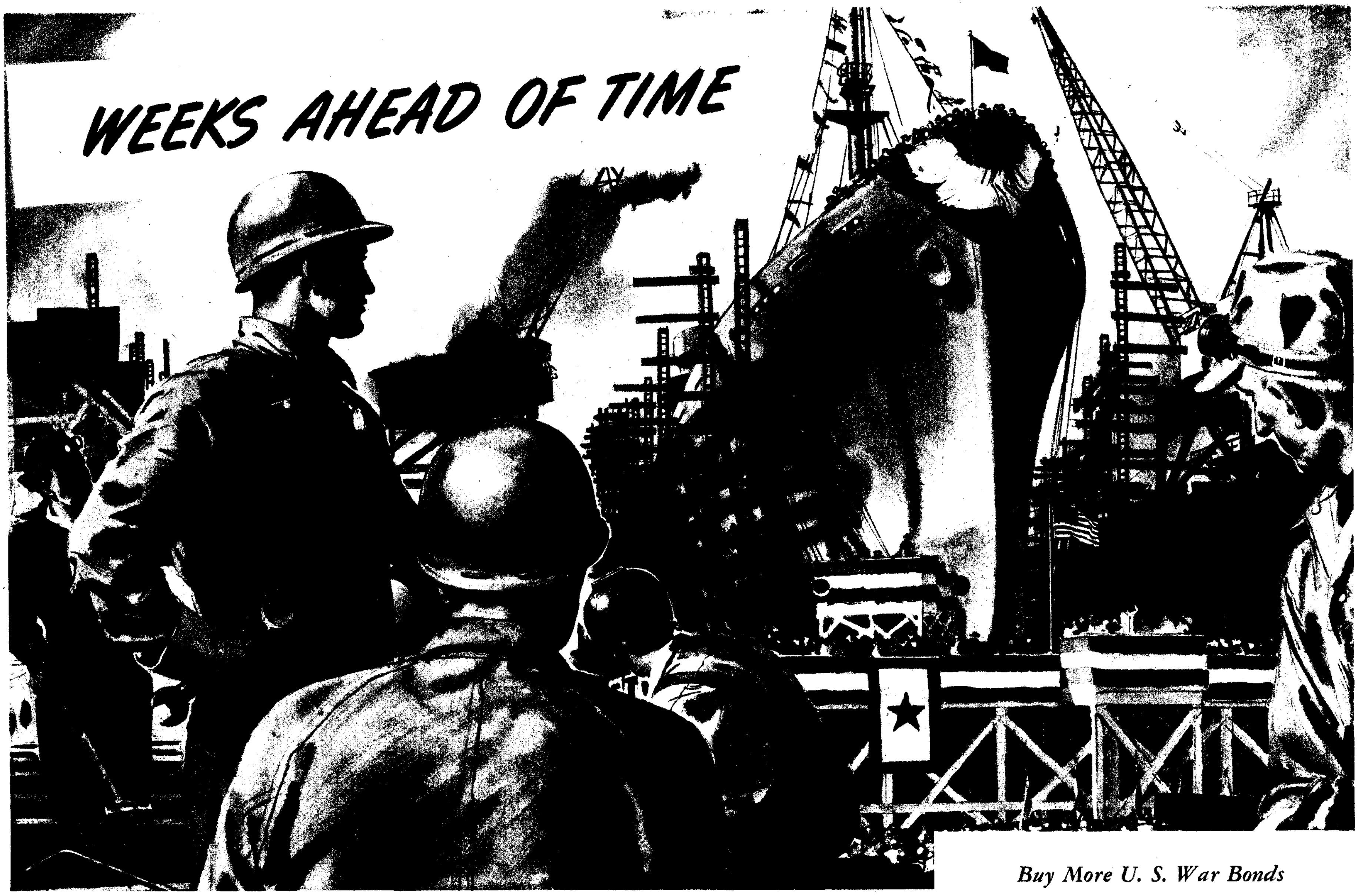
She said, "Ollie, meet Mr. Harrison. Steve—meet Ollie."

I said, "Howdy, Ollie?" He didn't say anything.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "It's such a lovely day. Why spoil it with a picnic?" BILL KING



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Clever, the Chinese

By J. Henry Carpenter

CHAIRMAN, AMERICAN COMMITTEE IN AID OF CHINESE INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVES

Give a Chinese a few scraps of metal, some bits of wood and wire and string and, in no time at all, he'll have a defense factory going full blast and growing all over the place. China's 1,600 co-operatives are strictly bad news for the Japs

THE Japanese have destroyed or now control ninety per cent of China's factories and have made refugees of 50,000,000 of her people. How have the Chinese been able to stand up under all this? How can they continue to do it until the United Nations relieve them by reconquering Burma and reopening the Burma Road?

I learned the answers to those questions during my recent trip to China as chairman of the American Committee in Aid of Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.

Eight Chinese refugees were living in a cave outside of Shillipoo. By eating roots and foraging for scraps of food, these men were barely able to keep alive. They were given a loan of 3,000 yuan (about $150) by the Industrial Co-operative division of United China Relief. With this they bought wood and made a loom, but then they were stuck.

"Now," they said, "we have to get metal to make the wheels that throw the shuttle and the gears."

There was no gray iron available, no steel of any sort. They solved the problem by melting down brass Chinese coins (the kind with the hole in the middle), making such excellent wheels that their loom proved twice as efficient as an ordinary one.

In two years' time, they had built eight buildings with their own hands, had constructed twenty-two looms, and were feeding ninety-two other refugee members. They made blankets, canvas, cotton cloth and silk cloth. They had cut schoolrooms in the cliff, and many of the refugees still lived in caves. They also had a clinic with emergency medicines and doctor within call.

They had a playground for the children, with swings and slides, and a basketball team that played in sectional tournaments. They have long since paid back the original loan, and their co-operative now has a net worth of more than $11,000.

At a place called Garden City outside Paoki (pronounced Pow-gee) stands a Buddhist temple. A stone in the entryway bears witness that it was rehabilitated in the second century, A.D. A robed Taoist priest still remains in the holy place but it has been given over to a co-operative of wounded soldiers. There were originally thirty-five men cared for there, some with a leg off, a few blind, others with arms missing. They were given a loan of $1,200 and began weaving. In the course of time, five men recovered sufficiently to go back to the army. Each departed with $50 as his share of the profits. The co-operative has paid back half the original loan and has added steadily to its equipment.

The greatest of all examples of ingenuity is found on the hill on the edge of Chungking, the present capital. The direst of all Chinese needs, next to food, is gasoline. The Chungking co-operative found an old marine boiler on the bank of the Yangtze River. It was rusted and corroded and seemingly worthless but the Chinese began cutting the boiler up by hand. Having no cutting torches, they used cold chisels and sledge hammers.

What they intended to make were cracking plants to transform tung oil into gasoline. They eventually made f[illegible] cracking plants out of that old wreck.

A Tough Blacksmithing Job

The hardest job was to bend the iron They dug a hole in the ground, started fire, ran a bamboo tube to the hole an forced in air through a handmade bellows Over the fire they placed the plate the were going to bend, heated it to a whit pitch, and then hammered it into shape b hand, using main force and sledge hammers.

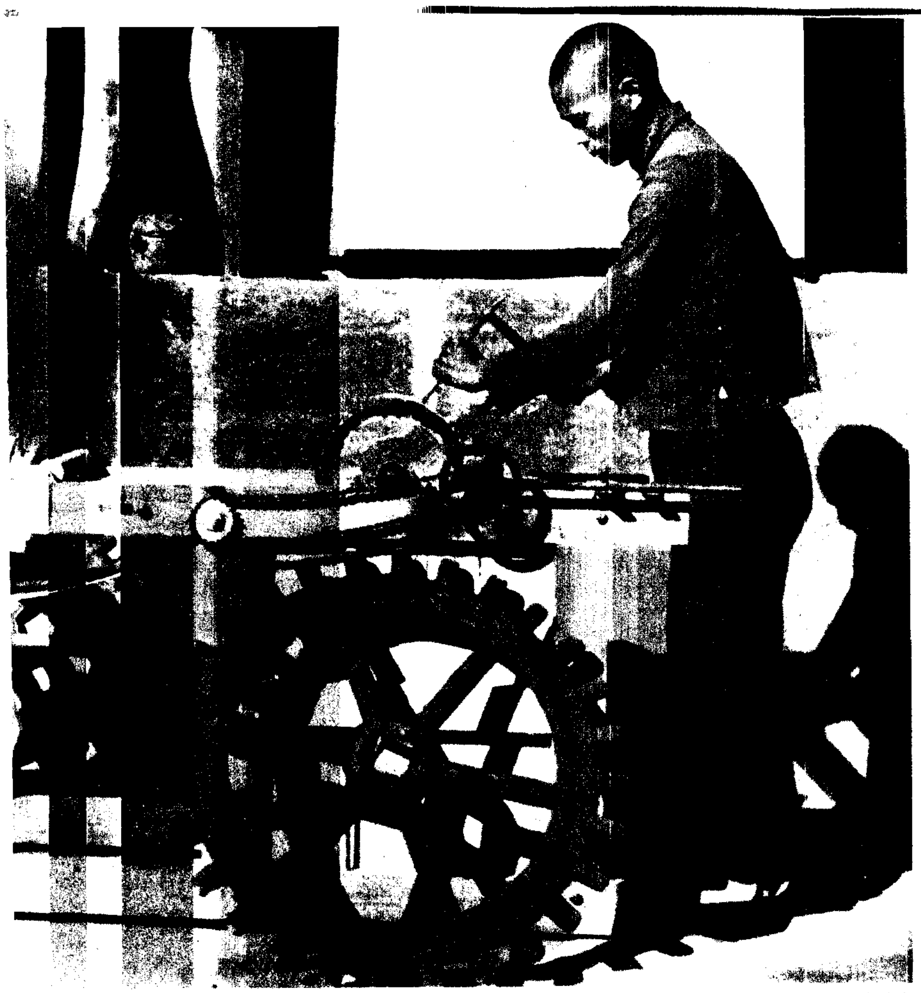
"Those five plants now provide te thousand gallons of gasoline a day," I wa told proudly.

Gasoline costs from $10 to $20 a gallon for the poorest quality. Often it is mixe with alcohol. The value of the plant ca be measured by these figures.

I rode 1,700 miles through northwes China on a truck. The first carried woo from Lanchow to Paoki. Then fro Paoki, I traveled to Chengtu in anothe truck, this one carrying cotton. The woo had a value of $500 in Lanchow. It wa sold in Paoki for $1,500. The trip cos $1,000.

The Chinese co-operatives provided th army with 700,000 blankets last year, mad on hand-constructed looms under th worst possible conditions. When the bi thread-twisting plant at Sian was bombe out of operation, there followed a grea need for cotton thread for the warp of th blankets and cloth.

At Hanchung a young Chinese workma made a thread-twisting machine out o wood, the only steel used being two piece supplied by the "wishbone" of a wrecke American car. The greatest need was fo steel for the spindles that held the bobbi and when that wasn't available, the youn genius improvised two small wooden bobbin-carriers that lay flat instead of uprig and allowed the thread to come off wit out the use of a spindle. The machin handled twenty-four bobbins at a tim



INDUSCO, INC.

These workers, members of a Chinese industrial co-operative, are helping build textile machinery, largely of wood, despite bombings by Japanese

ing an estimated twenty per cent better b than was possible with the former uipment.

In practically all cases, the machines ade of sticks and bits of wire operate ore efficiently than the original installa-ons.

When Shanghai was evacuated, one oup of workmen carried a planer and a ill on their backs for hundreds of miles til they could get it to a river. Then they r ed it by sampan to Paoki—a 1,500-le trip. When they got to Paoki, they set the equipment. For power they used old wooden wheel which was turned two boys.

Later, they took an engine out of an old tomobile and geared it to the power aft. A charcoal burner, made in their n shop, furnished gas to run the motor. e old hand-turned wheel had furnished ly enough power to run one machine at time. The new installation supplied re than enough to run the planer and ll together.

No one can deny that conditions are des-rate in China. In addition to bombings, nines and the loss of most of their in-strial plants, there have been severe ods that killed thousands of refugees d rendered the fate of others even more ious than before. It is not uncommon see as many as twenty-five trucks stand-; abandoned at the side of the road for k of parts and fuel.

The Chinese can do miracles but they ven't been able to create spark plugs d magnetos out of thin air.

A Triumph of Manpower

When trucks break down, men come ward to carry the loads. Men bear bur-ns of as much as 150 pounds on trips 500 miles. With sticks across their ulders, allowing the load to be evenly tributed, they trudge steadily on as long daylight lasts, often averaging fifteen urs a day. Ancient four-wheeled carts, h carrying about a thousand pounds, pulled by ropes in front and pushed m behind. They cover amazing dis-ces.

At Shuang-shih-pu is a co-operative l mine which is nine miles from the rest road (in fact the *only* road in north-st China). The coal is transported that tance, in wicker baskets carried on *n's backs, over a mountain pass and by* ding two rivers.

Since there is no wood pulp in many sections, paper is being made out of straw. A great source of straw is old straw sandals, and piles of discarded shoes are to be seen around a papermaking plant. The papermakers put the straw in a large mixer vat with chemicals to soften the fibers. Then a silk screen held by two wooden handles is lowered into the vat. A thin layer of the dissolved mixture is deposited on the screen. The layer is picked off the screen by use of a piece of felt and then placed on a hot stone slab. When it dries, it is peeled off, piece by piece. This is newsprint, upon which a one-page paper is turned out on a small hand press.

Thus the leading people of northwest China are well posted on international affairs. They follow the war intently and are quite aware of what Russia is doing and what success our troops are having in North Africa.

When the supply of replacement material for the wool-carding machine was cut off from the only source, England, they made a substitute of their own. The original carding device was small wires held in a heavy belt. It combed out the wool being drawn through it. Lacking this "card clothing," the Chinese took the steel bands that often come on packing cases, hacked notches in them and substituted them for the carding wires. Then they needed nails to put these strips on a revolving drum—but had none. They sent from Paoki to Chungking, 1,200 miles, to get ten pounds of nails. The finished machine was a triumph. It was entirely handmade and highly efficient.

There are 1,590 co-operatives in China and this year the government of China is appropriating $5,000,000 for their promotion and loans. United China Relief has sent $500,000 for the same purpose this last year. The co-operatives produced $30,000,000 worth of goods last year and will far exceed that in 1943. Instead of attempting the hopeless task of feeding the refugee Chinese, the co-operatives give them money for tools and equipment, and they feed themselves. At the same time they are producing needed war and civilian *supplies during the period of China's* greatest need.

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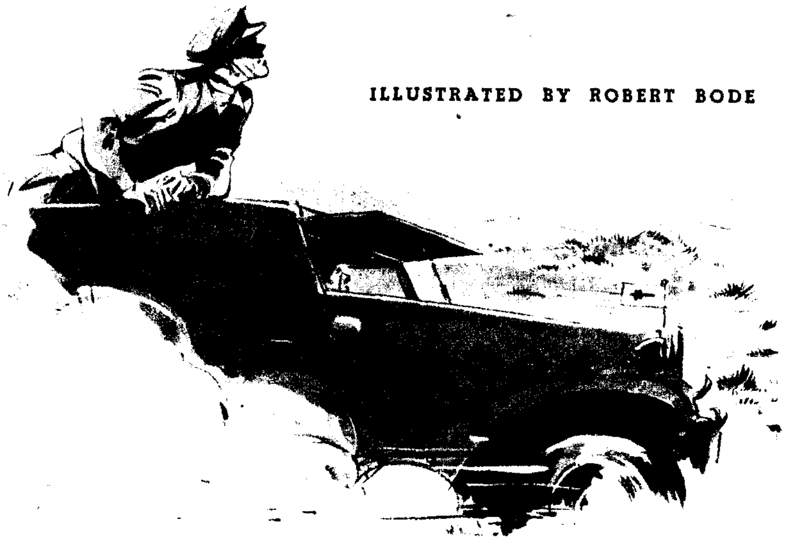


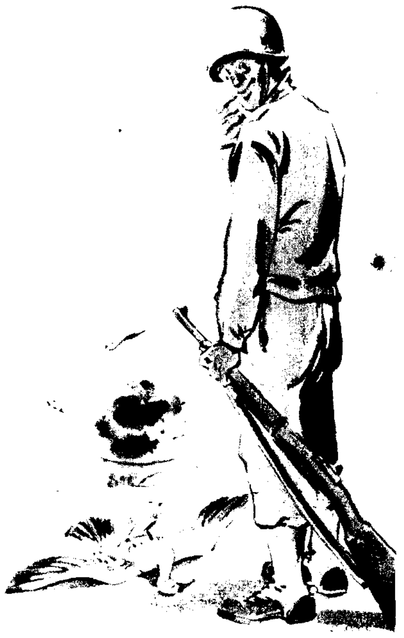
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BODE

Spotters on the Spot

By Roderick MacDonald

War Correspondent of the Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald

Scenes from a vehicle driving along a road somewhere in the Messerschmitt terrain of Tunisia



THROUGH a hole in the roof of an armored vehicle, one man is standing exposed to a sixty-mile gale which hits him as far down as his waist, leaving the rest of his body in the placid, enclosed atmosphere where passengers loll, idly puffing on their cigarettes. His eyes stream with tears, his cap is strapped under his chin, and dust or rain, according to the day's vagaries, is half blinding him.

This unfortunate fellow is an aircraft spotter who is supposed to beat an S O S on the driver's head when presumably hostile aircraft appear in the vicinity, so that the driver can brake the vehicle furiously, giving the occupants a chance to dive into the nearest ditch. The spotter is also supposed to incur complete disgrace if he mistakes a bird for a strafing Hun.

This is among the most difficult distinctions any weeping spotter can be called upon to make, and I would like personally

The Ghost of Shakespeare

Continued from page 40

"This on the basis of the fact that I was posing as English and wore thick-soled shoes," explains Carradine.

He had picked up the English accent in a New York school and he found that Shreveport Rotarians considered art much finer if it had a foreign odor. In an attempt to extend hands-across-the-sea, the Shreveport brothers made the mistake of asking Carradine to make the annual Fourth of July oration. It was such an exciting speech that the Ku-Klux Klan wrote him a note about it.

"Omitting Valley Forge was bad enough," it read, "but when you endeavored to prove that George Washington had double-crossed General Burgoyne, you went too far. This is a warning to leave town before you are tarred and feathered."

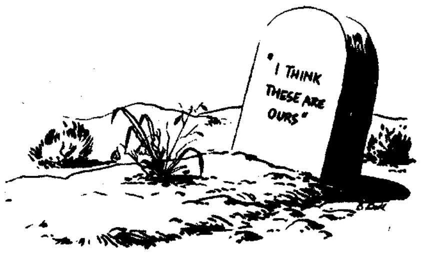
Carradine appealed for protection to the British consul at New Orleans, who asked the Shreveport police to protect "His Majesty's subject." The "subject" hung around hopefully, figuring that a little tarring might stir up new interest in his portrait work, but nothing happened, and he drifted off to Dallas. Eventually he landed in El Paso, where he became most thoroughly destitute and was happy to take a job as banana messenger on a fruit train headed for Los Angeles.

A banana messenger, be it known, is one who performs such slight duties as handling waybills in return for free transportation, but Carradine is remembered best by his working companions for his attire. He was garbed in spats, a four-in-hand tie, evening trousers and a monocle.

"English and nuts," said the crew resignedly, as if the words were synonyms.

The theory that he is English refuses to die, and he is in very bad standing with the British colony in Hollywood, which go on record with the statement that ds have been deliberately imitating iter planes. They come down without a ter of their wings, generally with the behind them, in typically German formations, and they peel off one by one in most disconcerting style. Reports are rent that an American sergeant who greatly annoyed fired on one of these ds, then saw his feathered friend come vn emitting smoke from his tail.

t is inevitable that sometime during the


"I THINK THESE ARE OURS"

rney along the front line, cars are going e halted suddenly by the sight of low ancing planes. Since the Luftwaffe been so solidly hit, the probability is t they will be Allied planes, but the ase "I think these are ours" is so firmly d among famous last words that those desire to celebrate the ultimate vic- advance toward shelter, rather than k up to see whether the machines are nd or foe.

n the matter of shelters, there are some distinctions, too, and one day I bor- ed someone else's foxhole with a nge result. We were out about two ds of a mile from Maknassy, watching erfully while Stukas dive-bombed a rted town, until our machine gunner denly roared, "They're behind us!" s we leaped, we glimpsed three hedge- Messerschmitts about eight hundred ds away. I can remember noticing two within diving distance and making plit-second decision to take the one rer to the planes. This was based on bably quite unreliable information that always better to go *toward* a strafing airplane than away from it because they have a tendency to overshoot rather than undershoot.

When they had gone over with an unpleasant crackling of motors and machine guns, two ruffled gentlemen emerged from the second hole, one of them claiming, first, that I had leaped into his own personally constructed hole; second, that he had thereby been forced to share an inadequate hole with another man; and third, that a bullet had gone right between them.

Most correspondents on this front are now collecting a series of minor injuries when taking what might politely be called "evasive action." Casualties to date, including abrasions in certain indescribable regions, have all been self-inflicted wounds with one exception—a skinned nose. This belongs to a New Zealander who was crouching in a shelter when one of the heaviest of his American colleagues arrived on top of him, feet first, with a Stuka close behind him. My contribution was a cracked rib, acquired when I flopped to earth as I heard the moan of an approaching shell.

With a proper spotter who has been trained in the hard school, it's practically impossible for a German fighter to get close enough to a car's occupants to strafe them, though he may, if he's conscientious, send a spray of bullets into the deserted vehicle while those who looked and leaped thumb their noses at him from distant points.

The absolute reliance which has to be placed in a spotter by those sitting inside a closed car enforces on him a very rigid code of behavior. If, as sometimes happens, his cap blows off, he mustn't shout "Stop the car!" without making a preliminary statement to the effect that his headgear is missing.

If the passengers suddenly see planes race overhead before he does, he must assume an air of great prescience, and say, "Yes, I've been watching those Spitfires. They look very pretty up there against the sun." And when a passenger unkindly asks, "Well, why have the Spitfires got German black crosses on them?" the spotter must have a quick wit.

Above all, he must never assume an attitude of either alarm or despondency. It was once my misfortune to be relying on a spotter who sent us halfway into a cactus patch by throwing his arms wide in a gesture of apparent despair and crying, "Look! Look! Great heavens above!" When we emerged, his explanation was that he had been looking at a marvelously beautiful rainbow. ★★★

---

considers him a traitor and possibly a spy. In truth, he is perhaps the most insulted Hollywood actor of the past decade. When recently he had the temerity to ride in a parade, he was booed and hissed for upward of two miles.

"There goes that sneak that killed Jesse James!" cried the irate mob.

Wealth seems to have brought little surcease to Carradine, because on two occasions he has had to be rescued by the Coast Guard when he tried to sail from Santa Monica to Catalina. Once he put down anchor and couldn't get it up again; on another sad day he became becalmed and couldn't start the motor.

Having been a professional eccentric for years, he now varies the formula by being an elongated version of Adolphe Menjou. When the opera season opens in Los Angeles, he appears in a red-lined cape, top hat, ebony stick and glittering diamond studs. Betweentimes, he perpetuates the Carradine legend by turning up at the Brown Derby for lunch in his costume from such productions as Swamp Water, a Georgia cracker outfit so mud-spattered and malignant that nobody will sit within three booths of him.

Carradine plays the piano and sings well. He has a deep bass voice and hopes someday to use it in a musical film. He knows most of the Italian operas by heart, all of Gilbert and Sullivan and an array of Irish ballads. He is a fairly good sculptor, and his work has appeared in galleries across the country. When he appeared on the radio in Information Please, he was easily a match for John Kieran and F.P.A.

"I keep one small lobe of my brain for such trivialities," he said modestly.

How he has stayed in Hollywood this long is a mystery because his views of motion-picture actors, directors and producers are of such scandalous nature that they cannot be expressed in mixed company. However, he will gladly repeat them for any interested party, adding such insults as may occur to him during the course of the conversation. He is thought of as an old, gray fox, but in reality, he was born only in 1906 and may be in his prime. It is hard to tell from looking.

THE END

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"As I told him, my brother's regiment left last night"

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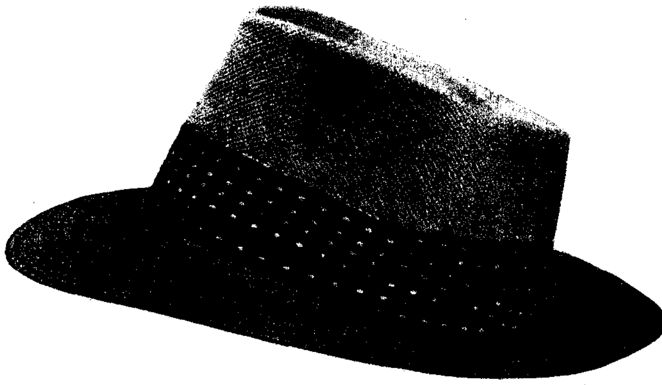

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Social Security Quiz

Test your knowledge of something you own

—YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS!

1. Suppose after retirement at 65 you have an independent income. Can you still receive Social Security benefits?

2. If you are receiving benefits at 65, does your wife, if she is also 65, receive benefits?

3. Do children of a deceased insured worker receive a monthly income from Social Security until they finish school?

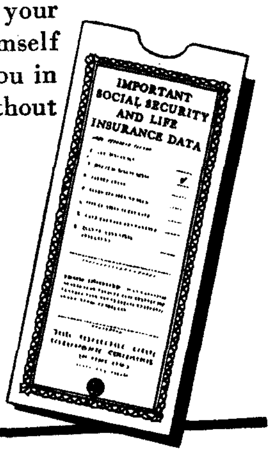
4. Can you continue to work after 65, and still receive Social Security benefits?

5. Is the middle-aged widow of an insured worker entitled to monthly benefits?

6. Does Social Security provide for the dependent parents of a deceased, insured worker?

Correct Answers below

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW how Social Security works out for your family? What income you can expect—and when? How you should fit your life insurance policies into your Social Security program? The Mutual Life representative in your community has equipped himself to be of practical help to you in Social Security matters. Without obligation, of course.


IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY AND LIFE INSURANCE DATA

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CORRECT ANSWERS

1. Yes. 2. Your wife, at age 65, will receive a monthly benefit equal to 50% of yours. 3. Each child under 16 years of age receives 50% of the father's primary benefits; children aged 16 or 17 receive this benefit *only* if they attend school. 4. Not if you earn more than $14.99 a month in covered employment. 5. Only if she has in her care children, under 18, of the insured worker. 6. Only if there is no surviving widow and no child under 18.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Continued from page 12

weigh six pounds a gallon but that I was sure my ship could take it.

"No," he said. "Your tail might get sluggish with that extra four hundred and fifty pounds in there. It might start whipping around, and there's not going to be a lot of room to do that. The first important thing you've got to do is get off this deck. If you can't do that, well, we will have wasted a helluva lot of time and money."

I told him I thought the extra weight would make me steadier and easier to get off, but he couldn't see it my way. I went away wondering what made me keep thinking the Navy would not be able to get us as close to Japan as promised.

We had our orders about discarding the 5-gallon cans. "I don't want you to throw them out as they're used," Doolittle told us in a meeting when that question came up. "If you do, it will leave a perfect trail for the Japanese to follow back to the carrier. Use up the stuff in the cans first, of course, but save them and dump them all together. The Navy has been great to us. Let's show our appreciation in whatever way we can.

"Another thing: If any of you men are foolish enough to carry anything that might lead the enemy back to the Navy, in case you're forced down and captured, get rid of it now."

That was the day I gave back the ash tray one of the Navy boys had made for me, with the word "Hornet" on it. Incidentally, that was the only spelling out of the name I saw on the entire ship, except on the dried up hornets' nest that hung in the wardroom.

Plans for a Night Raid

The time was getting near. We were going to take off during the evening of Sunday, April 19th, come in over our cities in the dark and fly the rest of the way during the remainder of the night, landing after dawn in China. Our carrier would turn back and escape during the night. And with the time drawing near, Doolittle was as restless for action as any of us. He inspected all of our planes. When he came to our ship he gave me permission to take out the seat-adjustment mechanism, to enable us to push our seats back farther than they ordinarily went. He thought it would facilitate our movement in the plane. He told us for the hundredth time that our navigation would have to be perfect.

He climbed up in our ship and immediately noticed that somebody had hooked an interphone headset near our compass. He told us to keep headsets and all other magnetic properties as far away from the compass as possible. To prove his point he held one of our vacuum bottles over the compass, and its needle swerved 30 degrees. He told us not to get any of our automatics close to the compass.

We were one-man arsenals. Each of us was given one .45, clips of ammunition, a hunting knife, flashlight, emergency rations, morphine, sterilized bandages, holsters and straps to hold these things to us, a canteen, compass and life jacket. We were walking magnets, and the thought of that sent us back to our maps again. We had them down pretty fine, but it was a little disturbing to have the Navy boys tell us that the best available maps of the China coast line failed to show correctly its numerous coves, irregularities and the islands that skirt it.

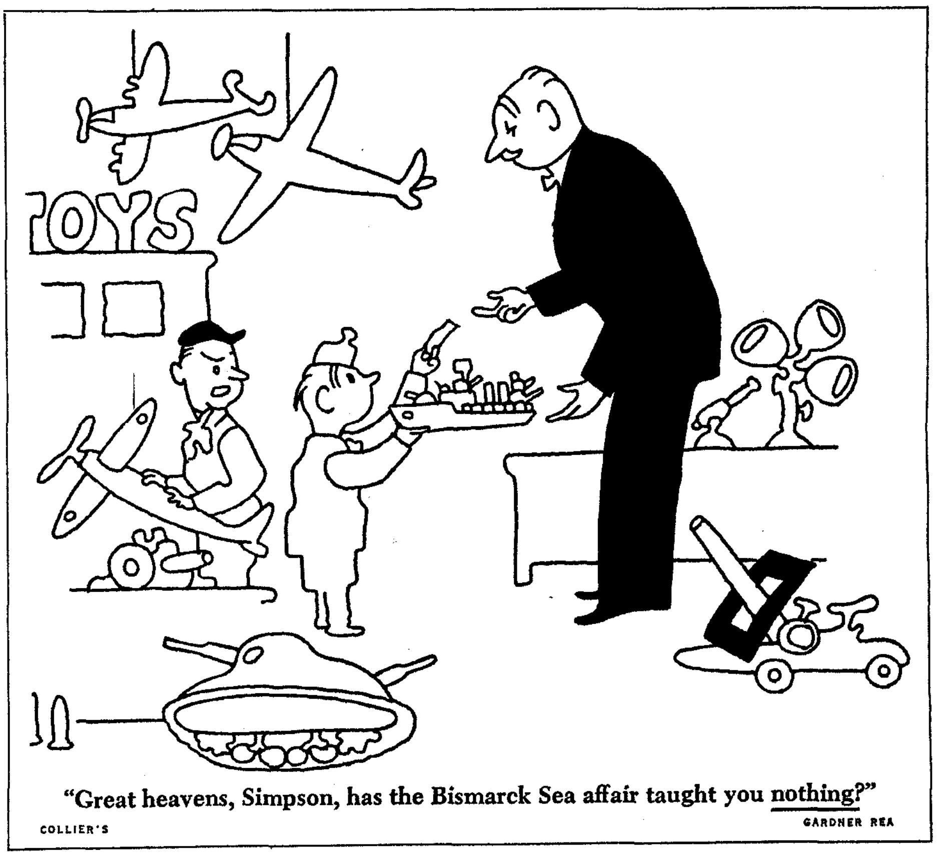
Lieutenant Don Smith, of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, had additional headaches. His right engine cracked a high blower on the 16th while he was testing it. The Navy was ready for that, among many other things. Navy carpenters built a platform up to the engine, mechanics took the big power plant off in a hurry, sent it down to the machine shops, fixed it and put it back on Smitty's wing.

Near the end, Doolittle called us together, gave us one last chance to back out but nobody did.

On April 17th, which turned out to be our last full day on the Hornet, our rear gun turret went bad.

We worked like fools on the turret, appreciating more than ever how much we'd have to depend on it. Japanese attacks would certainly come from our rear, and the turret was our only protection.

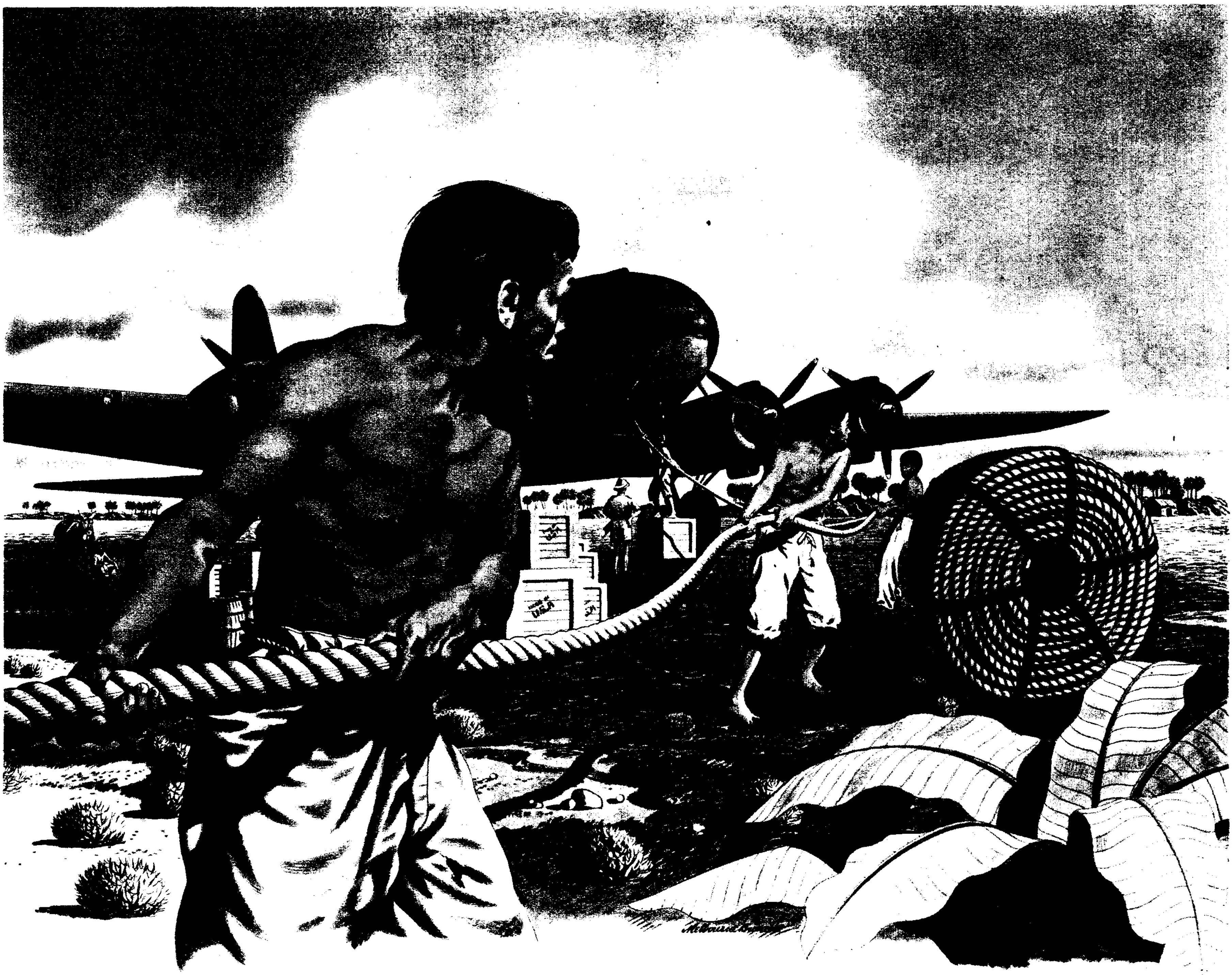
As we worked, the tension mounted on the ship. The Hornet was pulling away from the force, accompanied by spray-spouting cruisers and knifing destroyers. The carrier shuddered with new power and we plunged deeper and deeper into



"Great heavens, Simpson, has the Bismarck Sea affair taught you nothing?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Government support has been given the airlines in part to prepare them to serve the needs of National Defense. This is another in a series of messages telling how TWA is fulfilling its obligations to the nation in wartime.



9-INCH HAWSER ON AN URGENT MISSION

In modern warfare, *anything* can be critically important—even a piece of rope. So urgently did our forces at an overseas station need two massive coils of 9-inch hawser that they were turned over to TWA for immediate delivery by air. The rope had top priority.

The coils each measured 4½ by 5 feet. To get them through the two-foot hatch of the Army Stratoliner, TWA operations men had natives uncoil the stiff rope at full length. Then, tugging in rhythm, the workers fed it through the forward opening, neatly re-coiling it inside. And the Stratoliner delivered the 2300 pounds of top priority rope on time.

Each day, in emergency over-ocean transport service for the Army's Air Transport Command, TWA devotes experience of commercial airline operation to the urgent needs of a nation at war.

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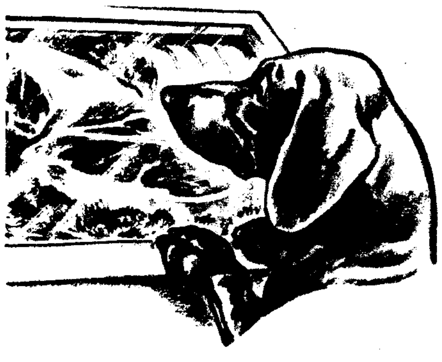
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



No coupons for me?

You can keep your dog healthy—even with no meat in his diet! Feed him eggs, milk and green vegetables to supply protein—and Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to supply meat vitamins. *He must have them!*

Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules contain *all the different vitamins a dog needs.* Fed daily, they help protect him from Black Tongue, Rickets, Eczema, certain Fits. Not a medicine—they contain vitamins A, B_1, D and G—the same ones *you* need.

Your dog can thrive on his new feeding habits, plus Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules. Get them at drug and pet stores . . . and the new, *free* Sergeant's Dog Book (or use this coupon).

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Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

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Sergeant's
MIN CAPSULES (VITAPETS)

Japanese-controlled waters. We were a little more than 1,000 miles off Japan now. We were coming into the homestretch, and everybody knew it. We worked on and cursed the turret.

There were so many things to think about, without the worry of the turret. My head was full of lectures, maps, charts, photographs of our targets, the worry over gas and a thousand and one other details. Those barrage balloons, for instance. My mind formed pictures of hitting the cables of one of them, in the night, and having our wings sheared off.

I tried to get that off my mind by making myself think about something else. Something trivial it was, too. Ever since the Navy had clipped my bank roll to $14 I had been wondering how I'd get hold of enough to buy something for Ellen and my mother if all went well and I got to Chungking. So that last day, when I took time out for a quick dinner, I decided that I'd recoup my poker losses by becoming a cigarette runner. I had heard that cigarettes sold for $7.50 a carton in Chungking and that there were never enough to meet the demand. They were a nickel a pack on the Hornet, so I stocked up. And when I went back to the plane, to work on the turret, I packed eight cartons and two boxes of chocolate bars in the rear of the plane.

Battle Stations at Dawn

I was tuckered out and discouraged about the turret that night of the 17th by the time I got to my bunk. Nig White was just shuffling the cards and some of the Navy boys were drifting in, ready for another night of it. They watched me come in and asked me if I wanted to take a hand.

I told them no, thanks, and then one of them did a real decent thing. He said, "Listen, you fellows, there's going to be no card playing in here tonight. Lawson's got to get some sleep for a change. He might need it."

I did.

I slept from about 10 o'clock until battle stations the next dawn—which regrettably and unexpectedly turned out to be the day of the raid. That was April 18th.

After battle stations early that morning I went back to the room to wait for breakfast. I thought it would be a good idea to see just how much equipment I could get in my B-4 bag. All of us had B-4s. It's a valise, canvaslike, which is packed in a flat, spread-out fashion, then folded into handier carrying shape. It can be hung up, unfolded, to keep your stuff pressed.

I tried putting in my raincoat, shaving kit, shoes, shirts, shorts, handkerchiefs, blouse, trousers and a few other things. It was about 7:30 A. M.

That's when it happened. First there was a muffled, vibrating roar, followed immediately by the husky cry of battle stations. Nig jumped for the door and I went right after him. We were three decks down.

Scrambling after Nig as fast as I could I found other Army boys racing for the top. We flung questions at one another, but got no answers. And twice before I could get up on top, the Hornet vibrated and echoed with the sound of heavy gunfire near by.

I got out on the flight deck and ran around a B-25 just in time to see the cruiser off to our left let go another broadside of flame and thunder in the direction away from us. And presently, down near the horizon, a low-slung ship began to give off an ugly plume of black smoke.

I must have asked two dozen questions in one minute. One of the Navy boys, hurrying past, said it was a Japanese destroyer and that our gunnery had accounted for it within three minutes after engaging.

"Damn it, let's go!" somebody yelled at me above the bellow of the cruiser's guns, the crashing sea, the sound of the wind and the cries of excited, jubilant men. I turned and saw it was Nig. He was racing back over the route we had covered just a few minutes before.

I was on his heels, saying nothing. This was it, and before we wanted it. We'd have to take off now. Not Monday evening. Now, Saturday morning. We'd be forced to assume that the Japanese ship had had time to flash the warning about us.

All hope of surprising the Japanese had now fled, I thought. Surprise was our main safety factor, Doolittle had often drummed into our heads. We had no way of knowing that no warning was sent. Apparently the ship either did not see the B-25s spread all over the deck of the Hornet, or just couldn't believe that it was possible, or maybe the Navy sank it too soon.

The Hornet leaped forward, boring a hole in the head wind. I could feel its turbines take up a faster beat and felt that it was straining forward as fast as it could, to get us a minute closer . . . a gallon nearer.

I felt this, too: That our Navy had done all that it could—and it had done it in a way that made a fellow proud of being an American. I thought of Halsey with that tough jaw jutting out, standing high up in the island of the Hornet, and I wondered, as I began stuffing something in my bag, how long it would take the long-range Japanese bombers to come out after our carrier.

I don't really remember what I stuffed in my bag. Whatever it was it was handy to reach. Now I was thinking about our gas, and the junking of so many of our long-discussed plans. We had based so much of our hope of getting to China on the presumption that the Navy could run us up to within about 400 miles of the Japanese coast. Even then it was going to be a tight fit.

Now we were going to take off the deck about 800 miles off the coast. It took some figuring—quick figuring. And the sums I arrived at, in my buzzing head, gave me a sudden emptiness in the stomach.

I thought of the preparations the Japanese must be making for us, and I thought of that turret that just wouldn't work. But most of all I thought of our gas.

I had no word from Doolittle, and needed none. I knew that he had his own problems and that the only thing to do was hurry. Nig was a great help. He helped me round up my gun, compass, medical stuff and the whisky. Lieutenant Thomas R. White, of Redlands, California, the mission's flight surgeon—and, inevitably Doc to everybody—had brought along 80 quarts of GI bourbon—a quart for each man who was going on the raid. On the ship Doc traded it in for pints of Navy medicinal rye. Easier to carry, if we had to bail out.

Great Activity on Deck

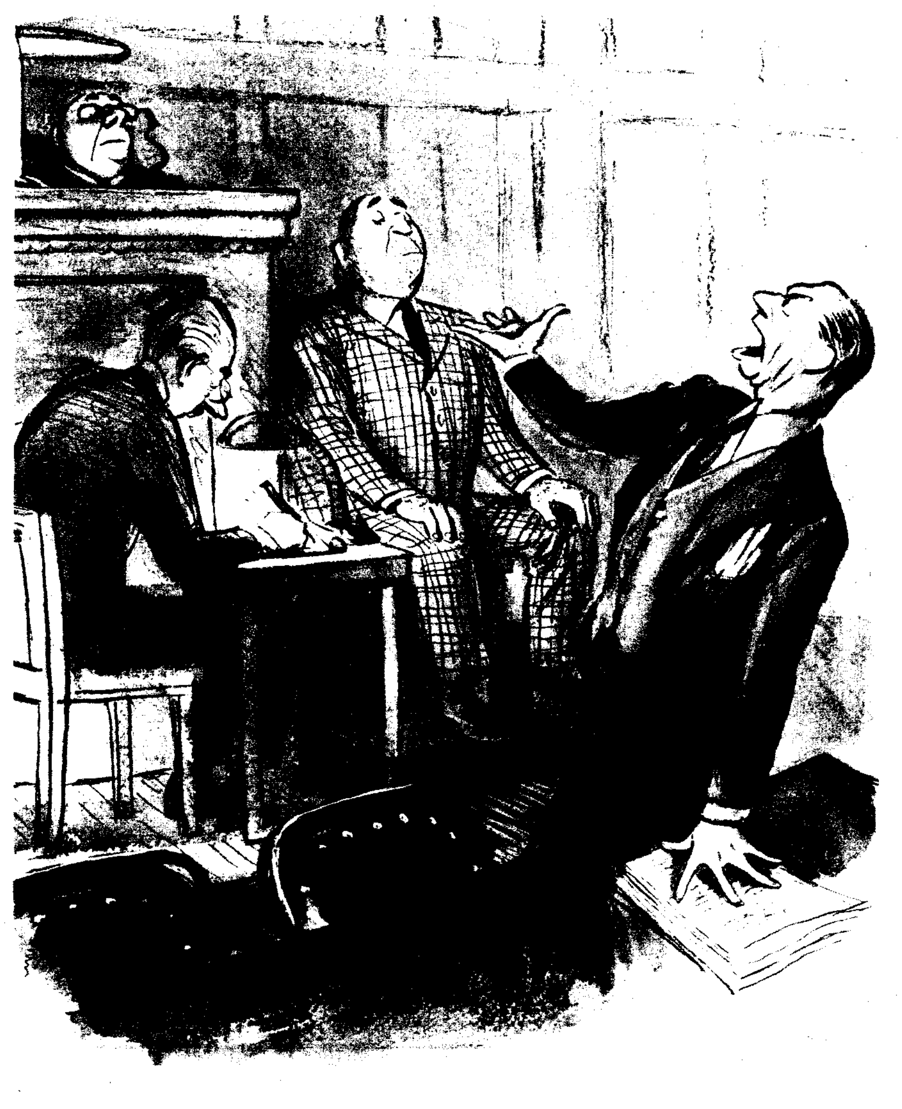
Nig and I started up top with our arms filled. Nig was pretty talkative. I guess he could see I was nervous. He asked me if I thought it would be a good idea to relax a moment and take a drink out of one of the pints. I don't even remember answering him.

I went right to my plane. The crew was there. I shoved the whisky and some of the other stuff in McClure's navigating compartment, just behind and a step lower than the pilot's compartment.

The flight deck of the Hornet was alive with activity, while the big voice of the looming island barked commands. The man I thought was responsible for our bad turret hurried by and I stopped him long enough to tell him what I thought of him—and was sorry, as soon as I did.

Lieut. Jack "Shorty" Manch, of Staunton, Virginia, who must be the tallest fellow in the Air Forces, now ran up to our plane carrying a fruitcake tin.

"Hey, Clever," he said to our bombard-



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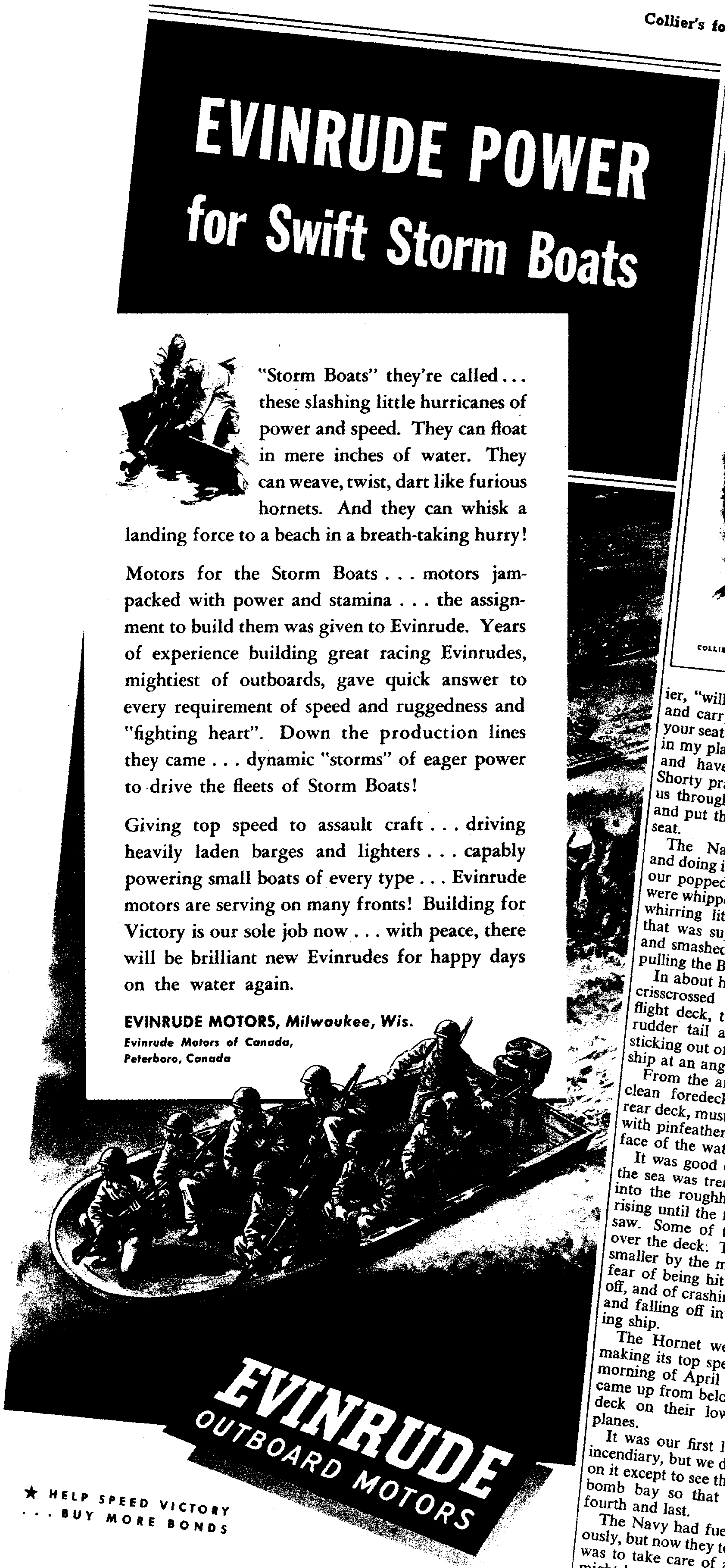

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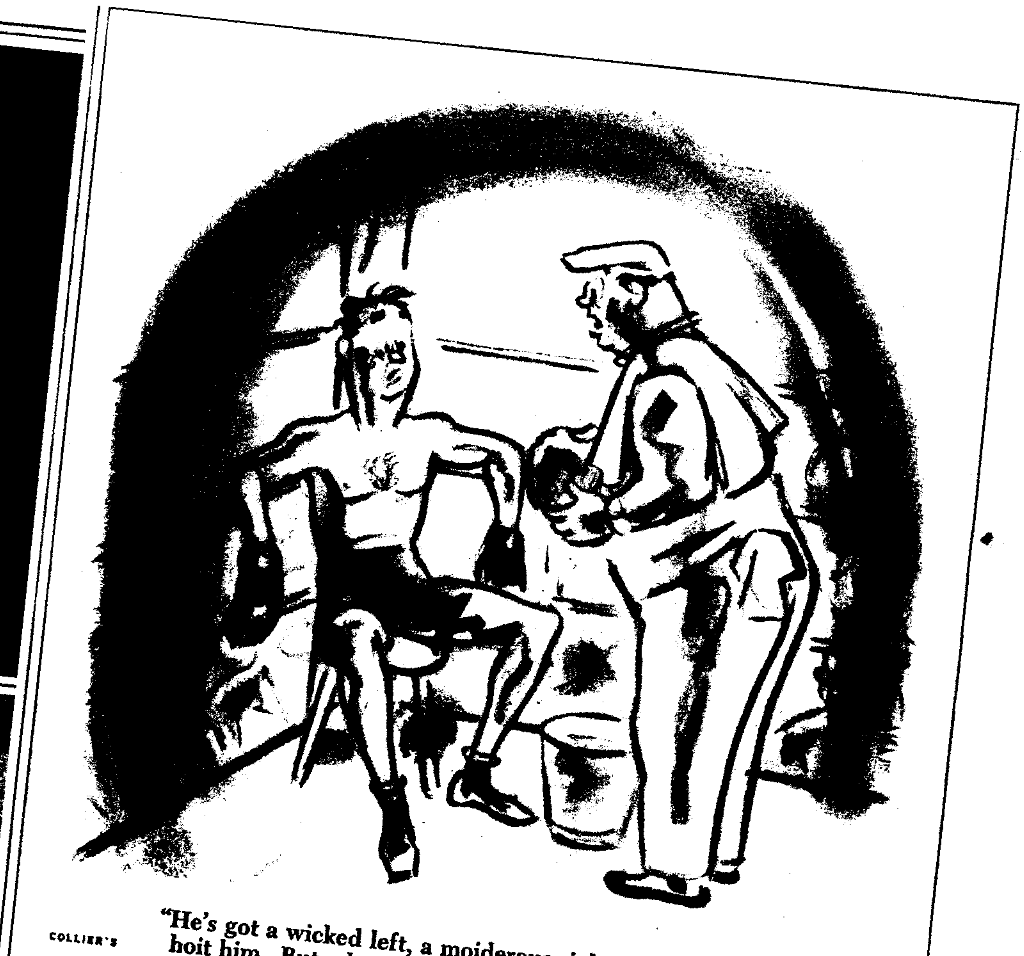


COLLIER'S

"He's got a wicked left, a moiderous right and you can't hoit him. But what his wife sees in him is beyond me!"

LEONARD DOVE

ier, "will you-all do a fellow a big favor and carry my phonograph records under your seat? I'll take my record-player along in my plane and we'll meet in Chungking and have us some razzmatazz." And Shorty practically trucked on away from us through the turmoil. Clever shrugged and put the can of hot records under his seat.

The Navy was now taking charge and doing it with an efficiency which made our popped eyes pop some more. Blocks were whipped out from under wheels. The whirring little "donkey"—the same one that was supposed to have broken loose and smashed my plane—was pushing and pulling the B-25s into position.

In about half an hour the Navy had us crisscrossed along the back end of the flight deck, two abreast, the big double-rudder tail assemblies of the 16 planes sticking out of the edges of the rear of the ship at an angle.

From the air the Hornet, with its slim clean foredeck and its neatly cluttered rear deck, must have looked like an arrow with pinfeathers, bounding along the surface of the water.

It was good enough flying weather but the sea was tremendous. The Hornet bit into the roughhouse waves, dipping and rising until the flat deck was a crazy seesaw. Some of the waves were breaking over the deck. The deck seemed to grow smaller by the minute, and I had a brief fear of being hit by a wave on the take-off, and of crashing at the end of the deck and falling off into the path of the surging ship.

The Hornet went faster, until it was making its top speed, that hectic, hurried morning of April 18th. The bombs now came up from below and rolled along the deck on their low-slung lorries to our planes.

It was our first look at the 500-pound incendiary, but we didn't waste much time on it except to see that it was placed in the bomb bay so that it could be released fourth and last.

The Navy had fueled our planes previously, but now they topped the tanks. That was to take care of any evaporation that might have set in. When the gauges read full, groups of the Navy boys rocked our planes in the hope of breaking whatever bubbles had formed in the big wing tanks, for that might mean that we could take a few more quarts. The Hornet's central tower was now beginning to display large square cards, giving us compass readings, and the wind.

I saw our take-off instructor, Lieutenant Miller, trot up to Doolittle's plane and climb in the bottom opening. For a time I thought that he was going along, but after a bit he came out and began visiting each of the other B-25s. We were in the Ruptured Duck now, all of us, and when Miller came up to the pilot's compartment he must have stood there half a minute with his hand stuck out at me before I came back to life and shook hands with him. I had so much on my mind. Miller wished all of us good luck and he said, "I wish to hell I could go with you."

One Thing Less to Worry About

It was something of a relief when five additional 5-gallon tins of gas were handed in to us. We lined them up in the fuselage beside the 10 cans Doolittle had already allotted us. It was a sobering thought to realize that we were going to have to fly at least 500 miles farther than we had planned.

However, my concern over that, as I sat there in the plane waiting to taxi and edge up to the starting line, was erased by a sudden relief that now we wouldn't have to worry about running into barrage balloons at night.

This, of course, was going to be a daylight raid. It was only a few minutes after eight in the morning.

Commander Jurika and Nig also came up to say goodby and to shake hands. When they had gone I suddenly remembered that none of my crew had had breakfast and that all of us had lost sight of the fact that we could have taken coffee and water and sandwiches along. I was tempted to send Clever below to get some food, but I was afraid that there would not be time. Besides, Doolittle's ship was being pulled up to the starting line and his and other props were beginning to turn. The Hornet's deck wasn't a safe place. I found out later that one of the Navy's boys had an arm clipped off by a propeller blade that morning.

Doolittle warmed and idled his engines, and now we got a vivid demonstration of one of our classroom lectures on how to get our planes off half the deck of a carrier.

A Navy man stood at the bow of the ship, and off to the left, with a checkered flag in his hand. He gave Doolittle, who was at the controls, the signal to begin racing his engines again. He did it by swinging the flag in a circle and making it go faster and faster. Doolittle gave his engines more and more throttle until I was afraid that he'd burn them up. A wave crashed heavily at the bow and sprayed the deck.

Then I saw that the man with the flag was waiting, timing the dipping of the ship so that Doolittle's plane would get the benefit of a rising deck for its take-off. Then the man gave a new signal. Navy boys pulled the blocks from under Doolittle's wheels. Another signal and Doolittle released his brakes and the bomber moved forward.

With full flaps, motors at full throttle and his left wing far out over the port side of the Hornet, Doolittle's plane waddled and then lunged into the teeth of the gale that swept down the deck. His left wheel stuck on the white line as if it were a trolley. His right wing, which had barely cleared the wall of the island as he taxied and was guided up to the starting line, extended nearly to the edge of the starboard side.

We watched him like hawks, wondering what the wind would do to him, and whether we could get off in that cramped little run toward the bow.

Doolittle picked up more speed, and held to his line, and just as the Hornet lifted itself up on the top of a wave and cut through it at full speed Doolittle's plane took off. He had yards to spare. He hung his ship almost straight up on its props, until we could see the whole top of his B-25. Then he leveled off and I watched him come around in a tight circle and shoot low over our heads—straight down the line painted on the deck.

Cheers at the Take-Off

The Hornet was giving him his bearings. Admiral Halsey had headed it for the heart of Tokyo.

The engines of three other planes were warming up, and the thump and hiss of the turbulent sea made additional noise. But loud and clear above those sounds I could hear the hoarse cheers of every Navy man on the ship. They made the Hornet fairly shudder with their yells—and I've never heard anything like it, before or since.

Captain Travis Hoover went off second; Brick Holstrom, third; Bob Gray, fourth; Davey Jones, fifth; Dean Hallmark, sixth; and I was seventh.

I was on the line now, my eyes glued on the man with the flag. He gave me the signal to put my flaps down. I reached down and drew the flap lever back and down. I checked the electrical instrument that indicates whether the flaps are working. They were. I could feel the plane quaking with the strain of having the flat surface of the flaps thrust against the wind and the blast from the props. I got a sudden fear that they might blow off and cripple us, so I pulled up the flaps again and I guess the Navy man understood. He let it go and began giving me the signal to rev my engines.

I liked the way they sounded long before he did. There had been a moment, earlier, when I had an agonizing fear that something was wrong with the left engine. It wouldn't start, at first. But I had gotten it going, good. Now, after 15 seconds of watching the man with the flag spinning his arm faster and faster, I began to worry again. He must know his stuff, I tried to tell myself, but when, for heaven's sake, would he let me go?

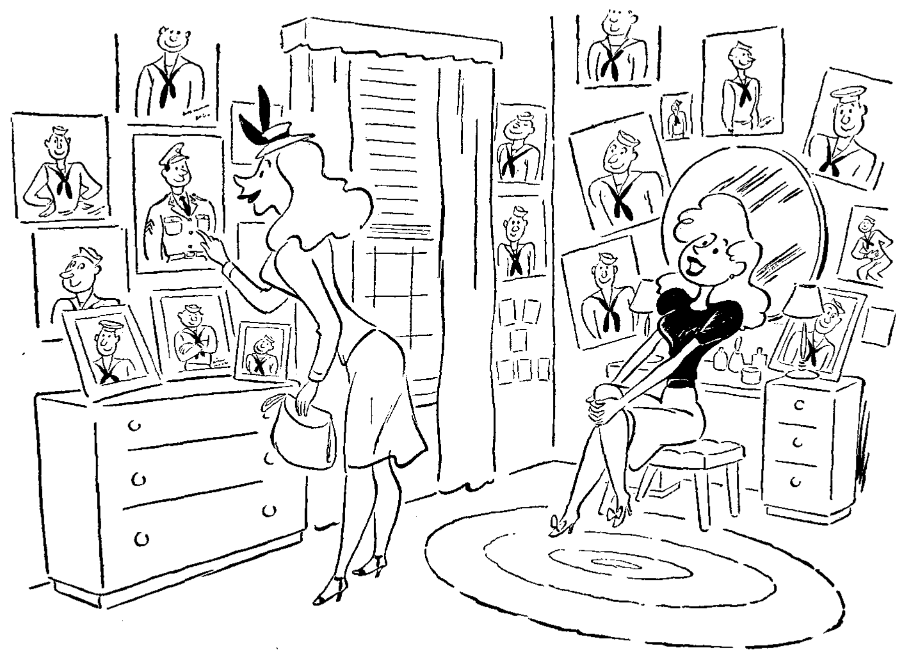
Thirty Seconds of Suspense

I thought of all the things that could go wrong at this last minute. Our instructions along these lines were simple and to the point. If a motor quit or caught fire, if a tire went flat, if the right wing badly scraped the island, if the left wheel went over the edge, we were to get out as quickly as we could and help the Navy shove our $150,000 plane overboard. It must under no circumstances be permitted to block traffic. There would be no other way to clear the forward deck for the planes already in line.

After 30 blood-sweating seconds the Navy man was satisfied with the sound of my engines. Our wheel blocks were jerked out and when I released the brakes we quivered forward, the wind grabbing at the wings. We rambled dangerously close to the edge, but I braked in time, got the left wheel back on the white line and picked up speed.

I never felt the take-off. One moment the end of the Hornet's flight deck was rushing at us alarmingly fast; the next split second I glanced down hurriedly at what had been a white line and it was water. There was no drop nor any surge into the air. I just went off at deck level and pulled out in front of the great ship that had done its best to plant us in Japan's front yard.

I banked now, gaining a little altitude, and instinctively reached down to pull up the flaps. With a start I realized that they



COLLIER'S "There were no ships in port that day" CLAUDE SMITH

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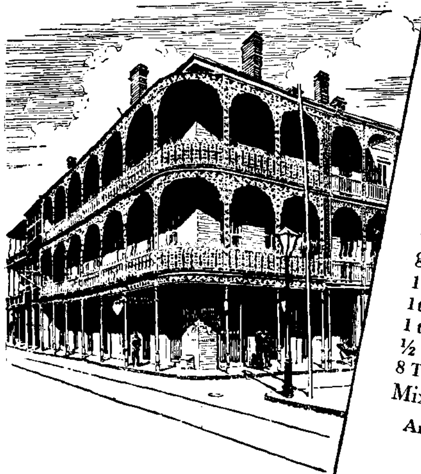

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1 t. finely chopped parsley
½ t. creole mustard
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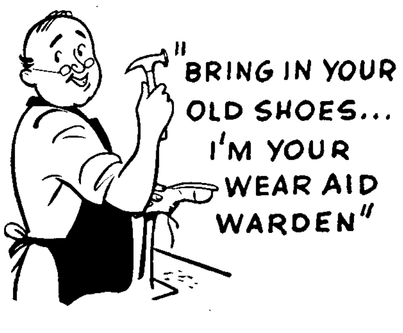
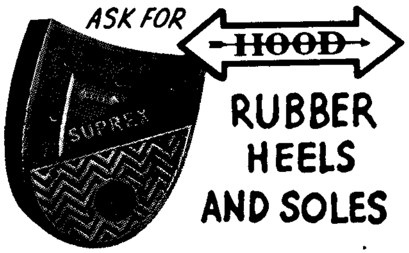

"BRING IN YOUR OLD SHOES... I'M YOUR WEAR AID WARDEN"



RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

A TIP FOR LONG WEAR AID—HOOD RUBBER HEELS

were not down; that I had taken off without using them.

I swung around as Doolittle and the others before me had done, came over the nine remaining planes on the deck, got the bearing and went on—hoping the others would get off and that the Hornet—God rest her—would get away in time.

There was no rendezvous planned, except at the end of the mission. Those who took off early could not hover over the ship until a formation was formed because that would have burned too much gas in the first planes. This was to be a single-file hit-and-run raid—each plane for itself. And at levels which still are hard to believe.

Once on our way we immediately started topping the wing tanks with the auxiliary gas. We began with the big emergency tank. I knew all there was to know about the appetite of our Wrights, but it was still depressing to figure that they had burned the equivalent of eight of our 5-gallon tins during the warming up and take-off. Forty precious gallons gone before we were on our way!

About 2,000 miles of nonstop (I hoped) flying lay ahead of us. I tried now to visualize the end of the trip, the airport at Choo Chow Lishui. I thought again of the tremendous planning behind the whole raid when I recalled that I must not miss the signals at Choo Chow Lishui or the other Chinese fields I might be tempted to choose. All of them were close to Japanese-occupied territory. There was always the chance that even while we were en route, the Japanese might seize these fields. If that happened, the Chinese were to signal "Don't land" by a simple yet effective system.

A Half-Hour Behind Doolittle

But there were more pressing things to think about now, as I kept the clean nose of the Ruptured Duck about 20 feet above the water and settled into the gas-saving groove. If all went well on the way in, I would hit Tokyo about a half-hour after Doolittle. I figured that if by some improbable miracle the first few planes got in unmolested, every Japanese fighting plane and antiaircraft gun would be ready for me and for the others behind me.

That made me think about the turret. I pushed the button on the interphone and told Thatcher to give it one more test. He did and said it was still on the blink. Then I switched on the emergency juice, but that wouldn't work either. I hadn't built up enough power as yet. Our two .50-caliber rear guns were pointing straight back between the twin rudders and would be unable to budge one way or the other in case of attack. I spoke to Thatcher again and said that, at least, we'd test the guns. So I raised the nose of the plane and when the tail slanted down at the right angle, Thatcher fired a short burst into the water behind us.

"Damn, boy, this is serious," Davenport, the copilot, said into the phone.

We plowed along at a piddling speed for a B-25. The controls were sloppy at that speed. Nobody wanted to say anything. We were busy, or thinking. The flying weather was good—disgustingly good.

Suddenly a dazzling, twisting object rushed past our left wing. It was startling until I realized it was a 5-gallon can discarded by one of the planes in front of me. I could see two planes, and Thatcher said he could see two behind us. The can would have downed us if it had hit a prop. What a climax *that* would have been!

An hour and a half after we took off, we came into view of a large Japanese merchantman. It was about three miles off to our left as we spun along just over the waves.

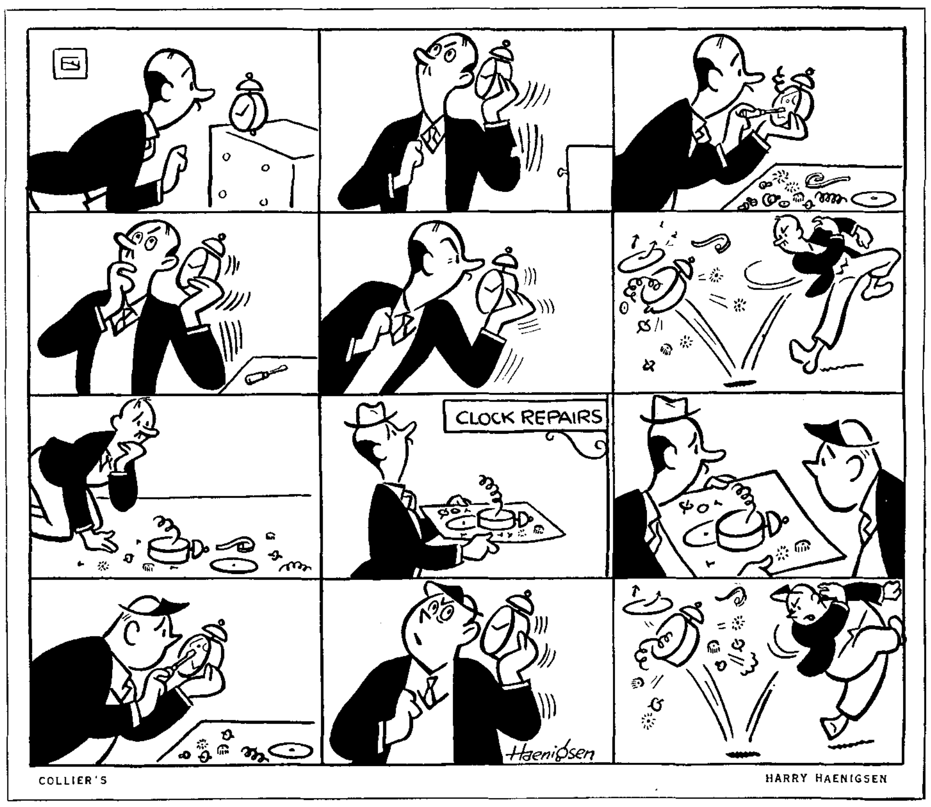
"Let's drop one on it," Davenport said into the phone.

"Let's do," somebody else said. I let them talk. I had better use for the bombs.

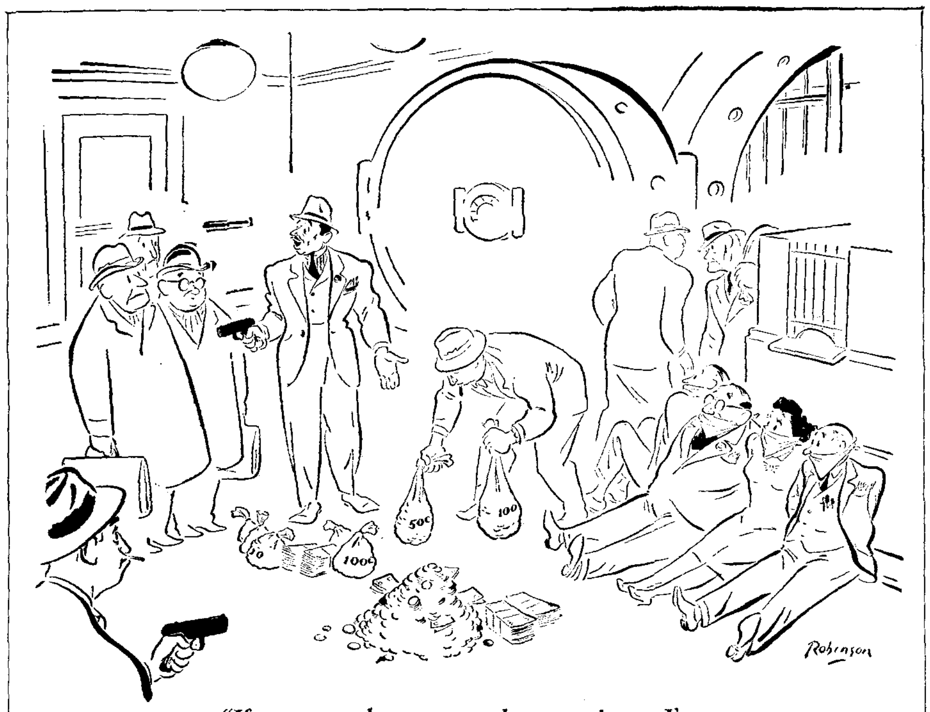
"Okay," McClure said, "but I bet that guy is radioing plenty to Tokyo about us." It was the only ship we saw on the way in, but no one doubted by now that the whole coast of Japan knew we were en route.

Our emergency tank was used up by now and we were well into our other stores. We drummed along expecting to see planes every minute, but saw none. I tried the turret again, now, and it worked. I had enough power. It had to be used clumsily in that the emergency power had to be turned on in the pilot's compartment. I couldn't see Thatcher in the back of the plane, so it had to be done over the phone. The emergency power would last such a short time that the turret would have to be used sparingly. Only during actual attack could I afford to turn it on.

We kept going in and after two or three hours it got tiring. I was keyed up enough, but at our low level and sluggish speed it was a job to fly the ship. I called Clever on the phone, out in the snout of the bombardier's section, and asked him to turn on our automatic pilot. He did, but when I took my hands off the controls, the Ruptured Duck slipped off dangerously to the left. The automatic pilot wasn't working.



COLLIER'S HARRY HAENIGSEN



COLLIER'S "If you gentlemen are the examiners I'm afraid you'll find things in sort of a mess!" ROBINSON MC KEE

So Davenport and I took turns at the controls, and I happened to have them in my hands, at 2 P. M., our time, when we sighted the coast of Japan.

It lay very low in the water in a slight haze that made it blend lacily into the horizon. I had an ingrained picture-post-card concept of Japan. I expected to spot some snow-topped mountain or volcano first. But here was land that barely rose above the surface of the water and, at our 20 feet of height, was hardly distinguishable. I headed straight for the beach.

Many small boats were anchored off the beach, and as we came in closer, I was surprised to see that they were motorboats and nice-looking fishing launches instead of the junks I expected. I had to keep low to avoid spotters as much as possible and to keep out of range of any detecting device which the Japanese might have. So I braced myself as we came close to the masts of the little boats offshore, waiting for a burst of machine-gun fire.

Awaking to Danger

We thundered up to and just over them. Instead of bullets, I got a fleeting frozen-action look at a dozen or so men and women on the little boats. They were waving at us. You see, the emblems on our plane were the old style: blue circle with white star and a red ball in the middle of the white star. Maybe that's what confused them. I'm sure we weren't being hailed as liberators.

White beaches blended quickly into soft, rolling green fields. It was the first land I had seen in nearly three weeks. It looked very pretty.

It was all so interesting that I believe none of us thought much about our danger. What brought that to us, a few minutes after we came over the land, was the sudden sight and disappearance of a large flat building which literally erupted children as we came up to it. A lot of them waved to us. I caught a fleeting glimpse of a playground—and then a sharp, quick look at a tall flagpole from which fluttered the Japanese flag.

It was like getting hit in the chest very hard. This was for keeps. I listened with new interest to the voice of the engines. A lot of the unreal beauty left the land below us. We just could not have a forced landing, now.

I clicked on the interphone and said, "Keep your eyes open, Thatcher."

"I'm looking," Thatcher said.

I found a valley leading more or less toward Tokyo and went down it lower than the hills on either side. But McClure checked our course and found that it was leading us off, so I lifted the nose over a hill and found another valley that compensated and straightened us out again. McClure held a stop watch on the valleys that went off on tangents. He'd let me go 15 seconds down one, then I'd hop the ridge and find one that brought us back on our imaginary beam. We kept very low.

Davenport, Clever and I saw the Zeros simultaneously. There were six of them, flying in two tight V's. They were at about 1,500 feet, coming straight at us. Our eyes followed them as they came closer and closer. They looked like one of our American racing planes, with their big air-cooled engine and stubby wings. I kept just over the tops of a forest of evergreens.

The first echelon of Zeros swept up our transparent nose and disappeared in the metal top that shut off our view. The second V of Japanese planes was now doing likewise, but just before I lost sight of them overhead, the Zero on the left end peeled off and started to dive for us.

I clicked the interphone just as Thatcher did. "I saw him," he said.

I was relieved, until I thought again about the turret. I told Thatcher to tell me when he wanted the power on.

Five or six interminable seconds dragged by. Then I asked Thatcher if he wanted the turret on now.

"No, wait a while," he said.

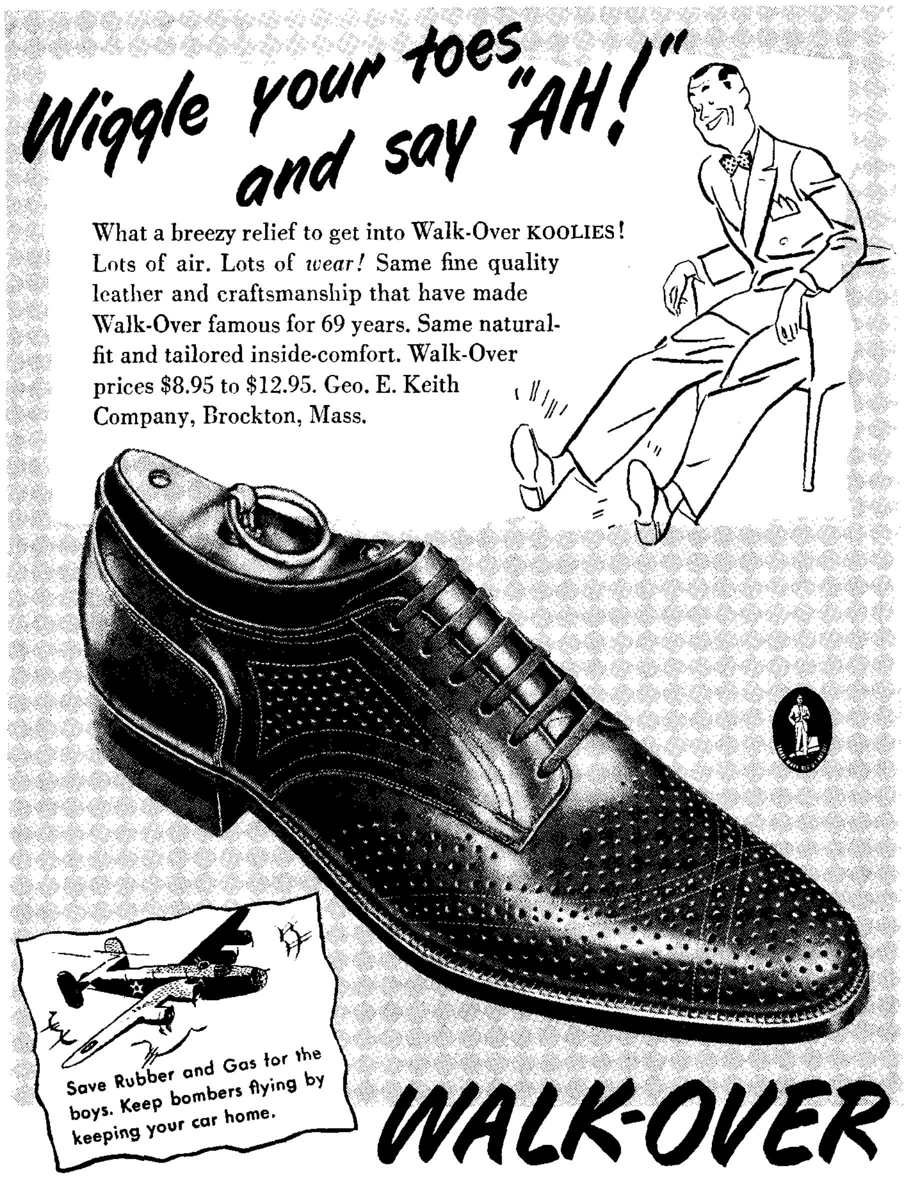
My mind was making pictures of that Zero diving on our tail with cannon and machine-gun fire. I called Thatcher again. There was no answer. I though that something might have gone wrong with the interphone and that Thatcher even now might be yelling into a dead phone that he needed the turret. I was just about to take a chance and switch it on when Thatcher came back on the phone again.

"I don't know what the hell happened to him," he said. "I can't see him now. I think he must have gone back in the formation."

We skimmed along. We went over the rooftops of a few small villages and I began to worry. Twenty minutes was what it was supposed to take to reach Tokyo from the point where we came in. Now we had been over land for nearly 30 minutes, and no sign of the city. I saw one fairly large town off to the left, however, and I said to myself that if worst came to worst and we couldn't find Tokyo, I'd come back there and do at least some damage.

But just then we came up over a hill, and there before us, as smooth as glass, lay Tokyo Bay.

(To be continued next week)


Wiggle your toes and say "AH!"
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BRACES BELTS WALLETS

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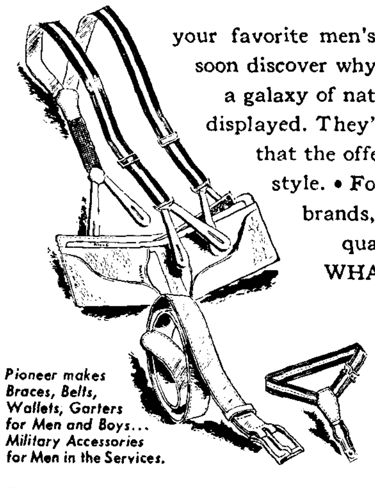

Next time you drop in at your favorite men's store give it a quick "once over" and you'll soon discover why you like to deal there. Chances are you'll see a galaxy of national brand names identifying the merchandise displayed. They're your assurance (and your merchant's, too) that the offered items are of dependable quality . . . correct style. • For more than 65 years, among nationally-known brands, Pioneer has stood as a hallmark for style and quality in accessories "FOR MEN WHO CARE WHAT THEY WEAR."

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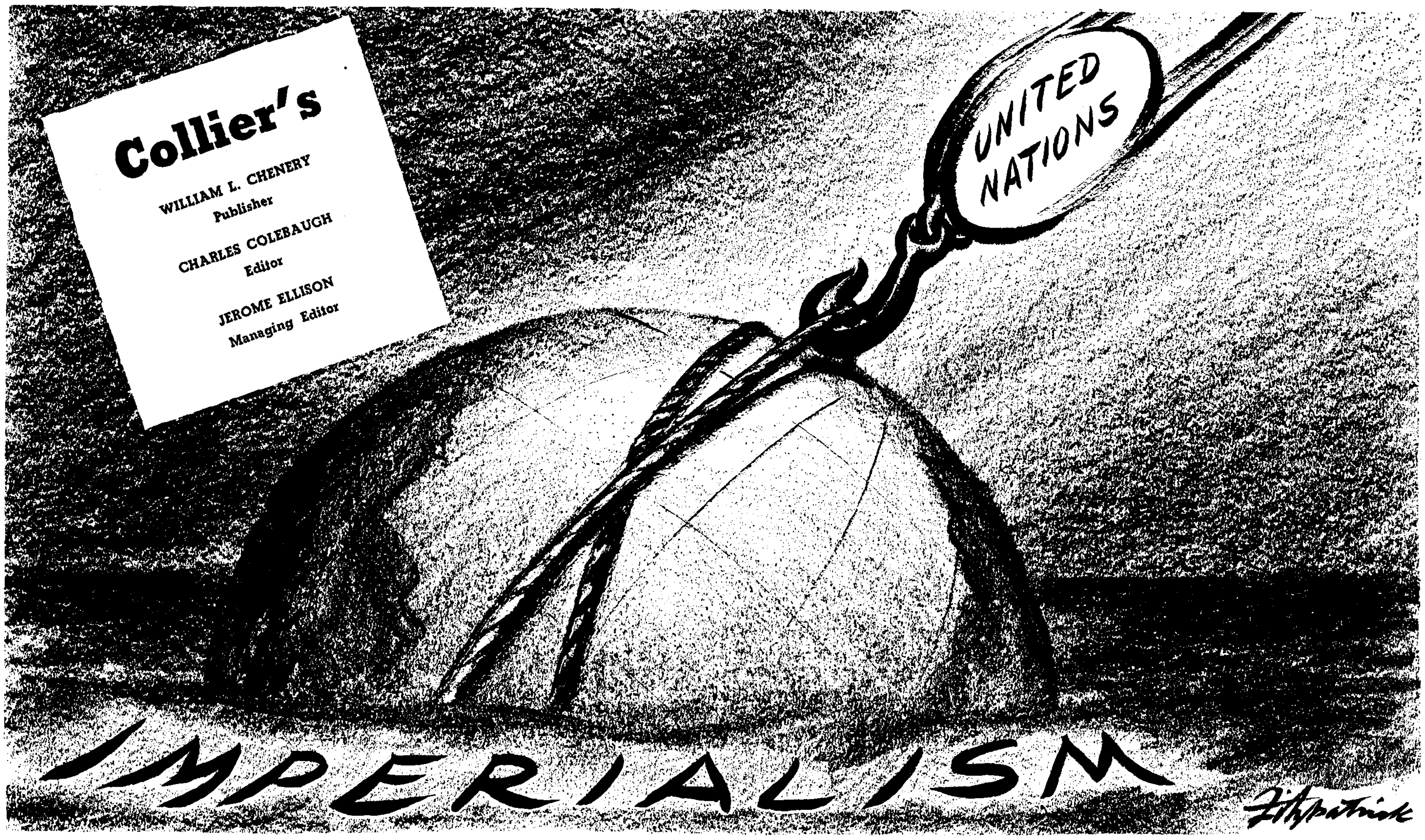

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
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MR. WILLKIE'S "ONE WORLD"

WHATEVER *you think about* Wendell L. Willkie—and many people think many things about him—we do *not* see how you can afford to pass up his book, One World (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1943, clothbound $2, paper-bound $1).

The book, fruit of Mr. Willkie's bomber-borne trip around the world last fall, is an interesting travel book and a good piece of reporting; but those aren't the aspects of it that seem the most important to us. What makes this book significant, we think, is the Willkie philosophy as set forth in the last five short, vigorously written chapters. We thought we'd boil down that philosophy here, since Willkie's ideas about the postwar world are almost sure to be debated in this country and elsewhere, at least until the national conventions in the summer of 1944.

Briefly, Mr. Willkie feels that we Americans are the best-liked people in the world today, for numerous reasons—our generosity, our lack of imperialist ambitions, our ability to get things done, and so on—and he feels that after this war, we can capitalize on this world-wide good will for the benefit of all mankind, ourselves included.

After the Allied victory, he hopes to see erected a world organization of some sort (he doesn't lay down precise specifications or go into details), buttressed by Britain, China, Russia and the United States, and embracing the rest of the world in a strong but beneficent union.

He thinks the League of Nations idea still has vitality; he is for a gradually developed system of world-wide free trade, or almost that; he hates imperialism and the colonial idea, and is proportionately appalled by Winston Churchill's expressed unwillingness to preside over any liquidation of the British Empire; he insists that we can trust Russia and co-operate with her, and that we are in no danger from Communism in our own country; he fears that if the United States and Great Britain alone try to oversee the world after this war, they will only sow the seeds of some later and bloodier war between West and East.

And those are the broad outlines of the world of tomorrow as Mr. Willkie hopes it will be built. He may be right, he may be wrong; discussion will tend to clarify American opinion. We are convinced, though, whatever the final judgment of Mr. Willkie's vision may be, that he has written an important book, and one that may strongly influence the 1944 Presidential campaign.

Child Labor and the War

VERA CONNOLLY'S recent Collier's article, Children for Hire—Cheap, was a shocking document. We hope and believe it did a good deal to shock public opinion to vigilance against persons who hope to use the war as a means of giving child labor in this country a new lease on life.

It is easy, and it sounds patriotic in a time of manpower shortages and rapidly growing armed forces, to say that children should be allowed to rally to the nation's aid by replacing older workers in jobs. It is hard, though, as shown by the hard-pan facts and figures in the Connolly article, to keep natural-born sweatshop operators from enlarging legal loopholes into avenues for the robbing, maiming and occasional accidental killing of children.

The beauties of the patriotism plea begin to fade when you think about child workers whose arms have been nipped off by laundry machines or farm implements which they couldn't control, or whose fingers have been smashed in bowling alleys because they were working such long hours that they couldn't stay alert. Nor does it seem especially patriotic to let children's natural money-making desires break bounds and lead them into playing truant from school, running away from home, going in for minor misdemeanors that can lead to major crimes, etc.

There is no harm, of course, in letting children undertake adequately supervised war work that is within their capacities. Intelligently organized and safeguarded farm aid is one prime example.

But this is a time, we think, for voters, civic organizations and legislators to look with more than the usual skepticism on proposals to loosen up child labor laws "just a little," so that children can "help the war effort." We should first make very sure that such relaxations won't help conscienceless would-be sweaters of unorganized, undertrained and inexperienced labor more than they help the war effort.

"I Am the Resurrection'

THE casualty lists grow larger as we plow more deeply into the war. If tragedy strikes (we earnestly hope it will not), this hint may conceivably be of help:

For a good deal more than eighteen centuries, the Bible, particularly some of the sublime New Testament passages, has had power to comfort and console myriads of people in the griefs that commonly assail mankind. Evidently it still has that power, if its current huge sales are any indication.

For one manifestation of this power, it is hard to see how anyone can read the 15th chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians without being at least momentarily convinced that there is another life somewhere, and that we shall all meet again sometime.

Anybody from whom this war may exact the ultimate grief might be wise to make the Bible his or her first stop in the search for consolation.

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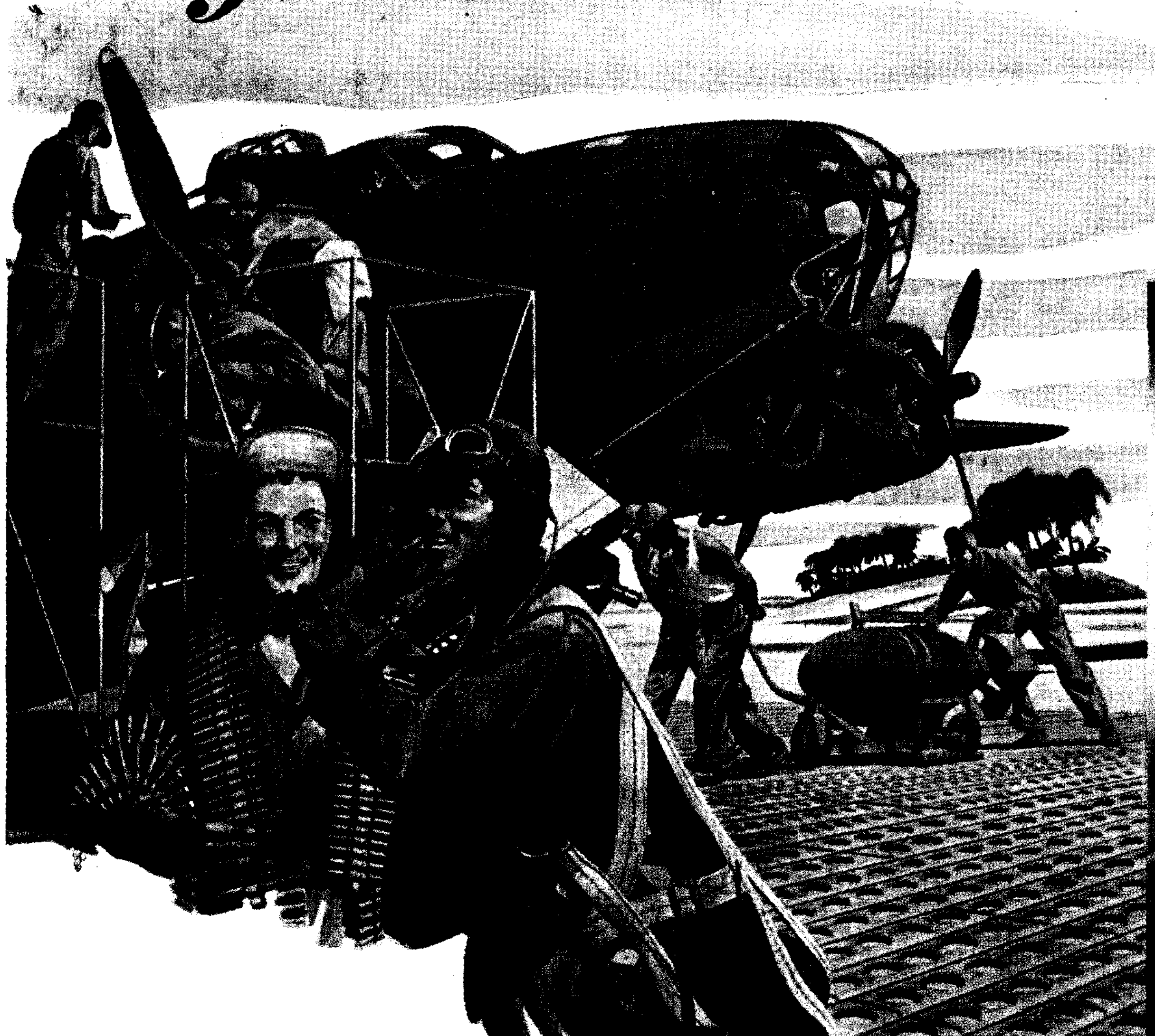
They've Got What it Takes!



They know their engines...their machine guns—these men in the Air Force ground crews have what it takes "to keep 'em flying"

SURE I SMOKE CAMELS. THEY'VE GOT WHAT I WANT— **MILDNESS** AND PLENTY OF **FLAVOR**

BEFORE you simply take it for granted that you're getting all the smoking pleasure there is in a cigarette—

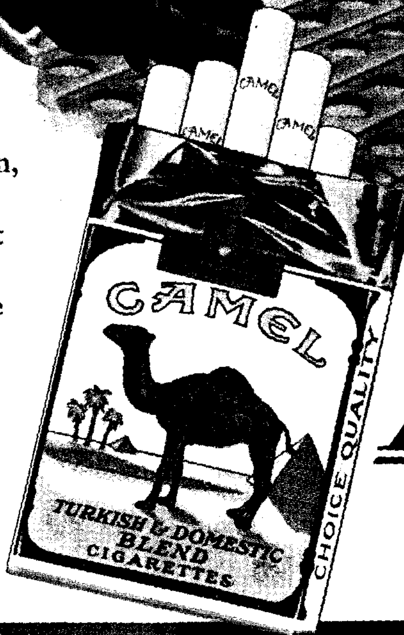
Before you take anyone else's word for a cigarette's mildness, its freedom from irritation, or its flavor—

Try Camels. Put them to the "T-ZONE" test *(see below, right)* and let your own taste and throat tell you why Camels are such a favorite in all the services and with millions at home.

HIS NAME can't be revealed, but you may remember him—the young mechanic who could always get your car started, somehow. He's still in overalls . . . still smokes Camels (they're the favorite in *all* the services) . . . only now he's grooming B-17E's instead of de luxe '43's.

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

Camels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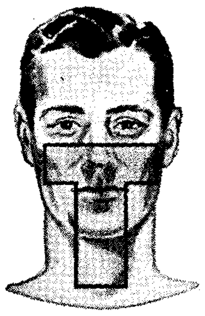
CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY'RE EASY ON MY **THROAT**— AND A REAL TREAT TO MY **TASTE**

THE AIRPLANE PART that Jeanne Flaherty *(right)* turns out is one of the vital parts of a bomber. Jeanne's cigarette? "Camels! They're always smooth, extra mild, and they never go flat on my taste," she says.

The "T Zone"

— where cigarettes are judged



The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."** Prove it for yourself!

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